THE LARGEST CIRCULATION OF ANY SCREEN MAGAZINE

Modern Screen

36

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PERIODICAL DIVISION

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF
Joan and Tone

Myrna Loy

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A DOWAGER AND A DENTIST BATTLE ABOUT A TURKEY LEG

"Sensible!"



SAYS DOWAGER



SAYS DENTIST



(*But the civilized way to build firm gums is* IPANA *and* MASSAGE)

You know any matron would say: "That picture is disgraceful. I see no excuse for such outrageous manners." And she's right. There is no excuse—*socially.*

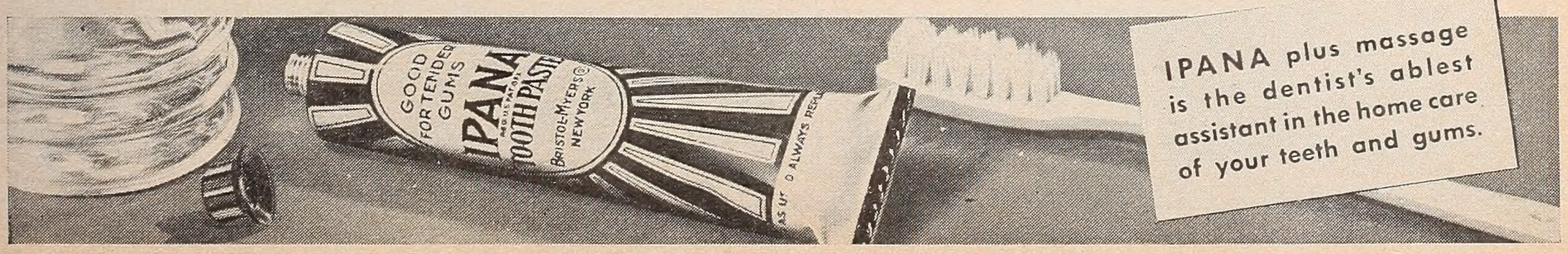
But your dentist will retort: "Excuse? —The picture *needs* no excuse! I hope everyone sees it. More vigorous, energetic chewing like that, and a lot of gum troubles would vanish completely."

Dental science points out this fact—our gums need work, activity, exercise . . . and our modern soft-food diet does *not* give it to them. It's our creamy, well-cooked foods that are primarily to blame for sensitive, ailing gums—for the more frequent appearance of that dental warning—"pink tooth brush."

"Pink Tooth Brush" is a warning

"Pink tooth brush" is simply a distress signal! When you see it—*see* your dentist. The chances are relatively small that you are in for a serious gum disorder—*but your dentist should make the decision.* Usually, however, it only means gums that have grown tender and flabby under our modern soft food diet—gums that need more exercise, more stimulation—and as your dentist will so often advise—gums that need the help of Ipana and massage.

Ipana is especially designed to benefit your gums as well as clean your teeth. Rub a little extra Ipana into your gums every time you brush your teeth. You'll feel those lazy gums quicken. You'll feel new circulation waken the tissues and soon you'll feel a new healthy firmness in the gum walls themselves . . . So improve your good looks. Heighten the charm of your smile. Make a definite start toward *complete* oral health . . . Change to Ipana and massage today.



MAY -1 1936

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"A friend told me how to clear up that logy, bilious, 'all-run-down' condition caused by constipation. Before I went to bed last night, I chewed delicious FEEN-A-MINT for 3 minutes.* It's this *chewing*, they tell me, that makes FEEN-A-MINT so much more effective. Well, it worked wonders for me. Today I'm fresh and rested—feel like a new person. This easy 3-minute way is so much nicer than taking harsh, griping, 'gulped' cathartics."

FEEN-A-MINT is fine for children too. No urging necessary to make them take FEEN-A-MINT, because they love its cool, fresh, minty chewing-gum flavor. And it's not habit-forming. Go to your druggist today and get a generous family-sized supply of delicious FEEN-A-MINT. Only 15c or 25c. Slightly higher in Canada.

*Longer if you wish.





MODERN SCREEN

REGINA CANNON, EDITOR
ADELIA BIRD, Associate Editor
ABRIL LAMARQUE, Art Editor
LEO TOWNSEND, Hollywood Editor

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They were BORN to play these roles

You never saw two stars more perfectly suited to portray the "male-and-female" of this great drama of San Francisco's bravest days! Clark Gable, owner of a gambling hell and Jeanette MacDonald as the innocent girl, stranded in a wicked city! Their first time together on the screen...and it's an electrifying thrill!



Clark
GABLE
Jeanette
MACDONALD
IN
San Francisco
WITH
Spencer TRACY

Jack Holt · Ted Healy · Jesse Ralph

Directed by W. S. Van Dyke

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER Picture

HERE'S A LOVE SONG FOR YOU!

It's called "WOULD YOU"

The composers of "Alone" *(Brown and Freed)* have written a new one called "WOULD YOU". Try it on YOUR sweetheart for exciting results . . . but first hear Jeanette MacDonald sing it. The screen's beautiful songbird also sings a thrilling number . . . "SAN FRANCISCO" in addition to "THE JEWEL SONG" and "MANON".

See the "Paradise" hottest spot of Frisco's most daring days . . . with Clark managing!

See New Year's Eve revels in San Francisco . . . with champagne flowing in fountains!

See "The Chickens' Ball" . . . with a pot of gold for the most popular entertainer!

See A gala first night at the Tivoli Opera House . . . Jeanette MacDonald the glamorous star!

See San Francisco in flames . . . a roaring cauldron of death and destruction!

MODERN SCREEN MOVIE SCOREBOARD

Picture and Producer	General Rating
Accent on Youth (Paramount)	3★
Ah, Wilderness (M-G-M)	4★
Alias Bulldog Drummond (GB)	2★
Alias Mary Dow (Universal)	2★
Alice Adams (RKO)	4★
Anna Karenina (M-G-M)	4★
Annapolis Farewell (Paramount)	2½★
Annie Oakley (RKO)	4★
Anything Goes (Paramount)	3★
The Arizonian (RKO)	3★
Bad Boy (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Barbary Coast (United Artists)	3★
Becky Sharp (RKO)	3★
The Bishop Misbehaves (M-G-M)	3★
The Bohemian Girl (M-G-M)	2½★
Boulder Dam (Warners)	1★
Break of Hearts (RKO)	3★
The Bride Comes Home (Paramount)	3★
Brides Are Like That (First National)	2½★
Bright Lights (First National)	3★
Broadway Hostess (First National)	1★
Broadway Melody of 1936 (M-G-M)	4★
Call of the Wild (20th Century)	3★
The Calling of Dan Matthews (Columbia)	1★
Captain Blood (Warners)	4★
Case of the Curious Bride (First National)	3★
The Case of the Lucky Legs (First National)	2★
Ceiling Zero (Warners)	4★
Charlie Chan at the Circus (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Charlie Chan in Shanghai (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Charlie Chan's Secret (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Chatterbox (RKO)	2★
China Seas (M-G-M)	4★
Clive of India (20th Century)	4★
Colleen (Warners)	3★
Collegiate (Paramount)	2½★
Coronado (Paramount)	1★
The Country Doctor (20th Century-Fox)	4★
Crime and Punishment (Columbia)	3★
The Crime of Dr. Crespi (John H. Auer)	2★
The Crusades (Paramount)	4★
Curly Top (Fox)	3★
Dancing Feet (Republic)	2★
Dangerous (Warners)	3½★
Dangerous Waters (Universal)	2★
Dante's Inferno (Fox)	2★
The Dark Angel (Sam Goldwyn)	4★
The Daring Young Man (Fox)	2★
David Copperfield (M-G-M)	5★
Diamond Jim (Universal)	3★
Don't Bet on Blondes (Warners)	2★
Don't Gamble with Love (Columbia)	1½★
Don't Get Personal (Universal)	1★
Drift Fence (Paramount)	2★
Dr. Socrates (Warners)	2★
East of Java (Universal)	2★
Escapade (M-G-M)	3★
Escape Me Never (United Artists)	3★
Everybody's Old Man (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Every Night at Eight (Paramount)	2★
Every Saturday Night (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Exclusive Story (M-G-M)	2½★
Fang and Claw (RKO)	2★
The Farmer in the Dell (RKO)	1½★
The Farmer Takes a Wife (Fox)	3★
A Feather in Her Hat (Columbia)	2★
First a Girl (GB)	2½★
The Flame Within (M-G-M)	2★
Follow the Fleet (RKO)	4★
Freshman Love (Warners)	2★
Frisco Kid (Warners)	3★
Front Page Woman (Warners)	3★
The Garden Murder Case (M-G-M)	2½★
The Gay Deception (20th Century-Fox)	3★
The Ghost Goes West (United Artists)	4★
Ginger (Fox)	3★
The Girl Friend (Columbia)	1★
Goose and the Gander (First National)	2★
Grand Exit (Columbia)	1★
The Great Impersonation (Universal)	2★
Hands Across the Table (Paramount)	3★
Harmony Lane (Mascot)	2★
Hell Ship Morgan (Columbia)	2★
Here Comes Cookie (Paramount)	3★
Here Comes the Band (M-G-M)	1★
Here's to Romance (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Hold 'Em Yale (Paramount)	3★
Hooray for Love (RKO)	2★
I Dream Too Much (RKO)	3★
I Found Stella Parish (Warners)	2★
If You Could Only Cook (Columbia)	4★
I Live for Love (Warners)	2★
I Live My Life (M-G-M)	2★
The Informer (RKO)	4★
In Person (RKO)	2★
The Invisible Ray (Universal)	1½★
The Irish in Us (First National)	3★
It Had to Happen (20th Century-Fox)	2★
It Happened in New York (Universal)	3★
It's in the Air (M-G-M)	2★
Jalna (RKO)	3★
Java Head (First Division)	2★
King of Burlesque (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
King of the Damned (GB)	1½★
King Solomon of Broadway (Universal)	1★
Klondike Annie (Paramount)	1★
The Lady Consents (RKO)	2★
Lady of Secrets (Columbia)	1★
Lady Tubbs (Universal)	2★
The Last Days of Pompeii (RKO)	4★
Last of the Pagans (M-G-M)	2★
The Last Outpost (Paramount)	2★
The Leathernecks Have Landed (Republic)	3★
The Leavenworth Case (Republic)	2★
Let 'Em Have It (United Artists)	3★
Let's Live Tonight (Columbia)	2★
Little Big Shot (Warners)	2★
The Littlest Rebel (20th Century-Fox)	3★
The Lone Wolf Returns (Columbia)	2★
Love Before Breakfast (Universal)	2½★
Love on a Bet (RKO)	1½★
Loves of a Dictator (GB)	3★
Mad Love (M-G-M)	2★
Magnificent Obsession (Universal)	2½★
Manhattan Moon (Universal)	1★
Man Hunt (Warners)	2★
Man of Iron (Warners)	1★
The Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Mary Burns, Fugitive (Paramount)	3★
The Melody Lingers On (United Artists)	2★
Men of Tomorrow (London Films)	1★
Metropolitan (20th Century-Fox)	4★
A Midsummer Night's Dream (Warners)	5★
The Milky Way (Paramount)	4★
Millions in the Air (Paramount)	1★
Mississippi (Paramount)	3★
Miss Pacific Fleet (Warners)	1½★
Mr. Cohen Takes a Walk (Warners)	2½★
Mister Hobo (GB)	2★
Modern Times (United Artists)	4★
Moonlight Murder (M-G-M)	2½★
The Morals of Marcus (GB)	1★
Murder Man (M-G-M)	2★
The Murder of Dr. Harrigan (First National)	2★
The Music Goes 'Round (Columbia)	2★
Music is Magic (20th Century-Fox)	1½★
Muss 'Em Up (RKO)	2★
Mutiny on the Bounty (M-G-M)	4★
Naughty Marietta (M-G-M)	4★
Navy Wife (20th Century-Fox)	2★
New Adventures of Tarzan (Republic)	1★
Next Time We Love (Universal)	3★
A Night at the Opera (M-G-M)	4★
No More Ladies (M-G-M)	3★
Old Curiosity Shop (BIP)	2½★
$1000 a Minute (Republic)	2★
One Way Ticket (Columbia)	2½★
Orchids to You (Fox)	2★
Paddy O'Day (20th Century-Fox)	1½★
Page Miss Glory (Warners)	3★
Paris in Spring (Paramount)	3★
The Perfect Gentleman (M-G-M)	2★
Personal Maid's Secret (Warners)	2★
Peter Ibbetson (Paramount)	3★
The Petrified Forest (Warners)	4★
Petticoat Fever (M-G-M)	3★
Powdersmoke Range (RKO)	2★
The Preview Murder Mystery (Paramount)	3★
Prisoner of Shark Island (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Professional Soldier (20th Century-Fox)	3★
The Public Menace (Columbia)	1★
The Rainmakers (RKO)	1★
The Raven (Universal)	2★
Red Salute (Reliance-United Artists)	2★
Remember Last Night? (Universal)	2★
Rendezvous (M-G-M)	3★
The Return of Peter Grimm (RKO)	3★
Rhodes, the Diamond Master (GB)	3★
Riffraff (M-G-M)	2½★
Road Gang (Warners)	2½★
Robin Hood of El Dorado (M-G-M)	2½★
Rose Marie (M-G-M)	4★
Rose of the Rancho (Paramount)	2★
Scrooge (Hagen-Twickenham)	2½★
Seven Keys to Baldpate (RKO)	2★
Shanghai (Paramount)	2★
She (RKO)	2★
She Couldn't Take It (Columbia)	2½★
She Married Her Boss (Columbia)	4★
Shipmates Forever (First National)	3★
A Shot in the Dark (Chesterfield)	2★
Show Them No Mercy (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Silk Hat Kid (Fox)	1★
Smart Girl (Paramount)	2★
Snowed Under (First National)	2★
Soak the Rich (Paramount)	2½★
Song and Dance Man (20th Century-Fox)	1★
Song of the Saddle (Warners)	2★
So Red the Rose (Paramount)	3★
Special Agent (Warners)	2★
Splendor (Samuel Goldwyn)	2★
Stars Over Broadway (Warners)	3★
Steamboat Round the Bend (Fox)	3★
The Story of Louis Pasteur (Warners)	4★
Strike Me Pink (Samuel Goldwyn)	3★
Sutter's Gold (Universal)	2½★
Sylvia Scarlett (RKO)	2½★
A Tale of Two Cities (M-G-M)	5★
Thanks a Million (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
These Three (Samuel Goldwyn)	4★
The 39 Steps (GB)	4★
This is the Life (20th Century-Fox)	2★
The Three Godfathers (M-G-M)	2★
Three Kids and a Queen (Universal)	2★
Three Live Ghosts (M-G-M)	2★
The Three Musketeers (RKO)	3★
Thunder in the Night (Fox)	2★
To Beat the Band (RKO)	2★
Too Tough to Kill (Columbia)	1★
Top Hat (RKO)	4★
Tough Guy (M-G-M)	2½★
The Trail of the Lonesome Pine (Paramount)	2½★
Transatlantic Tunnel (GB)	3★
The Triumph of Sherlock Holmes (GB)	2★
Two in the Dark (RKO)	2½★
Two for Tonight (Paramount)	1★
The Voice of Bugle Ann (M-G-M)	2½★
The Walking Dead (Warners)	2★
Way Down East (20th Century-Fox)	2★
We're in the Money (Warners)	2★
We're Only Human (RKO)	2★
Whipsaw (M-G-M)	2½★
The Widow from Monte Carlo (Warners)	2★
Wife vs. Secretary (M-G-M)	3★
Woman Trap (Paramount)	1½★
Your Uncle Dudley (20th Century-Fox)	2★

You'll find this chart simple to follow and a valuable guide in choosing film entertainment. Instead of giving you the individual ratings of Modern Screen and authoritative newspaper movie critics all over the country, we have struck an average of their ratings. You'll find this average under General Rating. beside each picture. 5★, extraordinary; 4★, very good; 3★, good; 2★, fair; 1★, poor.

Hollywood Does A Mirthful Martial Musical Up 'Brown'



JOE E. BROWN

joins the army and 'slays' the world as the head man of a riotous regiment of singing

"SONS O' GUNS"



Including Joan

BLONDELL

Beverly Roberts, Eric Blore, Winifred Shaw, Craig Reynolds, Joseph King, Robert Barrat

TAKE A BOW, LLOYD BACON, FOR YOUR DIRECTION

And the Same To You, Warren & Dubin, for These Great Songs

"A Buck And A Quarter A Day", "Put On A Uniform", "In The Arms Of An Army Man"

THE PICTURE OF THE MONTH

Those thousands of "Bright Lights" audiences who demanded another song-and-dance show for Joe have had their way! Warner Bros. went right out and bought that famous stage musical 'Sons O' Guns,' equipped it with an uproarious cast and all modern conveniences including new Warren and Dubin songs, and a passionate apache dance number by Joe that stops the show. The riotous results emerge as the month's top entertainment.



MODERN SCREEN PATTERNS



Two typical Hollywood sports togs

1747

1740

1747—Here's a dual personality dress! With its long-sleeved bolero jacket, it's a daytime costume; without it, it is an active sports dress with sunback. Sizes 14, 16, 18 years, 36, 38 and 40-inch busts.

1740—Culottes are newer than slacks. This clever trouser-skirt has a halter top with a brief bolero jacket. You can have this pattern in shorts style, if you wish as in smallest sketch. Sizes 11, 13, 15, 17 and 19 years.

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149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

I am enclosing.....(in coin or United States stamps) for which please send me the following:

Pattern No..... Size.....

Pattern No..... Size.....

Do you want our new Summer Fashion Book?.....

Patterns are 15c each. Books 10c when ordered with pattern; 15c when ordered separately. Patterns are 20c if you live outside of the United States. Books 20c separately, 15c with pattern. No foreign or Canadian stamps accepted.

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Gloriously The Screen Surrenders to COLOR!

. . . in the first dancing romance filmed in all the breathless beauty of the new

TECHNICOLOR!

THRILL to a throbbing love story of Old California . . . gay with the laughter of sweet Senoritas . . . alive with the dash of bold caballeros . . . atingle with the music and song and dancing of daring hearts aflame in a land of carefree adventure.



PIONEER PICTURES

presents

DANCING PIRATE

You've never seen anything like the spectacular "Moonlight Dance" . . . and a score of other gasping scenes!

★

A CAST OF HUNDREDS

featuring

CHARLES COLLINS

Dancing idol of Broadway

FRANK MORGAN

Laugh star of 50 hits

STEFFI DUNA

The girl of "La Cucaracha"

Luis Alberni • Victor Varconi

Jack La Rue • Directed by LLOYD CORRIGAN. Designed in color by ROBERT EDMOND JONES.

Distributed by

★ **RKO RADIO PICTURES**

Hear the sentimental songs by the hit composers, Rodgers & Hart: "When You Are Dancing the Waltz" and "Are You My Love?"



"PIONEER PICTURES COLOR THE WORLD"

REVIEWS

A Tour of Today's Talkies

By Leo Townsend



A love scene from "Petticoat Fever," co-starring Robert Montgomery and Myrna Loy, two of the screen's most popular stars.



"The Singing Kid," with Claire Dodd, Jolson and Allen Jenkins. Top, Grace Bradley, Fred MacMurray and Joan Bennett in "13 Hours by Air."

★★★ Captain January (20th Century-Fox)

There's no use saying anything derogatory about a Shirley Temple picture. Whenever you start wishing they'd furnish Shirley with a less antiquated story to back up her talents, you come around to the conclusion that the little lady is so good she doesn't need a story. Certainly, she proves it in "Captain January," for it's the old tale about the nice elderly gent, acting as guardian to the nice little girl and how the nasty truant officer wants to take her away and put her in an institution. With that as her vehicle, Shirley manages to sing, dance and turn on the personality so that when the picture is over you think you've seen something good. What you've actually seen is a child lift ordinary screenfare into the realm of good entertainment by the magic of her presence. As the ward of Guy Kibbee, an aging lighthouse keeper, her best friends are Slim Summerville and Buddy Ebsen. With Summerville and Kibbee, she does a swell burlesque on the Sextet from Lucia, and with Buddy Ebsen she swings into a couple of dance numbers that practically remind you of Eleanor Powell. The antics of Kibbee and Summerville as rivals for the young lady's attentions are often amusing, and the dancing and the comic pan of Buddy Ebsen help things considerably. But it's Shirley who makes the picture what it is.

Preview Postscript

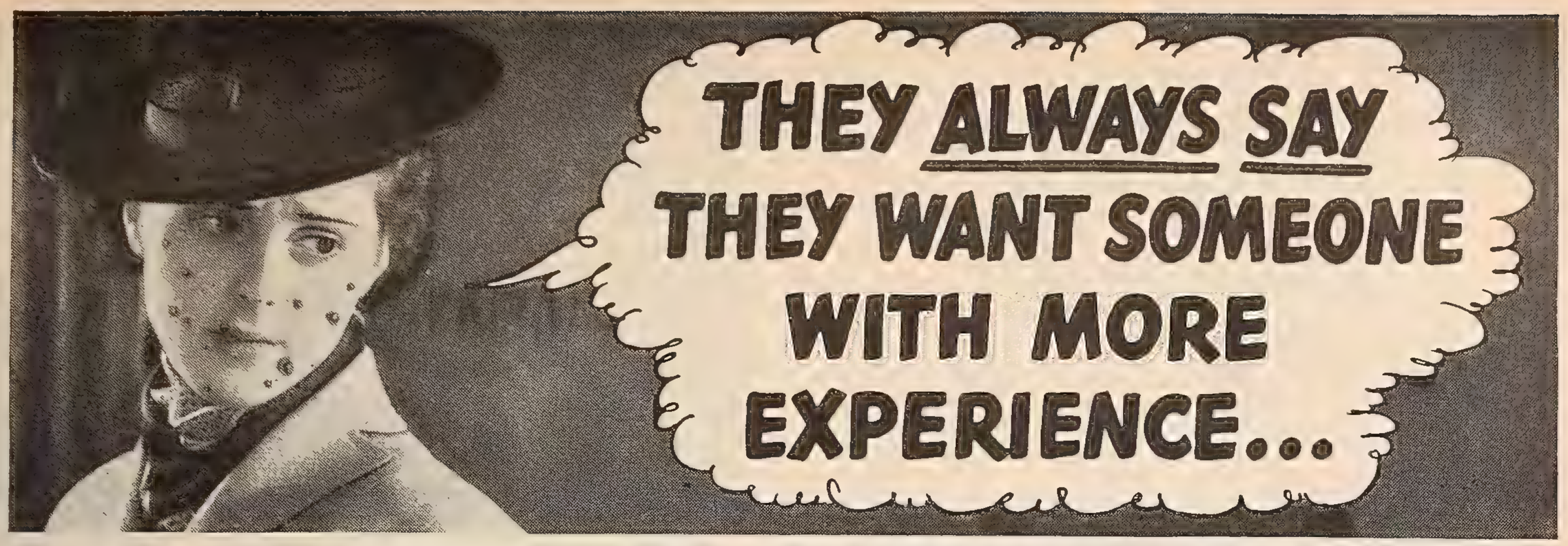
The new Will Rogers Memorial Stage was used for the first time in filming this story. The problem of devising a waterfront which could be used throughout the picture was finally solved by the art and construction department. A tank, 80 feet square, four feet deep, containing 143,616 gallons of water was finally designed within the huge sound-stage. Its weight of 1,197,216 pounds required special underpinning beneath the floor. Two full-rigged fishing boats and a coast-guard cutter floated upon the artificial sea during the filming. Agitators on three sides, manned by crews of husky workmen, created realistic waves, while vaporized mineral oil, cooled over dry ice, provided fog which clung close to the water. The only accident which occurred was when Shirley Temple became seasick . . . This is Shirley's eighth film and she has yet to see her eighth birthday. Recently a group of learned gents from all over the world came up to the studio to study this little girl's amazing mental make-up. They discovered that Shirley is a bright child, but not a child prodigy—comforting to those who have seen a few of the latter.

★★★ 13 Hours by Air (Paramount)

A competent cast, and the outstanding performance of young Benny Bartlett provide seventy minutes of good entertainment. There's a bold and bad killer, one of Uncle Sam's sleuths, a fortune hunter, a jewel thief, a prospective kidnapper and just about everything else you can imagine aboard the de luxe air-liner, including young love. You get interesting slants on commercial flying, too, for most of the action takes place while flitting across country by air. Fred MacMurray is the handsome pilot and Joan Bennett is one of the passengers. With only thirteen hours in which to get acquainted, Fred and Joan seem to waste a lot of time, but that little matter is taken care of, for the ship is forced down by a blizzard in a remote and rugged section of the country. Others in the cast are Brian Donlevy, as the detective, Ruth Donnelly as the air-hostess and ZaSu Pitts as the harassed guardian of young Benny Bartlett. Alan Baxter, Adrienne Marden, Jack Mulhall and Fred Keating are also aboard.

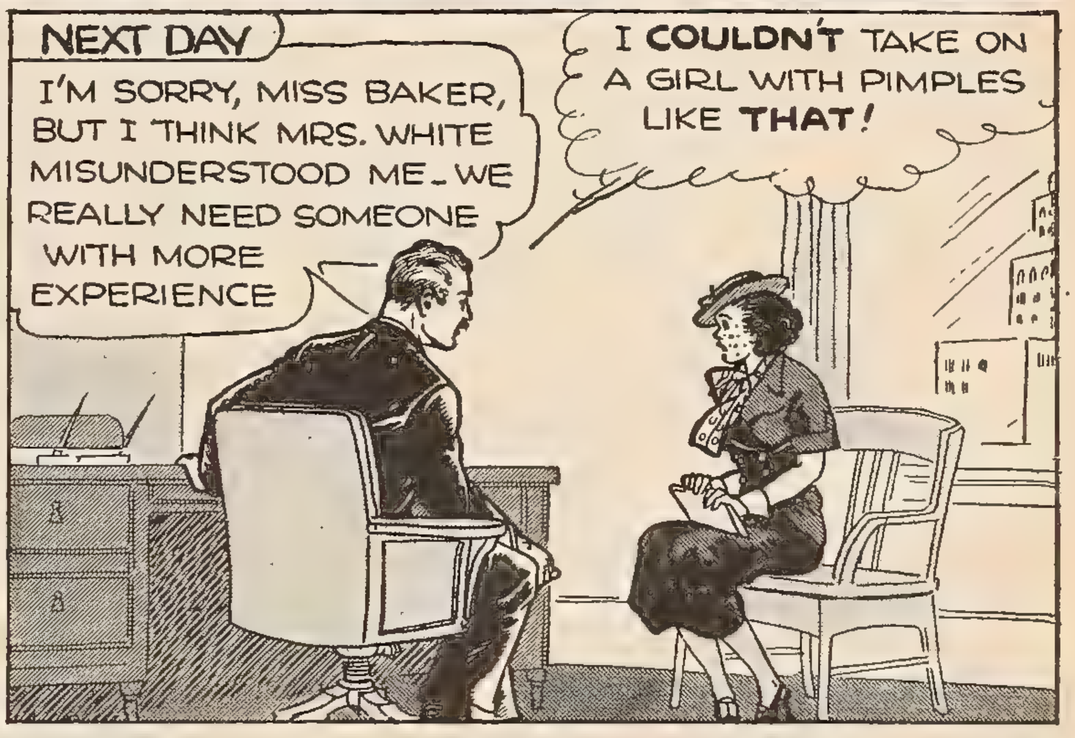
Preview Postscript

Ten million dollars worth of equipment, and 1500 employees, were donated to Paramount Studios for the purpose of making this picture outstanding. W. A. Patterson, president of the United Airlines was the donater, who put the entire line at the studio's disposal . . . Benny Bartlett is nine years old and the sole support of his father, mother, and three small sisters. His father's in a veterans' hospital and until last August when Benny marched into the studio and announced he'd come for a job—and a good one—the Bartletts didn't quite know what to do to keep the family going. Benny's been in four pictures since, and it looks as if he'll be kept busy. (*Continued on page 12*)



-BUT THAT WASN'T THE REAL REASON SHE COULDN'T GET A JOB













—clears the skin

by clearing skin irritants out of the blood

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Don't let Adolescent Pimples be a handicap to YOU

AFTER the beginning of adolescence—from about 13 to 25, or even longer—many young people are troubled by pimples.

During these years, important glands develop and final growth takes place. This causes disturbances throughout the body. The skin gets oversensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin and pimples break out.

Fleischmann's fresh Yeast is often prescribed to help get rid of adolescent pimples. It clears these skin irritants out of the blood. Then —pimples go!

Eat 3 cakes daily—one about ½ hour before each meal. Eat it *regularly*—plain, or in a little water—until your skin clears. Start today!

More REVIEWS



Shirley Temple prompts Jerry Tucker in a classroom scene from "Captain January." Guy Kibbee and Slim Summerville are featured, too.



Warner Baxter and Margo in "Robin Hood of Eldorado." Top, Barbara Stanwyck and John Boles in "A Message to Garcia." Wally Beery is the villain in this.

★★ A Message to Garcia (20th Century-Fox)

Carrying that missive from Washington, D. C., to inland Cuba is a task which includes fighting one's way through miles of swampland and hundreds of treacherous Spaniards, but John Boles, as the handsome U. S. Army Lieutenant, manages to go through all that and meet Wallace Beery and Barbara Stanwyck, besides. According to history that message, when it was handed to General Garcia, led to victory in the Spanish-American fracas in 1898. On the screen its actual delivery is prefaced by such unexciting episodes that one almost wishes it could have been phoned to the good general. Mr. Boles' long trek through the swamps with Miss Stanwyck and Mr. Beery as his companions becomes a trifle monotonous, but the situation brightens when he falls into the hands of the opposition, for you get the idea that something is about to happen. What happens is that the U. S. Army swoops down on the enemy and rescues Mr. Boles, who hands over the message to the General. You'd probably call it Wallace Beery's picture, for he has more audience appeal with his stock "lovable villain" character than have Boles and Stanwyck with nothing to do but carry on a rather phlegmatic romance.

Preview Postscript

This picture was based on Elbert Hubbard's essay, which was inspired by the message sent to General Garcia by President McKinley, and dwelt on the moral of initiative and devotion to duty. Gene Fowler and W. P. Lipscomb did a real job of script-writing in making a scenario from such meager material . . . Most of the picture was filmed in a studio-built jungle and swamp. Part of this, together with a Cuban village, was built as an exterior set on the back lot, occupying 10 acres of the 110-acre studio. Much of it was also built on sound stages where a swamp was filled with a dozen live alligators through which Wally Beery and John Boles had to wade. The alligators were in a hibernating stage when brought to the studio and were made active by being placed in warm water. Two tons of ice were kept close at hand to cool the water should they become dangerously active . . . The role that John Boles plays in this picture parallels his war-time career in the U. S. Secret Service in France. On his return from the war, having no money with which to continue his studies, he took up singing to make a living. The hardest part of his career, though, came during the filming of this picture. He had to go into solitary confinement for three months during the shooting on account of the stubble blooming on his chin . . . To insure realism in the picture, Francois De Valdes, Cuban technical director, had the shirts, machetes, dried tobacco leaf and even the bread which is eaten imported from Cuba.

★★ The Singing Kid (Warners)

Done in the typical Al Jolson manner, it presents the country's Number One mammy shouter in a manner which should meet with the approval of every one of his followers. This time he's a famous musical comedy and radio star, in love with Claire Dodd, who does him in by running off with Lyle Talbot, Al's crooked attorney. Things like that go straight to the heart of a mammy singer, so Al suffers a complete breakdown and is forced to sojourn in the woods for a rest. Here, of course, he meets a simple country girl (Beverly Roberts) and her niece, Miss Sybil Jason. The country life seems to be the life for Al, for it is no time before he has recovered his voice and is back on his knees again in a Broadway musical. With, of course, the girl of his bucolic interlude. The comedy in "The Singing Kid" is the type you hear on the average radio program—in other words, it's not very good. The song numbers are much bettter, and the real stars of the picture are The Yacht Club Boys. The picture's high point, in fact, is a number called "I Love to Singa," in which the Yacht Clubbers and Jolson hand the mammy and Dixie numbers a terrific kidding. Another Yacht Club gem is "My, How This Country Has Changed." Beverly Roberts is a welcome addition to the ranks of the new screen players, and Sybil Jason is effective in a song number.

Preview Postscript

Al Jolson's secret of success, for lo these many years, will make you blush. He's found that an audience mustn't be outsmarted in the matter of wisecracks. If that is done the spectators

in the paid seats will squirm and mutter, "This guy's not so hot after all." But if you play the part of a normally blundering human being, says Al, they'll think, "Poor dope, let's give him a hand." In short, just give your audience a superiority complex and they'll give you a fortune . . . The day when the star surrounded himself with mediocre and negative talent is a thing of the past.

This picture's a good example of changing times, as witness radio and stage rivals which Jolson is mixed up with. There are The Yacht Club Boys—tops on radio in this country and in England; Cab Calloway, best known cullud band leader in the world; Mitchell and Durant, and a host of others . . . Frank Mitchell and Jack Durant were both amateur champion boxers when they formed an acting partnership twelve years ago. Finding themselves pitted against each other on a fight program one night in New York City, the pair mutually agreed to clown instead of swap punches. The "act" was such a success with cash customers that Mitchell and Durant decided then and there to book it on the vaudeville circuit. Recently the pair dissolved partnership and entered the movies—only to be teamed again in their first celluloid appearance.

★★★★ Mr. Deeds Goes to Town (Columbia)

There should be more pictures like this. Everything you're looking for in good entertainment is packed into "Mr. Deeds Goes To Town." There's rich humor, stark tragedy, sentiment, satire and all the elements that make a picture a "natural," including one of the most unusual love angles you've seen. Gary Cooper, as Longfellow Deeds, the pride of Mandrake Falls, has his best role to date and handles it with a deftness that should send his cinema stock soaring. Although he'd never been outside of Mandrake Falls in his life, there's no happier man in the world than Mr. Deeds. That is, until he falls heir to twenty millions and goes to town. From then on he is the victim of a series of heart-breaking events, since everyone with whom he comes in contact tries to take him for a ride. The girl of his dreams, Jean Arthur, New York's ablest sob-sister, is using him for copy as the "Cinderella Man." Jean Arthur's performance is entirely convincing, with her courtroom plea one of the high spots of the picture. But then, there are so many high spots in this flicker that practically every actor can take credit for a few. John Wray's plea for the half-starved men in the country is an outstanding bit, while Lionel Stander, H. B. Warner, Raymond Walburn, George Bancroft and Ruth Donnelly all give excellent accounts of themselves.

Preview Postscript

This is the fourth picture made by Hollywood's Brain Boys—Frank Capra and Robert Riskin, the outstanding example of a successful writer-director combine. "Lady for a Day," "It Happened One Night" and "Broadway Bill" are the other three, in case you don't believe us. And the next is "Lost Horizon." . . . George Bancroft has had his ups and downs in celluloid. But he will never be broke. Some years ago George and George M. Cohan tore hundred-dollar bills in two, with both keeping one-half of each as souvenirs. Thus if there's ever a question of financial embarrassment among the two Georges, it's just a matter of getting together to put the pieces together . . . Raymond Walburn came to Hollywood from the New York stage, not because he felt the screen offered a better medium for expressing his pent-up emotions, nor for the better checking account.

(*Continued on page 113*)



"Kiss me again or I'll yell for help!"



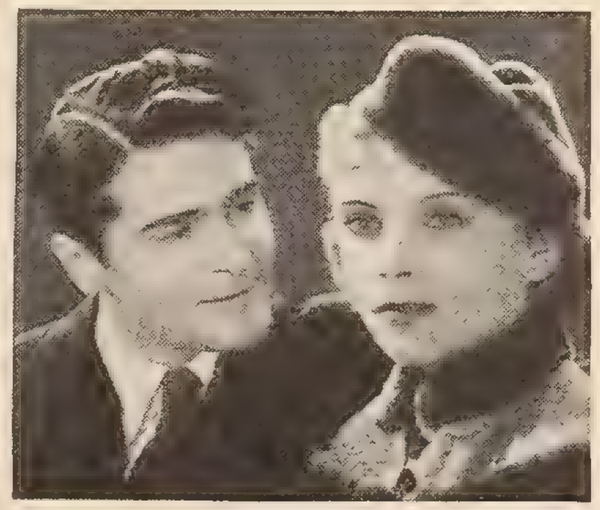
THERE was a young actor
...oui, oui!
No respect for convention
had he.
He got slapped on the cheek
And jailed for a week
Just for kissing a girl in
Paree!

* * *

THE reason is not hard
to see...
The answer is simply that
he
Never met the young miss
Till he stole that sweet
kiss
But things happen fast in
Paree!

PICKFORD-LASKY
PRODUCTIONS
presents

Francis LEDERER
in ONE RAINY AFTERNOON



with

IDA LUPINO
HUGH HERBERT
ROLAND YOUNG
Erik Rhodes • Joseph Cawthorn

Directed by
ROWLAND V. LEE

Released thru United Artists

THEY LOVE TO SAVE !



Walter Connolly regards the manuscript of the first three-act play ever presented in America as his lucky talisman.



Stars may not hoard string or tin foil, but they have their souvenirs



The blond wig Myrna Loy wore in her first picture, "What Price Beauty?" is seldom removed from her safety deposit box.

By Whitney Williams

THE WORLD'S a small place, after all. No habit finds such universal response among people as saving . . . and in a mutual regard for this trait Hollywood and the rest of the globe lie closely akin.

From star down through the ranks to extra, there's scarcely a player who doesn't keep something cherished, something very dear to his heart, in his safety deposit box.

Every manner of chattel may be found in these strong-boxes of the stars . . . some of great monetary value, but the majority are kept only for sentimental reasons. The blond wig she wore in her first picture, Mrs. Rudolph Valentino's "What Price Beauty?" lies in Myrna Loy's, more cherished than the deed to her home. Nothing could ever persuade Myrna to part with this personal "prop" that figured so importantly in her cinema debut.

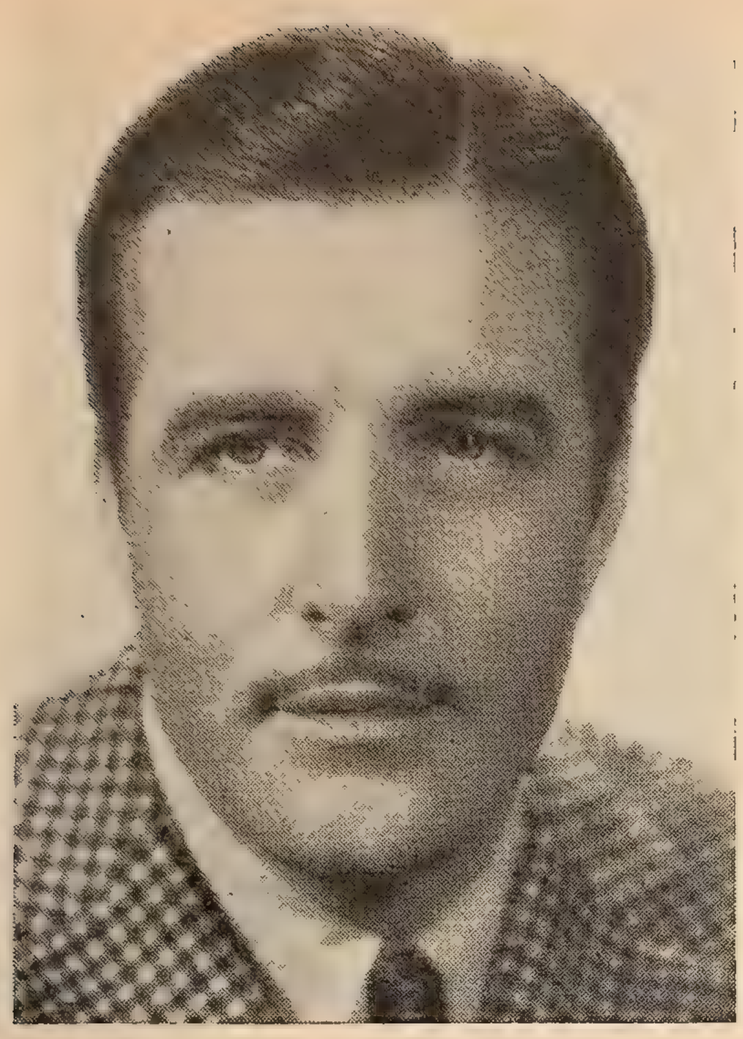
Seldom removed from the vault because of the high value attached to it, Kay Francis' most treasured possession is a ring, more than two thousand years old, which her great-grandmother found in the Catacombs in Rome.

When she had reached the ripe old age of five years, Evelyn Venable was taken backstage to meet Walter Hampden, the Shakespearean actor and her father's closest friend. He presented her with a pomegranate.

"Who knows," said Hampden, "but what someday you may be an actress with me?"

Some twelve years later, Evelyn did appear with Hampden as his leading lady in Shakespearean repertoire. And in memory of that early childhood day, the day she first decided to go on the stage, Evelyn has kept the pomegranate. It reposes now, its dried and shriveled shell packed carefully in cotton, in a bank vault.

Safeguarded in the hidden recesses of her safety deposit box are the funny little Mary Jane pumps that Janet Gaynor wore in "Seventh



John Boles treasures the passport which entitled him to go anywhere he wanted to in France and Belgium during the World War.

Heaven," the film that sky-rocketed her to lasting fame. They're only a plain pair of battered shoes, but rather than permanently be separated from them Janet would sacrifice anything she possesses. Once in every picture the popular actress dons them for a scene. Then back to the box they go.

NORMA SHEARER owns one of the most gorgeous diamond bracelets in Hollywood, an engagement present from her husband, Irving Thalberg. Very infrequently does she take it from its resting place at the bank. And therein lies a tale.

A number of years ago while visiting New York, the publicity office of M-G-M requested her to make a photographic sitting. A young man by the name of Hubert Voight accompanied her to the photographer's.

While she changed her costume, she asked Voight to hold the bracelet for her. He slipped it into his pocket and instantly dismissed the incident from his mind. Apparently, Miss Shearer did likewise, for not until that evening while dressing for dinner did she think of the bracelet.

A frenzied search was made to locate Mr. Voight. Metro officials, newspaper reporters, even the police were called in by the frantic Miss Shearer. Not that she considered for an instant the possibility that the publicity man had absconded with the bracelet . . . it was to satisfy her peace of (*Continued on page 122*)

NO

PICTURE!

Impossible to print a picture that would make its point and still stay within the bounds of good taste

WE'D LIKE to take some person who had just taken a harsh, over-acting cathartic . . . and turn on the X-ray camera.

We'd like to print micro-photographs, too, of the tissues of the alimentary tract. We'd like to *show* you just what happens within you when you take so drastic a purge.

If you could see those pictures, you wouldn't be likely to take such medicine again. You would be super-careful to take only a laxative that is *correctly timed*. A laxative like Ex-Lax.

WHY HARSH CATHARTICS ARE BAD FOR YOU

When you take a cathartic that over-acts, it throws your entire system out of rhythm. It hurries unassimilated food through your body, causing violent muscular action in your alimentary tract. You have pains and griping. You feel weak afterwards . . . all worn out!

Authorities agree that strong purgatives and cathartics should *never* be taken except upon the advice of a physician.

WHY CORRECT TIMING IS VITAL

Now, what happens when you take a correctly timed laxative like Ex-Lax?

Well, except for the relief you get, you hardly know that you've even taken a laxative. And that's as it should be . . . You take a little Ex-Lax tablet, preferably at night. It tastes just like delicious chocolate. It works gently, taking 6 to 8 hours to be effective! You will have no stomach pains. You won't be nauseated. You'll experience no unpleasant after-taste.

In the morning your constipation will be completely relieved. You'll feel fine!

30 YEARS' PROOF

New laxatives constantly appear with miraculous promises. But, remember this . . . for over 30 years, Ex-Lax has been the approved family laxative. *More people use it than any other laxative in the world.* You can count on it for mildness, gentleness, thoroughness, correct timing. A box costs only 10c at any drug store. Or 25c for the economical, family size.

When Nature forgets — remember

EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

TRY EX-LAX AT OUR EXPENSE!

(Paste this on a penny postcard)

Ex-Lax, Inc., P. O. Box 170 MM-66
Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.

I want to try Ex-Lax. Please send free sample.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....Age.....

(If you live in Canada, write Ex-Lax, Ltd., Montreal)

Tune in on "Strange as it Seems," Ex-Lax Radio Program. See local newspaper for station and time



Arline Judge's Jam Cake was greeted with deserved enthusiasm when Paula Stone, Marsha Hunt and Wynne Gibson got together for bridge at Arline's house recently. But whether you are a bridge addict or merely like tempting refreshments, you'll enjoy making the sweets these gals serve. Right, home-made raspberry ice cream sundae

Foods



THAT SCORE A GRAND SLAM

By Marjorie Deen

ALMOST EVERYBODY in Hollywood is playing that fascinating new game "Monopoly"—buying and selling imaginary "property," mortgaging and foreclosing and cornering parcels of land to "build on." But the members of one afternoon bridge club I know of are not going to let this new real estate game muscle in on their weekly (film work permitting, naturally) bridge bouts which provide such fun.

The attractive foursome of which I speak consists of Arline Judge, Marsha Hunt, Paula Stone and Wynne Gibson. And many's the pack of cards they've cut between them, many's the score they've totalled and many's the cup of tea and piece of cake they've consumed.

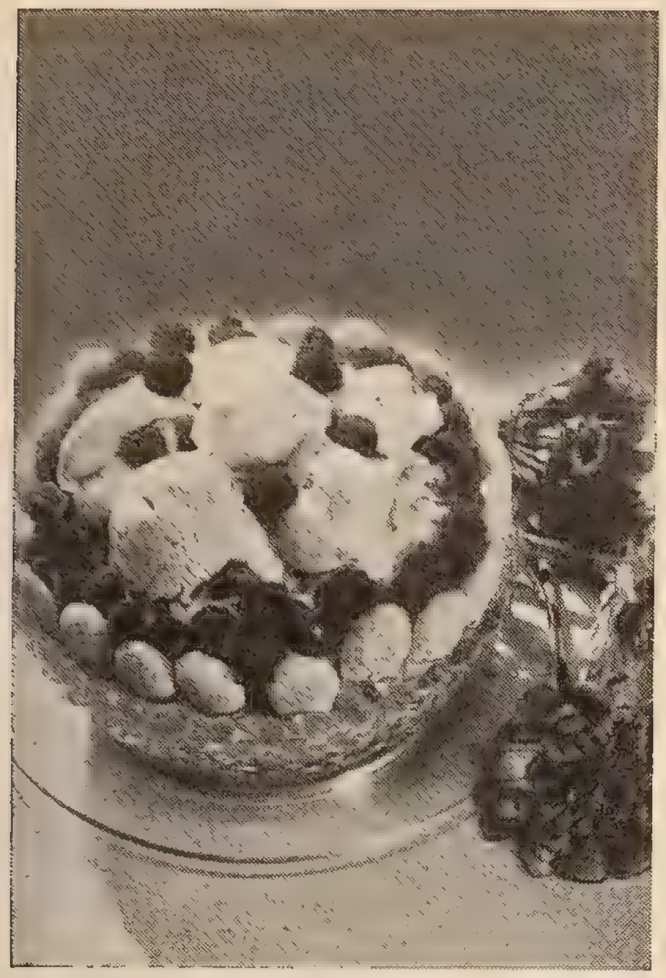
This particular afternoon was Arline Judge's turn to have "the gang" at her place, so I found them in her garden, the table set up beside the swimming pool where they could acquire an early coat of summer tan as they played. They were deeply engrossed, when I arrived, in "positively the very last rubber game before refreshments!" It all looked so jolly and sounded so amusing that although I had only stopped in for a short chat I stayed for what developed into a long and delightful tea party.

It was not an elaborate tea party, by any means, for bridge was the first consideration and when it was time to eat, the cards were simply pushed aside and the "eats" brought on, with the hope that there would be time to resume the game after eating.

BUT THE girls, you see, didn't figure on me or on Scotty, our omnipresent photographer. For between the two of us we took up hours of their time, wrecked their game, drank gallons of Judge tea, ate pounds of Judge cake and altogether made ourselves at home and them miserable! But all in a good cause, of course! And since the end is said to justify the means, I walked off without one little twinge of conscience—proudly aware of the fact that there were pictures in Scotty's camera and a raft of notes in my bag.

It has been ages since I've written one little word about afternoon entertaining and I was beginning to think it was high time that I said something about the way it is done in Hollywood. Then this golden opportunity presented itself, enabling me to get some first hand information on the subject from four different sources instead of the usual one. And such charming sources—if I may be permitted to use that unromantic term to describe such attractive screen hostesses.

"What do you serve when the charming members



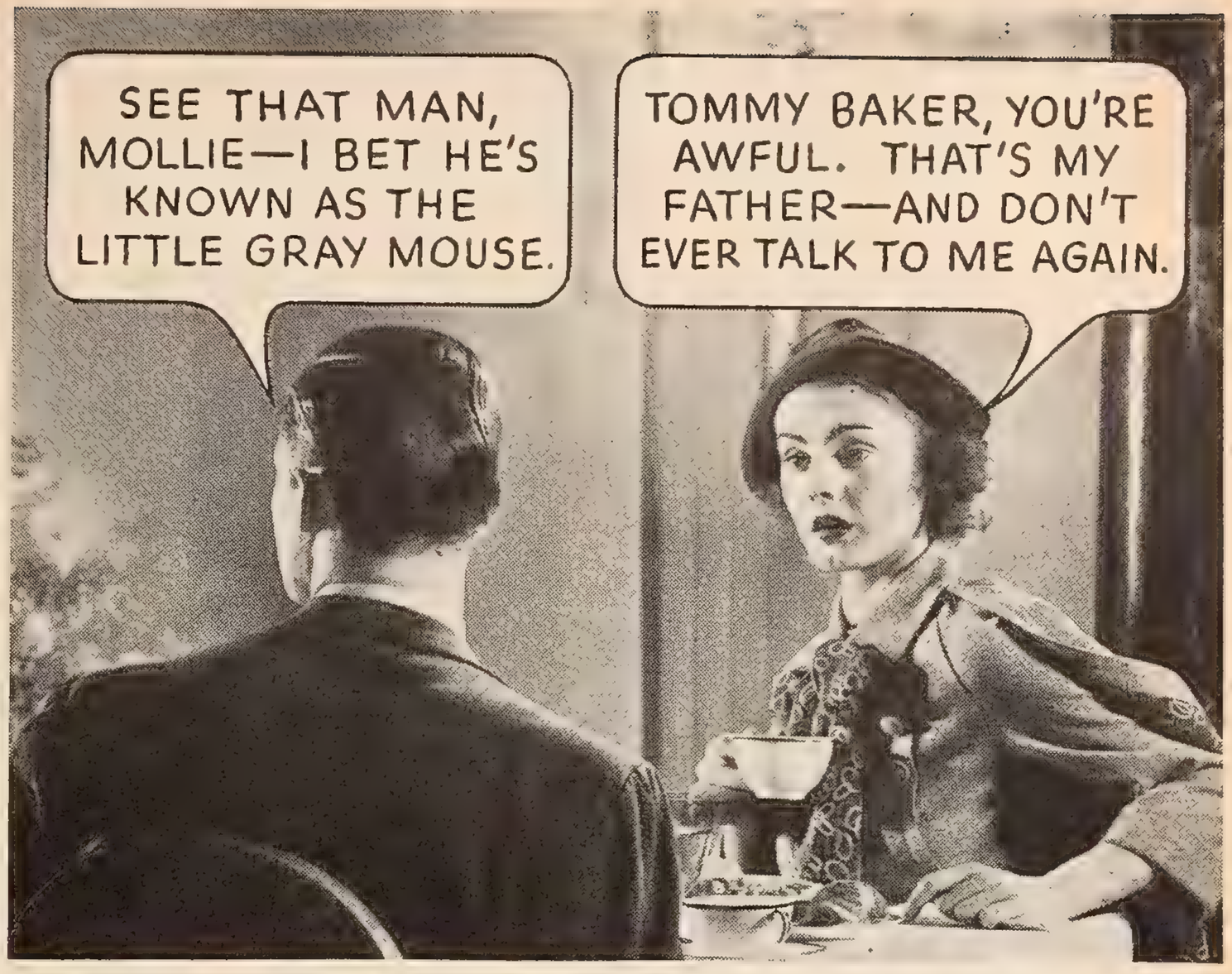
Courtesy Borden's

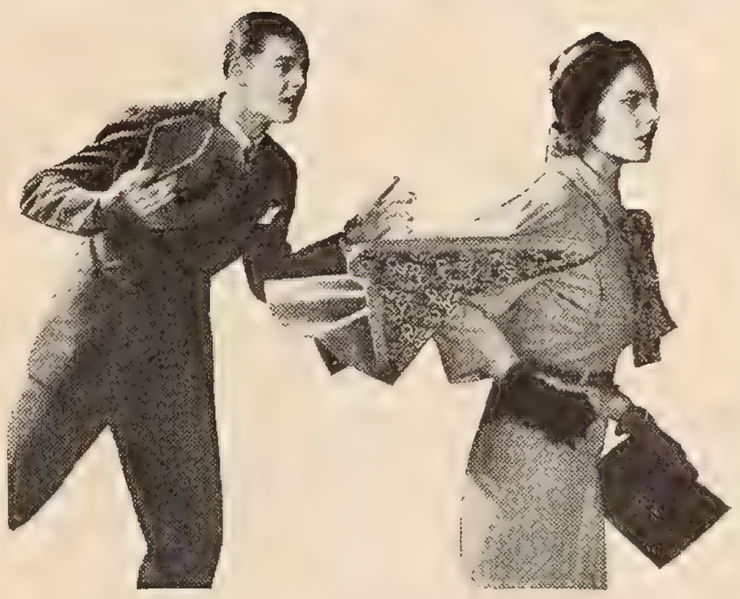
The tea-time refreshments these stars serve will delight you, too

of this bridge club meet at your house?" I asked Wynne Gibson when Arline had excused herself to go in and see about the tea.

"I'm the sandwich maker-upper of this crowd," mumbled Wynne, biting her pencil thoughtfully as she tried to make the scores balance. "I like variety, and you can get plenty of it with sandwiches," she continued. "We've made a rule, you know, that only one particular food shall be served with the tea—a salad, sandwiches, cake or cookies—any one dish, but not several different ones."

"We had to make that rule," interrupted Paula. "Why it was getting to be funny—and fattening," she declared, eyes twinkling. "It became a sort of friendly rivalry to see which of us could serve the most elaborate concoctions, the largest number of delicacies! The result was that we upset the entire kitchen department! And for what? So that we (*Continued on page 88*)





"Aw, Honey, I've never met your father—how'd I know? Besides, it's not his fault if his shirts look gray—who washes them so badly?"
"My mother does—and goodbye!"

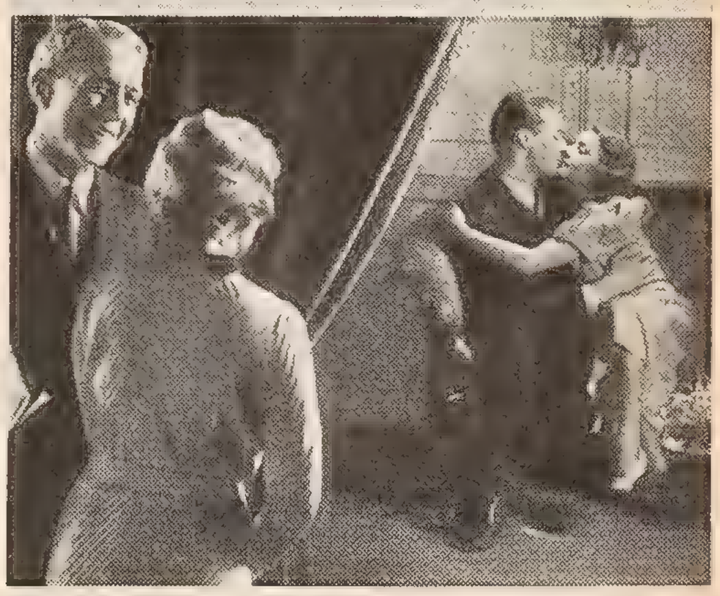


"Heavens above, who bit you, Son?"
"My girl did! I made a crack about her father's dingy shirts—then I said her mother didn't wash 'em right—and now I've got the gate!"



"Pshaw, we'll patch that up. My own washes used to have tattle-tale gray—and it wasn't my fault. The trouble was left-over dirt. Tell your girl her mother ought to change to Fels-Naptha as I did. That *golden soap* is so *full of naptha* that every bit of dirt goes."

FEW WEEKS LATER—



"Say, Looks like we're going to have a wedding soon."
"Sh-h-h! He may be calling you 'Dad'—but he'll never call you 'gray mouse' again. Since he tipped us off to Fels-Naptha Soap, my washes would make a snow-man jealous!"

© FELS & CO., 1936

Banish "Tattle-Tale Gray" with FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!

ABSENT-MINDED LIZ

Yet Miss Allan's not light-headed when it comes to work

By Dora Albert

I'VE LOST the receipts to my trunks," said the young woman with the green eyes, "and my boat is sailing in a few hours. There was one brown trunk and one black trunk, and they were sent out either under the name of Elizabeth Allan (that's my stage name) or under the name of Mrs. William O'Bryan, my married name."

The official at the dock, whose business it is to take care of such matters, glared up at Elizabeth Allan. Was this young woman trying to josh him when he was so busy? But Elizabeth's eyes were very solemn under their long lashes. She looked demure, appealing and completely helpless.

"Sometimes I use one name and sometimes the other," she explained, "and I never can remember which I've used."

"For heaven's sake," the clerk said, "don't you know receipts are given you for a reason? Why didn't you take care of yours?"

At that Elizabeth looked so downcast and unhappy that the grim lines on the official's face softened. "All right," he said, "I'll see if I can find your trunks." But he couldn't. Elizabeth had to sail without them. Several weeks later, to be sure, they arrived in England, but that was just a happy accident.

To complicate things still further, Elizabeth lost her passport.

Telling me about this recently, she said, waving her hands helplessly, "I'm a completely irresponsible person. I always was that way. My mother, who's very sane and practical, did everything she could to cure me. She's still trying. But it has never helped.

"I was irresponsible even when I was a youngster going to school in England. When we were supposed to be having our silent study period, I'd sneak out and play tennis. I did this innumerable times but I never got away with it. Always I was found out. I cut many classes in the same way. And when I did go to class, I nearly always came late, not because I wanted to, but because I haven't the remotest idea of time. I dawdle, even now. I don't mean to come late for all my appointments, but I inevitably do.

"At school I had great difficulty in passing

Elizabeth Allan is now in England making "East Meets West" with George Arliss for Gaumont-British.

exams—and no wonder! I was so completely befuddled. When I was supposed to sweat up for a geography exam (you call it cramming) I'd sweat up for a history exam instead.

"My parents hoped that I'd be a school mistress, but the only thing I wanted to do was to go on the stage. I used to sneak out of the house and watch Pierrot shows, or drape myself in spangles and a scarf of mother's, lock my bedroom door and emote for the sole edification of Elizabeth Allan. I played Juliet, on the edge of my bed, without a Romeo in sight for miles.

"At first my parents were horrified at the idea of my going on the stage. Finally my father weakened and said that, since I was too young to take my final degree as a school teacher, I could play Shakespearian roles at the old Vic Theatre."

"So you'll get this stage idea out of your system," he told Elizabeth, shaking a warning finger at her. "But mind you confine yourself to Shakespearian roles."

And she did just that for several years. But she didn't get the stage bug out of her system. Instead it flourished and grew worse until finally she decided to go out on her own, and got herself a job in her first London play, "Michael and Mary," with Edna Best and Herbert Marshall. The play was a hit, and Elizabeth was a hit along with it.

IT WAS then that she demonstrated once again that streak of impracticality that amounts almost to genius in her. An American manager came to her, offering her a glittering contract. He had his own repertory theatre, he said, and he would like to star her in a series of plays in the United States. While he couldn't pay her a large salary, she would have the advantage of an assured income over a period of at least a year. Delighted at the idea of getting a chance in America, Elizabeth signed the contract.

Several London managers were offering her contracts, but she turned them all down airily, saying, "I'm going to America."

Then, without investigating any further, she took her savings, got in touch with her family, and rushed off with her mother to spend some delightful weeks in the country. (*Continued on page 94*)



DOWN goes your clothes upkeep!...

when you buy "Ivory-washables"

Imagine! You can keep your whole wardrobe colorful . . . fresh . . . appealingly dainty all season long for less than a quarter! Yes, that's all it costs you when you buy "Ivory-washables."

And this year it's so *easy* to find sports clothes, afternoon dresses—even evening clothes—that will come out of Ivory Flakes suds looking like new. Because many fine stores and dress manufacturers have arranged to have fabrics *tested by 6 Ivory washings.* So keep your "Ivory-washables" lovely with chiffon-thin flakes of the soap that's pure enough for a baby's skin. Your clothes will stay bright . . . crisp. And you'll always be ready to go places and have fun!



99 44/100% pure





Paulette Goddard's natural look and Madge Evans' sleek appearance are perfection points to shoot at!

THAT BEAUTY CALLED *Smooth*

THERE'S a one-word description, popular with all you young things, which puts a finger right on our whole beauty set-up for this spring. It's a current bit of slang and an apt one—"She's smooth!"

Now a "smooth" look isn't just a matter of clothes or make-up or hair. It takes in a gal from her head to her toes and puts a general stamp of fresh good looks upon her. And when you are described as "smooth" looking by the young-blades-about-town, you can give yourself a good congratulatory pat, because it means that you've achieved real attractiveness without letting on about any of the artful dodges of modern beauty routines. And this spring beauty of yours will look natural, just as it should. Nothing is less to be desired than a studied look of either prettiness or beauty.

You can't look "smooth" unless you are up on all the latest news from the beauty purveyors, those hard-working people who go into painstaking research to bring forth the latest improvements in both cosmetics and hairdressing.

Here are some of the discoveries I've just made and I want to pass them on to you in time to put a finishing touch to your springtime good looks.

The Vitamins are popping up in beauty talk these days. It seems that you need Vitamin D to give you a really knockout complexion. D is the sunshine vitamin, in case you get them mixed up, too, and you can have it all done up in one cake of soap! Use with water, and there you are, cleansed with speed and your skin all pepped up with filtered sunshine. Really, this new soap is grand and there is no spoofing about its actually containing this healthy, invigorating vitamin.

In place of, or to aid and abet the healthy glow of this tonic soap, don't forget the cooling, soothing touch of Eau de Cologne. I came across one that has a delightful spring bouquet scent and a large bottle of it makes a very small dent in your pocket money. I like

It's a sleek and natural look that gets you beauty compliments this springtime!

By

Mary

Biddle

Eau de Cologne to splash on prodigally right after my bath. And in hot weather it is so refreshing, you can't get along without it.

THERE'S NOTHING better than a pick-up beauty treatment before you set forth for evening gaieties. However, heretofore, it's been hard to find a simple one that could be done in a jiffy and still have all the beautifying effect of a more protracted one. Now you can have a "mock facial" while you dress. This "five o'clock" beauty cocktail is a delightful new cream that you smooth on your face after cleansing. Leave it on for fifteen or twenty minutes—meanwhile you will see it bring a rosy tingle to your face. After you remove the cream, there's a skin tonic or lotion which is made to go with it and which you pat on your face. There isn't much more to the whole beautifying routine than there would be to powdering your nose carefully.

Want to know a new trick about applying lipstick smoothly? It's clever as the deuce and just as simple. Powder your lips first. Aren't you amazed? This dusting of powder leaves your lips dry and ready (*Continued on page 105*)

"For a smooth, soft skin—

Give me Camay"



GLOUCESTER, MASS.

Like most women, I've tried many beauty aids. But for a smooth, soft skin —give me Camay.

Sincerely,

(Signed) Viano Tobey

(Mrs. George E. Tobey)

December 7, 1935

NEW ENGLAND can well be proud of Viano Tobey—she has that wonderful pale gold hair . . . smiling hazel eyes—and her skin . . . well, she's proud of it herself and gives Camay most of the credit.

Mrs. Tobey keeps her skin soft, smooth and attractive with Camay. Camay can do this for *you*, too, you know. It cleanses thoroughly, but ever so gently . . . that's because it is made *milder, far milder!*

Just try Camay. Then see for yourself whether your skin isn't softer, smoother—lovelier to look at! And Camay's price is so very low you should get at least half a dozen cakes today.

Let Camay bring your loveliness to light.



CAMAY

The Soap of Beautiful Women

ME AND MY SHADOW . . .

Here are some interesting people you never see on the screen. They're the stand-ins who pose tirelessly before the cameras to save their famous stars tedious work when scenes are being rehearsed. Below, Shirley Temple with her stand-in, Marilyn Granas. And Claudette Colbert with hers, Pluma Noison. Right, top to bottom, Jane Withers with her shadow self, Gloria Fisher. Virginia Weidler with hers, Barbara Campbell. And the most striking likeness of all is Ann Harding and her stand-in, Phyllis Yates. Height, weight and coloring must be similar to the star's for this job.











STARS' STUDIO ADDRESSES

Columbia Studios, 1438 N. Gower St., Hollywood, Calif.

Gaumont-British, Lime Grove, Shepherd's Bush, London, W.12, England.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Washington Blvd., Culver City, Calif.

Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Los Angeles, Calif.

Republic Studios, 4024 Redford Ave., North Hollywood, Calif.

RKO-Radio Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Calif.

Samuel Goldwyn Studios, 7210 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.

20th Century-Fox Studios, Box 900, Beverly Hills, Calif.

United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Calif.

Universal Studios, Universal City, Calif.

Walter Wanger Productions, 1040 North Las Palmas, Hollywood, Calif.

Warner Bros.-First National Studios, Burbank, Calif.

ABEL, WALTER: RKO-Radio.
ACUFF, EDDIE: Warner Bros.
AHERNE, BRIAN: M-G-M.
ALBERNI, LUIS: Free lance. Write him at 20th Century-Fox.
ALBERTSON, FRANK: Free lance. Write him at M-G-M.
ALBRIGHT, HARDIE: Free lance. Write him at United Artists.
ALEXANDER, KATHERINE: Free lance. Write her at M-G-M.
ALEXANDER, ROSS: Warner Bros.
ALLAN, ELIZABETH: M-G-M.
ALLEN, GRACIE: Paramount.
ALLEN, JUDITH: Paramount.
ALLEN, ROBERT: Columbia.
ALLWYN, ASTRID: 20th Century-Fox.
AMES, ADRIENNE: Free lance. Write her at Paramount.
AMES, ROSEMARY: 20th Century-Fox.
ANGEL, HEATHER: RKO-Radio.
ARLEDGE, JOHN: RKO-Radio.
ARLEN, RICHARD: Free lance. Write him at Columbia.
ARLISS, GEORGE: Gaumont-British.
ARMETTA, HENRY: Universal.
ARMSTRONG, ROBERT: RKO-Radio.
ARNOLD, EDWARD: Universal.
ARTHUR, JEAN: Columbia.
ASTAIRE, FRED: RKO-Radio.
ASTOR, MARY: Columbia.
ATWILL, LIONEL: M-G-M.
AUTRY, GENE: Republic.
AYRES, LEW: Columbia.
BAKER, BENNY: Paramount.
BALL, LUCILLE: RKO-Radio.
BANCROFT, GEORGE: Columbia.
BARBIER, GEORGE: Paramount.
BARKER, PHILLIP: Walter Wanger.
BARNES, BINNIE: Universal.
BARNETT, VINCE: Universal.
BARRAT, ROBERT: Warner Bros.
BARRIE, MONA: 20th Century-Fox.
BARRIE, WENDY: Paramount.
BARRYMORE, JOHN: M-G-M.
BARRYMORE, LIONEL: M-G-M.
BARTHELMESS, RICHARD: Warner Bros.
BARTHOLOMEW, FREDDIE: M-G-M.
BARTLETT, MICHAEL: Columbia.
BAXTER, ALAN: Walter Wanger.
BAXTER, WARNER: 20th Century-Fox.
BEAL, JOHN: RKO-Radio.
BECK, THOMAS: 20th Century-Fox.
BEECHER, JANET: Paramount.
BEERY, NOAH, JR.: Universal.
BEERY, WALLACE: M-G-M.
BELLAMY, RALPH: Columbia.
BENCHLEY, ROBERT: M-G-M.
BENEDICT, WILLIAM: 20th Century-Fox.
BENNETT, CONSTANCE: Gaumont-British.
BENNETT, JOAN: Walter Wanger.
BENNY, JACK: M-G-M.
BERGNER, ELISABETH: 20th Century-Fox.
BERNIE, BEN: Paramount.
BICKFORD, CHARLES: Free lance. Write him at Paramount.
BIRELL, TALA: Columbia.
BLACKMER, SIDNEY: Free lance. Write him at RKO-Radio.
BLAKELEY, JAMES: Columbia.
BLANE, SALLY: Columbia.
BLONDELL, JOAN: Warner Bros.
BLORE, ERIC: RKO-Radio.
BLUE, MONTE: Free lance. Write him at M-G-M.
BOLAND, MARY: Paramount.
BOLES, GLEN: Warner Bros.
BOLES, JOHN: 20th Century-Fox.
BOND, WARD: Columbia.
BOYER, CHARLES: Walter Wanger.
BRADLEY, GRACE: Paramount.
BRADY, ALICE: Free lance. Write her at Republic.
BREAKSTONE, GEORGE: Free lance. Write him at Universal.

(*Continued on page 72*)

His Waning Love KINDLED AGAIN!



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Mavis is more than a talcum . . . its tantalizing fragrance is so feminine—so Parisian! Always before you dress, clothe yourself in Mavis' gay allure. Don't consider your bath complete until you have dusted yourself all over with Mavis Talcum. Mavis is pure, soft as velvet, silken-fine. It protects your skin from drying, soothes it, keeps it young. And its clinging fragrance gives you a mysterious scented charm that men adore!

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*State*_____

MM-6



JESSIE MATTHEWS

in

"IT'S LOVE AGAIN"

with

ROBERT YOUNG

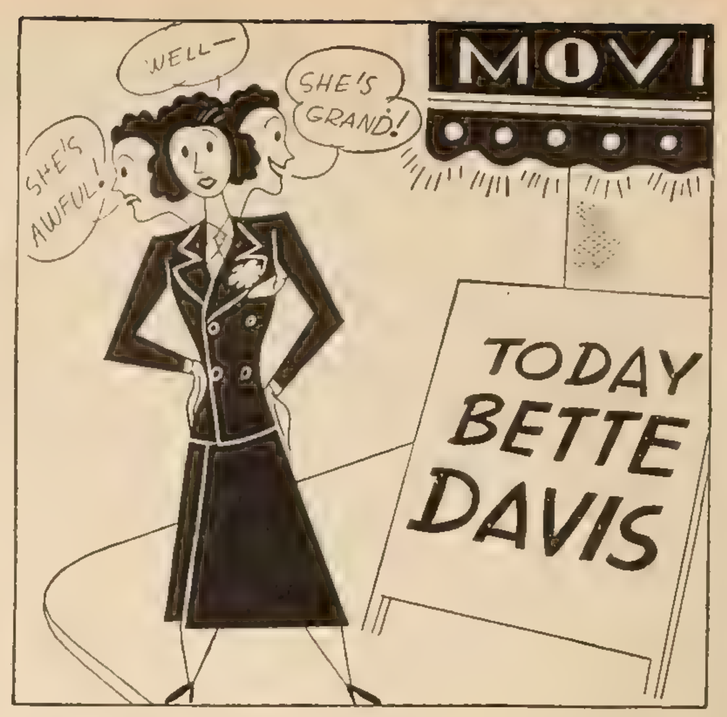
. Romance, Comedy, Adventure in Rhumba Rhythm . . .

COMING TO YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE

A GB *Production*



Hollywood doesn't know a thing about portraying poverty on the screen, says a gal from Newark.



One fan used to see certain pictures in spite of Bette Davis' presence; now she goes because of it.

BETWEEN YOU

Readers, have your say and win a cash prize to boot!

$5 PRIZE LETTER
It Happens in Hollywood

It is amusing to watch Hollywood trying to portray a poverty-stricken family on the screen. The people themselves are so accustomed to elaborate settings, what can they know of need in a town of plenty? Granted that many extras are practically starving, still one always sees them well-clothed and putting on the well known dog even though their belt has been taken in a few notches.

In "Riffraff" Jean Harlow plays the daughter of a drunken pauper living in a squalid section of town. Her uniform for the job in the fishery, alone, is well tailored. When she rises from bed, a beautiful satin nightie drapes her lovely form. On her wedding day she wears a satin gown that is entirely too elaborate. Which reminds me of "The White Parade," with Loretta Young, a few years back. Loretta is a nurse—a student, at that. Everyone knows that nurses receive scarcely any pay at all. Yet, when she steps out with the boy-friend, she wears a lovely frock—too lovely to buy on a nurse's salary—topped by a glorious velvet, full-length cape—also too expensive. Another funny-bone tickler is when the hero tells the heroine that they could get along on $50 or $60 per week and act as if it were pin money.

Well, they don't know poverty like I do. No, Hollywood still has to go some to make pictures real and true to life.—Marion Rae, Newark, N. J.

$1 PRIZE LETTER
Once a Bette Davis Avoider

There was a blonde motion picture actress who seemed insipid and unattractive to me. I avoided any pictures in which she appeared. It did not occur to me that her roles were insipid and unattractive, too.

To my surprise she won the leading role in the cinema version of one of my favorite novels, opposite one of my favorite actors. I went to see the picture in spite of her presence, and left the theatre cheering the film because of it! You've guessed it—the blonde was Bette Davis; the picture, "Of Human Bondage."

However, I remained cynical until her portrayal in "Dangerous" proved that her "Mildred" had been no artistic accident.

So it was that I went to see "The Petrified Forest" because of Bette Davis. Her portrayal of "Gabby" is unforgettable.

I was wrong in my attitude toward Bette Davis and I'm glad to admit it, and glad to admit as well that she is now my favorite actress.—Anna K. Hawkes, Bristol, Pa.

$1 PRIZE LETTER
What About Public Taste?

It is not surprising that all the trashy pictures spilled out of Hollywood are so well attended, for it is only too obvious that public taste is low. Real feminine beauty is not a matter of geography, age, dress or social status; it is universally appreciated and admired.

Why, then, do producers strain so intensely to foist their leading ladies on the public as beauties when they are not? Why do they take half-baked girls with a violent ego and a desperate, unscrupulous will to wealth and fame, and glorify them? I wonder! Take these "stars," remove their expensive jewels, their mink wraps, their $250 gowns, their war-paint and their lavish settings, put them in the ordinary walks of life, and nobody would



A Brooklyn reader says that most of us would be amazed to see the stars minus their glamor.

'N' ME

ever notice them.

In spite of their trumped up glamor, they are unnatural, out of place, pathetic. I crave real, natural beauty on the screen —a lovely, rounded form, a classic face, natural hair, and an expression that radiates kindness, intelligence, capability.—Bertha Koenig, Brooklyn, N. Y.

$1 PRIZE LETTER
A Movie Fan's Unusual Letter to His Wife

Dear "Colleen,"

Surely, Dearest, you have not forgotten how "It Happened One Night" that I whispered to you "Be Mine Tonight" and how you replied, Darling, "As You Desire Me," I will. That was indeed "One Night of Love" and what a "Grand Hotel" we chose for our honeymoon and how kind "The Little Minister" was!

But now it seems you are quite an

(*Continued on page 78*)

We lend a willing ear to anything and everything you have to say concerning motion pictures—new players, old players, censorship, current trends in pictures, double features, shorts, books you'd like to see filmed, and so forth. Ten dollars in prizes will be awarded each month for the six most interesting letters submitted—1st prize, $5; five 2nd prizes of $1 each. Be sure to send your full name and address. Modern Screen reserves the right to publish letters in whole or in part. Address: Between You and Me, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

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NOW Pond's softens the harsh glare of the sun on your skin . . . flatters you—with new "Sunlight" powder shades. "Sunlight" shades are scientifically blended to catch only the softest rays of the sun . . . give you in glaring summer, the becoming color of soft spring sunshine itself! Flattering with lightest tan, deep tan, or no tan at all! Completely away from the old dark "sun-tan" powders.



MONEY-BACK TRIAL—Try Pond's Sunlight shade (Light or Dark). If you do not find it more flattering than ordinary sun-tan shades, send us back the box and we will refund purchase price plus postage. Pond's, Clinton, Conn.

2 *Sunlight Shades—Light, Dark. Glass jars,* **35¢, 70¢.** *New big boxes,* **10¢, 20¢.**

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Love

as burning as Sahara's Sands

From Ouida's romantic novel of the French Foreign Legion, flashes this glorious spectacle-drama of men's heroism and women's devotion, enacted by one of the greatest casts the screen has ever seen.



UNDER TWO FLAGS

starring *Ronald* **COLMAN** *(Beau Geste)*

featuring *Claudette* **COLBERT** *(It Happened One Night)*

VICTOR McLAGLEN *(The Informer)*

ROSALIND RUSSELL *(Rendezvous)*

with GREGORY RATOFF • NIGEL BRUCE • C. HENRY GORDON • HERBERT MUNDIN

AND A CAST OF 10,000

a DARRYL F. ZANUCK 20th CENTURY PRODUCTION
(Les Miserables . . House of Rothschild)

Presented by Joseph M. Schenck

Directed by Frank Lloyd *(Cavalcade . . Mutiny on the Bounty)*

Associate Producer Raymond Griffith • Based on the novel by Ouida

20th CENTURY FOX




KATHARINE HEPBURN
AS
Mary of Scotland


HOWARD AND SHEARER
IN
Romeo and Juliet




39
MARCH AND COLBERT
IN
Under two Flags






ERROL FLYNN
AND
JOAN BLONDELL

Answering all the questions you've asked about Joan and Franchot at home





Both Mr. and Mrs. Tone are taking singing lessons. Left, you see them in the music room of their newly decorated home. Above, with their dachshund, "Pupchen."

THE PRIVATE LIFE

AND SO they were married. In story books this would have marked the happy ending. But this happened in real life, and it's just the beautiful beginning. I mean the married life of Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone.

I did not know of Joan's and Franchot's marriage plans until Franchot's air mail, special delivery, written right after the ceremony, arrived.

"You are the very first person we've told," wrote the bridegroom. "Our happy moment came this morning at ten-fifteen in Fort Lee, New Jersey. Nick Schenck made all the arrangements and the secrecy was complete. The ceremony was performed on the lawn of the residence of Ex-Mayor White, overlooking the Hudson River from the Palisades—and Mayor Jenkins of Fort Lee conducted the ceremony. We exchanged rings, Joan's a narrow diamond and platinum, mine a plain platinum circle. Mr. Schenck and his associate, Mr. Friedman, were the witnesses. After the ceremony they toasted us in champagne and we rushed right back to New York to get Joan to a rehearsal of a radio broadcast. We each wore a red carnation. We had visited the place the preceding Wednesday night to sign the application for a license. The moon was shining over the Hudson and outlined the slender sweep of the George Washington Bridge in the background. It really was a heavenly spot."

THAT WAS the last I heard from the newlyweds until Joan wired me to meet them in Pasadena and share their first Hollywood meal, as Mr. and Mrs. Franchot Tone. What a privilege, I thought, to be the first to greet them and witness their new-found happiness. But two hundred others were of the same opinion. While Joan and Franchot saw reporters, signed autographs and tried to dodge camera fiends, I managed to wave a feeble hello from the ragged edge of the crowd. Finally, with a





Above, Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone in their very attractive bar. Isn't the drum-shaped wall bracket which lights it tricky?

By Jerry Asher

OF JOAN AND TONE

dexterity that placed Fred Keating's bird-cage trick in the amateur class, we made the car and headed for home and Hollywood.

"I want to see our house," cried Joan gaily. "I want to see our new dining-room, the new music room and the garden." Kicking off her shoes and shoving her hat to the back of her head, Joan pressed her face against the window. Every time we passed a tree or a house, she would wave her hand and cry: "Hello, tree—hello, house, I'm home again." Is it necessary for me to add that Mrs. Franchot Tone was hilariously happy?

During Joan's and Franchot's absence, William Haines had gone ahead with the decorating plans that Joan had okayed before leaving. When we arrived at the house, the transformation was little less than a miracle. The entire exterior had been cleverly changed. Bill Haines, himself, was waiting to greet the bride and groom and proudly conduct them on an inspection tour.

The entrance hall was filled with baskets of flowers, packages and stacks of wires and letters. In the very center stood a huge vase of white blossoms. It was addressed to Mr. and Mrs. Franchot Tone and conveyed the sentiments of the cook, butler, chauffeur and night watchman. Joan ran out to thank them immediately and placed the flowers in her sitting-room. Just then the butler entered.

"Where does Mrs. Tone want the trunks?" he inquired, addressing himself to Franchot.

FOR A minute Franchot looked startled. "Oh-h-h—oh, the trunks," he repeated hesitatingly, as the full significance of just who Mrs. Tone was swept over him. Then swallowing hard and looking a trifle embarrassed, Franchot replied, "Put my wife's trunks in her room, please." Turning to me, he winked, as he continued, "I haven't had the courage to call (*Continued on page 90*)

SECOND Chance

By Ruth Rankin



Eric Linden's two-year absence from Hollywood has done much for him.

Frances Dee, now happily married to Joel McCrea, is said to have been one of the reasons for Eric's temporary retirement.

ERIC LINDEN is the lad who walked out on a Hollywood career which was going great guns, because he had girl-trouble.

That may sound facetious, but there was nothing facetious about Eric at the time. He was torn wide apart—raw, sensitive, quivering in every nerve. At twenty-one, you get that way. When the girl is Frances Dee, I suppose you get it a little bit worse, for Frances is in a class by herself.

That wasn't all, either, although no one ever credited anything else, in spite of Eric's protests. They thought it was an uncomplicated case of lovelornness (now *there's* a word) which is quite a romantic thing to think, and Eric certainly looked the part. He couldn't have made up for it any more convincingly. The trembling hand, the downcast eye, the lonely hill-tramping, the complete and total loss of appetite—all unmistakable evidence.

Girl trouble caused Eric Linden to drop a promising career, but he's back now, a wiser young man



Linden followed "Ah, Wilderness" with "Voice of Bugle Ann" with Mlle. O'Sullivan.

You've been through it! Is there anything more harrowing on this earth? Who can laugh at it is a sadist, unless there is sympathy and memory and understanding in the smile. . . .

And there was more to it, too—as if that weren't enough!

"I wasn't doing what I wanted to do—I hated the parts I had to play. Wild youth and suffering mama's boys—suffering *cats!*" said Eric. "I was getting labeled, you know how people get the idea you are what you play. I avoided everyone. I was called eccentric. Imagine, at my age! You can be erratic at twenty, but eccentric is out. Well, I just got funny, I guess, and thought it best to have a change of scene."

We'll refer to that later, as the tax-collector says. It was discovered while he was away that a darn good actor was lacking for many a part that no one else could quite fill. Maybe his absence made them realize it all the more.

At any rate, when he returned he didn't have to pick up where he left off. He was way ahead of it. He made a fresh start with one of the grandest juvenile roles ever written, the boy in "Ah, Wilderness." And some say he beat a Barrymore to the draw. The whole cast was pretty fast company for a kid who was out of practise but, I reckon before things went very far, Eric was pacing 'em. If he had read every script in town and had his choice of parts to play, he couldn't have found one that could approach the anguished dawn-of-love lad in "Ah, Wilderness." There was something so helpless and lovable and pathetic—and familiar—about the boy in his first relentless grip of love. He has just done another stand-out performance in "The Voice of Bugle Ann." They have some wonderful things planned for him, way into the future. When a studio does that an actor has arrived.

He's twenty-four now and doesn't look it. But still, he doesn't seem exactly a child, either. There is calm confidence in his bearing; he has lost the old too-eager-to-please that had him tied in knots. He says he used to go for days without seeing anyone, then when he did, he talked a blue streak about nothing. He really didn't want to talk, but was afraid silence would be rude.

Not knowing the first thing about acting—he says so himself—he played one intensely dramatic part for the Theatre Guild. So Hollywood called him and began talking over contracts and prospective roles with him. "You're emotional, aren't you?" they said, in substance. "Okay, emote."

Poor kid, he presided at every death-bed scene and wept gallons and had hysterics and paced corridors and wore his nerve-ends down to the quick. He didn't know how to act, and he was afraid to tell anyone, so all he could do was be what he was playing. If it happened to be a frantic, jittery, end-of-the-rope kid, why Eric drank gallons of coffee and didn't go to bed, and thought about terrible disasters, and got himself in fine shape to scream if anybody looked at him. He relived all the family tragedies that had ever happened to him—things he might better have forgotten. Well, no human can keep that up forever—and be in love, in addition.

So he put two and two together and decided that he'd soon be measured for a strait-jacket if he didn't break loose. He was so young—good gracious, being young is hard enough, just trying to see through the fog of baffling bewilderment, without being it twice—both being it and playing it.

Eric didn't even pause to say goodbye. He boarded a plane for New York, and sailed next day on the *Bremen*. He found a villa near Nice. Got himself a cook, a police dog, a French gardener, some chickens and a lot of books. He had yearned to write a book for some time, so he wrote one. It isn't for anybody to see. He wrote steadily for four months. ". . . and I was purged of all my complexes," says Eric. "I wrote them down and got rid of them."

He adds, "You have to be in love to write." Well, I guess that's as good an excuse (*Continued on page 93*)

LOMBARD, LTD.

By Muriel Babcock

Meet Carole and "Fieldsie," one of the most successful partnerships in all Hollywood



Madelayne Fields goes everywhere that Carole goes.

NOW, HONESTLY, you would never expect to find Carole Lombard, one of the glamor queens of Hollywood, sitting back of an adding machine, laboriously tapping out figures, would you? Or find her diligently, and not too accurately, typing a business letter?

She has a secretary for that, you'd say. She must have! Isn't she a star with all the paraphernalia of a star, a beautiful house decorated in exotic blues and yellows, clothes such as few women can ever hope to possess and a career? Sure, she has a secretary.

It's the famous (in Hollywood) Fieldsie—Miss Madelayne Field, to you. The tall, hefty lass with the wisecracking tongue and the fund of funny stories, who goes practically everywhere that Carole goes and who is sort of a combination bodyguard, friend, companion, secretary and business manager. The latter is her official title, and her official job.

But visualize this picture! It is ten o'clock of a Friday morning. Carole has finished her most recent film, "A Princess Comes Across." Daily, she's been working under hot lights, she's been fitted and refitted and she's worked pretty hard, and since then she's been relaxing. Every day for a week she and Fieldsie have gone and done things. And so on this particular Friday Carole says:

"C'mon, Fieldsie, let's go shopping today, have luncheon at the Brown Derby and then this afternoon, we'll go bumming. C'mon, get your hat and your glad rags and let's take the Ford. We'll step out."

Now, if you were a secretary and your boss was a glamorous star and she said that to you, you'd probably break all records dumping the morning mail into the wastebasket and hotfoot it for your bonnet. But not Fieldsie, by gosh. She's apt to say, leveling a stern glance at her employer:

"Don't you remember me? I'm the gal who works for you. I can't go out today. I have a job to do. Look at those letters! Look at all the bills that have to be totaled. I won't be through for days!"

And no amount of argument will sway her. Sometimes Carole (*Continued on page 91*)


Can you picture
Carole Lombard a
an adding machine?
No, we couldn't
either until . . .



MOST PEOPLE, who know him only on the screen, take Wally Beery for just a big, dumb guy who got a good break. But they are mistaken. Wallace Beery is one of the few stars who has never hired a business manager. He can attend to his own entirely. His present contract is one of the few in Hollywood studio files which calls for a salary several times more than the President of the United States receives. Contracts are usually drawn by lawyers, but Wally wrote his own and M-G-M's attorneys could find no fault with it.

Wally's investments and adventures in the stock market have not been as profitable as they could have been, but it has been more due to bad breaks than unwise judgment. He has made and lost several fortunes and is now collecting his fourth, if I am not mistaken.

Wallace Beery is a hard guy to figure. He plays the piano beautifully and writes music which would sell, if he would put it on the market—yet no photographer ever got a shot of Wally at the piano. On even the hottest of California summer days, he never goes in his swimming pool, at his Beverly Hills home, without putting on a leather jacket, tightly buttoned up around his bull-like neck. He does it to keep warm, he tells people.

He is a homely mug and always was, yet he was once the husband of Gloria Swanson, one of the screen's most glamorous women. He was making his first picture success then, playing the comic role of a Swedish hired girl at the old Essanay in Chicago. Wally wasn't handsome to anyone but Gloria, then but a baby starlet and not yet even a Mack Sennett bathing beauty. He owned a yellow Mercer roadster, which he drove fifty miles an hour over dirt roads, almost breaking the heart of his producer, who feared they would bring Wally home on a shovel, in the midst of a picture. It affected Gloria's heart, too, but in a different manner. She married him.

His father was a Kansas City cop and his mother

HOLLYWOOD'S BAD BOY

Wally Beery, screen roughneck, may heckle movietown, but he's actually putty in the small hands of a certain gal!

By J. Eugene Chrisman

weighed 220 pounds. For a Sunday-go-to-meeting suit, Wally had to wear his old man's cut-down blue uniforms. To this day he hates a blue suit and will not wear one or associate with anyone who does. He hated piano lessons even more but stuck with them to please his doting Ma. He ran away from school—

"Not because I was the class dummy, but because I knew a fellow could learn more about geography and things in general by grabbing a freight train and seeing life than he could ever get out of books and such."

HE GOT a job in a circus and watered the elephants until he became a trainer. He ran into old Topsy, an elephant he had once handled as a trainer, on one of his sets in "O'Shaughnessy's Boy" and the old girl recognized him and trumpeted loudly until he came to see her.

Unlike other big stars, Wally eats lunch in the studio café. He always takes off his coat, drapes it over the back of his chair and takes down his suspenders. He has the appetite of a bull whale and doesn't like conversation when he eats, unless he meets a pal or two at the Vendome or the Hollywood Brown Derby, then he puts on the feed bag to the accompaniment of chin music.

He is a devoted husband and a real father to his adopted daughter, Carol Ann. He and the blonde Mrs. Beery are probably the best mated and happiest couple in all filmdom. When he was on location making "Treasure Island" at Catalina, he chartered a sea plane and, between scenes, flew it to the mainland where a fast car waited twenty-four hours a day, to rush him to the bedside of his very sick wife. He swears he will make an actress out of Carol Ann and she has already appeared with him in several films. He says that if ever he slips in pictures, he can sing for a living.

He is a speed demon and has a positive mania for anything which will go fast. He gets more kick out of a roller-coaster than Carol Ann does and he flies his big plane like a demon, but has never had a serious crack-up, although he has made many passengers' hair raise in fright-wigs style. Recently he flew Carol Ann to New York and back in two days just because he thought she'd enjoy seeing "Jumbo"! He spends weeks alone, or with Mrs. Beery, at his mountain lodge at Silver Lake, always flying his plane up and back. He is a licensed commercial pilot and probably the most experienced among all the air-minded stars.

In making "O'Shaughnessy's Boy" with Jackie Cooper, he had to wrestle a tiger. Proudly he invited the press to see him display his talent as a handler of the jungle demon. Instead of being a baddie, the tiger wanted to play and Wallace had to scratch him. But the man has no fear in him.

His favorite film is still "Robin Hood" and the things he would like most to forget are most of the comic pictures he and Raymond Hatton made as a comedy team.

HE IS fifty-six years old and admits it. He is six years older than his brother Noah and got the yen to become an actor when he heard that Noah was becoming a big shot by singing on the stage. He likes to play practical jokes on others but can take them, too. He will admit that he's lazy and he detests to be interviewed by writers or newspaper men—but he always has something worth printing to say.

When reading of the latest kidnapping or the latest gang crime or bank hold-up, (*Continued on page 82*)

A LADY IN LOVE



Helen Vinson with her tennis-star husband, Fred Perry. Her latest GB film is "King of the Damned."

By Mildred Mastin

Pouf went practical plans when Helen Vinson married

YOU can make careful plans for yourself, figure out wisely what you must achieve, and what you must avoid, then you fall in love—and *pouf*—your plans are gone like feathers in the wind."

It was Helen Vinson, bride of Tennis Champion Fred Perry, speaking. She sat, her hands full of snapshots, her eyes dwelling lovingly on the face that figured in each picture. "I act like a high school girl, don't I, dragging his photographs out all the time?" She gathered the pictures up with a little laugh and slipped them back into the dressing table drawer.

Well, perhaps she was acting like a high school girl. That isn't surprising, for she's in love. What was surprising was Helen's marriage to Perry in the first place. And the swift romance, culminating in the midnight wedding, amazed everybody who knew the young actress.

Helen Vinson had sworn, repeatedly, that she would never remarry. The breaking up of her first marriage had been a disillusioning and sorrowful experience for her. She was wed to her first husband when she was little more than a child, in her teens. She was too tall for her age, shy and awkward. Too self-conscious to enjoy much social life and not popular with boys of her own age, she had buried herself in books. Then there came into her life a man fifteen years her senior. He shared and appreciated her intellectual interests. He understood her! She thought it was love. She married the man. And, "For a while," she says, "I was ecstatically happy."

But as Helen matured, became poised and sure of herself and ambitious for an acting career, their paths grew farther and farther apart. They were divorced and Helen went to Hollywood.

"Shortly after I got there," she says, "someone told me that California law did not permit a divorcee to remarry until a year after the final (*Continued on page 109*)



THINGS JUST happen TO ANNE

Anne's only seventeen, but she's a star with five pictures planned for her. "Winterset" is one of the biggest.

By Lois Svensrud

I JUST couldn't be anything *but* a movie star. You see, I could never have gone to college, because I'm not smart enough to get the credits. I can't draw a line or write one, either. I can't run a typewriter or a sewing-machine. Why, I wouldn't be worth my soap as a laundress because I'd probably never master a washing-machine! So, I guess I'd just be a flop in anything but the movies."

The speaker is Anne Shirley. Yes, the same Anne Shirley who occupies such a bright spot in the cinema solar system.

Surprised? Well, weren't we! Here we'd come to get the gal's secrets-of-success-at-seventeen and relay them to a waiting world. We'd expected to get the usual veneer of sophistication plastered over a goodly supply of conceit.

And here was Hollywood's youngest grown-up star, attired in blue slacks and red bobby socks with the friendliest smile in the world. Focused on us was a pair of brown eyes as amazingly direct as the announcement that was just made.

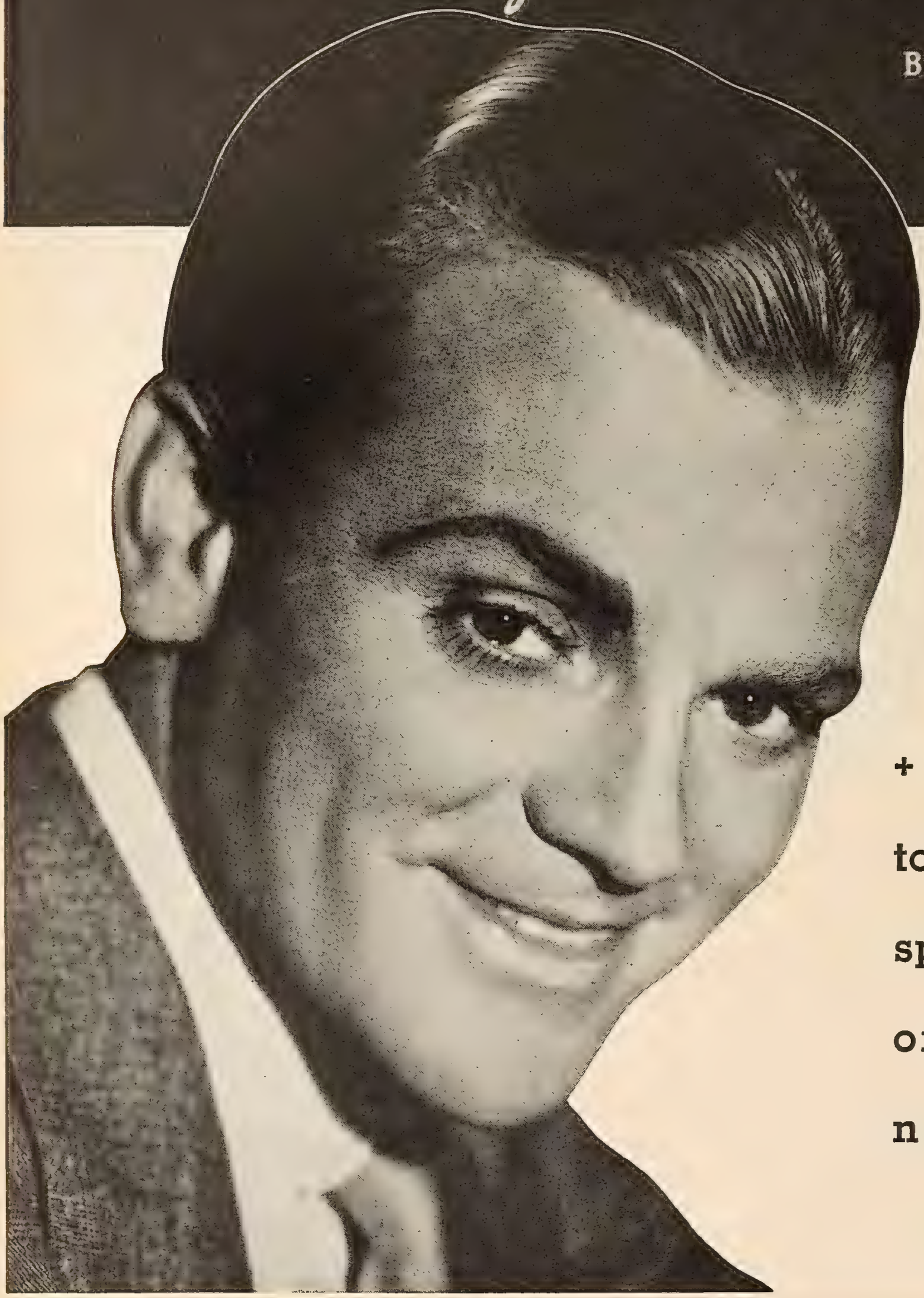
"If there's any secret to my success," Anne was saying, "it's being just plain lucky enough to fall into work that I *can* do, instead of having to earn my living at something I'd never be any good at no matter how hard I tried. Because, you see, I practically *did* fall into it. I was only a year old when a photographer saw me on the street, in New York, with my mother and he asked her to let me model baby-clothes for an ad. A year or so later a talent scout from Fox's New York studio asked her to bring me out there. A role in William Farnum's "Miracle Child" was the result. And I was launched in moom pitchers as easily as that! It's funny, you know, but that's the way things seem to happen to me. I don't do much about it, but nice things just drift around, somehow."

THAT WAS fourteen years ago when Anne first emoted for the camera. What's more, it was real emoting. For the minute her eyes lit on the magnificent whiskers, which Bill Farnum had sprouted for the picture, Anne set up a howl that shook Manhattan. (*Continued on page 80*)

Without a struggle, Miss Shirley's made the movie grade

THAT CAGNEY Cyclone

By Martha Kerr



Jimmy claimed that playing two rough-necks a year was plenty and so he took his case to court. What's more he won it and was released from his Warner contract.

+ + + No Kansas tornado has the speed and force of Jimmy Cagney when he gets going



Ardent tennis enthusiasts, Mr. and Mrs. James Cagney enjoy the matches together.



Jim made "Ceiling Zero," with June Travis, before his recent studio walkout.

THE IRISH are an extraordinary race. God bless them for delivering us from the awful monotony of continual calm.

It will be violating no confidence to reveal that Jimmy Cagney is Irish. The fact has been bruited about pretty generally. But he is not "professional" Irish. He himself has never traded upon it. Simply, it is one of those obvious and dominating actualities which simplify the work of the press. One writes, "Jimmy Cagney, fighting Irishman," and the story is practically complete with a little elaboration, which we shall tie right into with undisguised enthusiasm. No use trying to hold us back about Jim. We won't hold.

Any Irisher worth his salt, as you well know, is never really happy when things are going smoothly. He has to snarl them up somehow, and anything at hand is welcome which offers a certain way to embroil his affairs into a lovely turbulent riotous mess.

MANY A MAN would sit down in the midst of a serene, unwavering, dull success, and count his fortunes. The only thing with which he could reproach himself, possibly, would be the spare tire assembling about his middle. Well, this man bears no resemblance to Jim Cagney. Jim wouldn't give a spare tire a break, and if he ever indulges in self-reproach nobody knows anything about it.

Naturally, Jim goes around with a permanent Cause—the Irish have to have a Cause. Which means they are in the midst of a permanent fight. The Cause always has something to do with freedom—whether for a nation, a group, or an individual. And of course they are militant about personal freedom. As soon as they have it, most of them go right out and get tied up four other ways. They are so marvelous, the world would be utterly unendurable without them.

All you have to say is, "He's Irish," for any number of perfect strangers to break into warm expansive smiles and to extend a welcoming hand. It is a universal introduction, comparable with none other. You could say, "He has millions my deah, he swam the Hellespont, he just wrote a best-seller, he's an all-American half-back, women swoon for him, he can drink any man alive under the table and hold it like a gentleman"—and get no better results. Shucks, I'm not getting away with all this lofty generalization. You know whom I mean.

NOTHING SO captures our imagination or so endears an actor to his following as to have him run true to form—to follow through with the type of character he plays on the screen, in his actual life. It is extravagantly satisfying to discover that your favorite roughneck doesn't raise canaries or sit down and take it on the chin when he happens to be outside of camera range. The particular actor may be a headache to producers—but if they would figure it out calmly, it's money in the bank. A natural like that happens only once in a lifetime.

If all the world loves a lover, it loves a fighter just a little bit more. The fighter is not only going to get the girl—he's going to keep her. To paraphrase something I read somewhere, "Every girl has two sweethearts—her own and Jimmy Cagney."

When Jim enters a room, it has all the soporific effect of an electric shock. After years of knowing him, the effect never wears off. He is tangible. He is definite. He is what he is, with no distracting side issues to diminish it. Every gesture he makes has a beginning and a climax—swift, abrupt, and positive. His words are the same. He doesn't pick around cautiously over sure ground, feeling his way. He launches smack into the matter, whatever it is—discussion, argument, interview—and gives you something you can get a firm grip on, whether or not you can print it. He isn't sugar-coating (*Continued on page 98*)



Photos by
J. B. Scott

Dick Powell grabs hold of Ginger Rogers and Scotty gets a shot at them. All this at Joan Crawford Tone's party for Leopold Stokowski.

The really big news of the month is that Joan Crawford's shoulders are four inches larger than Garbo's. Heretofore the melancholy Greta's measurements were considered tops in that department. But Joan has a tape measure to prove she has more shoulder than Garbo. Just think of the extra disdain that those four inches can give to a fine shrug.

■ ■ ■

Inveterate snoopers have finally located Myrna Loy's hideout. It's Lake Arrowhead. For months Myrna has been slipping out of Hollywood for quiet week-ends, but no one knew her destination until it was discovered she owns a lodge at Arrowhead. Evidence that wedding bells are in the offing for Myrna and producer Arthur Hornblow is that the lodge has just been enlarged.

■ ■ ■

When Bob Montgomery did his sulking last year it was because he was on a one-man strike against the superficial, wisecracking gents he'd been playing in almost every picture. No more of those, said Bob. So he took a long vacation, returned to the studio and the first picture he made was "Petticoat Fever" with Myrna Loy. It's a story of the far north, and we were surprised to find Bob playing the same wisecracking gent he had walked out on some months before. Hollywood or Labrador, it looks like there's no escape for Robert.

■ ■ ■

Another surprise was Joan Crawford Tone's large reception for Leopold Stokowski, which turned out to be one of the social events of the past season. Joan's parties, heretofore, had always been gatherings of intimate friends, but some four hundred invited guests showed up to greet the famous conductor of the Philadelphia Symphony, who seemed to be enjoying himself immensely. Perhaps because no one asked him to bring his baton.

■ ■ ■

This month's title-changing championship goes to Frank Capra's "Mr. Deeds Goes To Town." Originally it was called "Opera Hat," but the opera sequences were removed and the hat didn't fit. "A Gentleman Goes To Town" was the next title, but just when everybody was sitting back it was discovered that M-G-M owned a story called "A Lady Goes To Town." Rather than have the gentleman bump into the lady in every theatre in the land, Mr. Capra changed his title to "Cinderella Man." Someone said M-G-M owned the rights to that title. M-G-M was contacted. Go ahead and use it, M-G-M said. Then it turned out that M-G-M didn't own the rights at all. Another studio owned the title, and they wouldn't give it up. Soooooo —"Mr. Deeds (after some hesitation) Goes To Town."

■ ■ ■

Decorations by
Hamilton Greene

Hugh Herbert's brand new ranch attracts a number of visitors these days, but some of them don't come back a second time. It seems Hugh keeps four goats on the place, and he's so proud of them that no one can leave the place without sampling



Three smart-looking gals turn out for the Crawford-Tone affair. Left to right, Madge Evans, Joan Blondell and Irene Dunne swing along together.

elors—left, Jimmy Stewart and right, his pal, Henry Fonda.

Movietown's latest goings-on as seen first hand by our man-about-town

By Leo Townsend

a beaker of goat's milk. You either like goat's milk or you don't, and those who don't—and they are legion—are deserting Hughie in droves.

■ ■ ■

Treason Note: The immaculate whiteness of the picket fence surrounding the Toluca Lake Park home of Walt (Mickey Mouse) Disney's brother is sullied by an unknown's pencil sketches. Mr. Disney doesn't mind that so much, but the drawings are of Mickey's arch rival, Popeye, the Sailor!

■ ■ ■

Spent our first day at Palm Springs recently and now we know why everyone who visits the place wants to go native. It is, just as the ads put it, terrific. Saw a number of picture people lounging around the El Mirador pool baking out their income tax worries and watching Anita Louise do some posing for a photographer from her studio. Anita posed sitting, standing and lying beside the pool, and posed gracefully, but somewhat timorously, on the end of the diving board. Then she startled everyone by actually going in for a swim. And just when we had decided that Hollywood bathing suits never get wet!

■ ■ ■

Dave Butler, who has directed most of Shirley Temple's pictures, is one of Miss T.'s favorite men. During the shooting of "Captain January," H. G. Wells dropped in on the set and production stopped while everyone met the great English author. Shirley, who hasn't yet read much Wells, asked her mother who he was. "Why," said Mrs. Temple, "he's one of the greatest men in the world." "Oh, no," said Shirley. "There's God, and then there's Mr. Butler."

■ ■ ■

Two years ago she was June Vlasek, playing extra roles and glad to get them. Now she's June Lang, and 20th Century-Fox is planning big things for her. She's the gal who plays the schoolmarm in "Captain January," and Fox executives are so impressed by her possibilities that, according to rumors, she is about to be presented with a $6,000 dressing-room. All of which comes under the head of nice going.

■ ■ ■

When Ann Sothern departed these hills for New York by plane recently, Cesar Romero presented her with a box of jumbled mosaics to while away her time in the air. Mosaics, in case you don't know, are tiny blocks of wood, something like a jig-saw puzzle. Ann worked on the thing all the way to New York, spilling the entire box whenever the plane struck an air pocket. About fifty miles past Pittsburgh she finally got the thing together. It turned out to be a picture of herself.

■ ■ ■

Gene Raymond's still boasting about the 80-pound marlin he hooked off Palm Beach a couple of months ago. On his return to Hollywood, from the Florida resort, he wired the good news ahead, and found himself met at the train by his pal Jeanette MacDonald, who handed him a fancy box which contained, when Gene finally got it unwrapped, a single sardine.

■ ■ ■

When he was signed for the lead in "Dancing Pirate" Charles Collins, Fred Stone's stepping son-in-law, was elated. For several seasons he and Dorothy Stone had danced in New York's better supper clubs, but this was his first movie, and he wanted it to be right. His part called for



Left above, Mr. and Mrs. Temple hold firmly to Shirley at the "Captain January" preview. Erin O'Brien-Moore, above, steps out with James Creelman to see "The Old Maid."



long sideburns, so Mr. C. devoted a month to growing a fine pair of them. Came the first day of shooting, and he reported proudly to director Lloyd Corrigan. Corrigan took one look at the Collins' handiwork and snorted, "Good Lord! Go back to the make-up department and have those things put on right!"

■ ■ ■

Social Note for Dog Lovers: Charlie Ruggles opened his new See Are Kennels out Ventura way with a cocktail party to which the press and other dog lovers were invited. The party was for the dogs, but we snooped around for a couple of hours and wish to report that not one of them took so much as a single martini.

■ ■ ■

Fay Wray is the jumpingest gal in town. Jumping from London to New York to Hollywood, she remained here only a few weeks when she hopped back to New York and then to Nassau to spend a short vacation with hubby John Monk Saunders, who commuted from London and back to see her. After Nassau, Fay leaped back to New York and on to Hollywood, where a picture assignment awaited her. We think it's nice that its title is "Roaming Lady."

■ ■ ■

Lunched with Jean Harlow a few weeks ago and watched her hairdresser do up those new brownette locks. Brownette, in case you gals are wondering, is almost the natural shade of Jean's hair, and she looks even better in it—in person

Left, Irene Hervey listens intently while Allan Jones talks with Leopold Stokowski.



Fred MacMurray took his best girl, Lillian Lamont, to Basil Rathbone's party. And here they are chatting very animatedly with their beaming host. Fred and Lil are engaged, y'know.



Two more guests at the Academy Awards dinner. Ross Alexander and Rosalind Marquis, new to Hollywood, talk things over in an uncrowded corner. She's cute, huh?

and on the screen—than she did in all her platinum glory.

■ ■ ■

A goodly percentage of moviedom's famous were on view at the annual Awards banquet of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts to see Bette Davis, Victor McLaglen, et al, receive the gold statuette which is known familiarly in Hollywood as Oscar. Naturally, Oscar is the most popular guy in town on that night of nights, and everyone awaits with bated breath the announcement which awards him to the top stars, director and picture of the year. As a matter of fact, the winners, who are supposed to be as surprised as anybody, know the results long before the announcement is made. They know because they're asked downstairs where there is a facsimile of the speakers' table and a battery of cameras which photographs their acceptance several hours before they actually do any accepting.

■ ■ ■

The real star of the evening was D. W. Griffith, who was awarded a special Oscar for his contribution to the development of motion pictures. The great director of "The Birth of a Nation" was so touched by Hollywood's acclaim that he unconsciously joined in the applause for himself. His brief and dramatic speech was easily the high point of the evening.

■ ■ ■

Romance Dept.: Bob Taylor has been devoting most of his time to Barbara Stanwyck these evenings, while Irene Hervey is being seen about with Allan Jones . . . Jean Harlow's closest pal is still Bill Powell, and vice versa . . . Jeanette MacDonald giving most of her spare hours to Gene Raymond . . . rumors are persistent that John Barrymore is furnishing a home, and when it's completely furnished it will contain Elaine (Ariel) Barrie . . . and the newest big romance is Cary Grant and Mary Brian.

■ ■ ■

Incidentally, when the Brian lass returned from England she found her Toluca Lake home completely redecorated. Whether Mary was as glad, as she was surprised, is difficult to record, for the decorations were strictly not in the Billy Haines manner. The artists who went to work on it were her Toluca neighbors, which include the Stu Erwins, Glenda Farrell, Jack Oakie and W. C. Fields. Some of the Fields touches are still on exhibit for those of Mary's friends who can take it.

■ ■ ■

Lunched with Joe E. Brown a few weeks ago, we were surprised to find him a quiet, serious-minded guy. He had just come from having an impression of his mouth immortalized in concrete in the forecourt of Grauman's Chinese. You can't put your mouth in concrete, he discovered, because your nose gets in the way. So someone took a trowel, and with two generous sweeps made an impression of what the Brown mouth ought to look like. We asked Joe E. about his being among the first ten box-office attractions of 1935, and it's his belief that the kids put him there. He watches his fan mail carefully, and whenever a youngster complains about a scene in one of his pictures he starts to worry. For example, when his own daughter saw him eating with his knife in one of his epics she said, "That's not my daddy." Joe didn't sleep for a week.

■ ■ ■

The Dionne Quintuplets, whose only rival for female pulchritude is Shirley Temple, have now formally made their screen debut and can safely rest on their laurels. It might interest them to know that little Miss Temple was taken to see their picture. Someone asked her how she liked it and Shirley replied, "I think children are cute in the movies."

■ ■ ■

Dr. Joel Pressman put Mrs. Pressman (Claudette Colbert) plus flowers, candy, etc., on the train bound for New York the other night. Imagine his surprise when an hour later Claudette arrived home plus flowers, candy, etc.! It seems that, enroute to the depot, the doctor had slammed his fingers in the car door and, just as the train pulled out, Claudette began worrying so much about her husband's wounded condition that she jumped off, flagged a taxi and tore home. And here they've been married for over two months. However, satisfied that the injury was minor, Claudette finally made the trip.

■ ■ ■

Where do you think the movie actresses go to relax their nerves? You're right—to the movies! Bette (*Continued on page 76*)

By Mary E. Parks

Preston and his wife, who's paid him only two compliments during his entire career.



Preston Foster's afraid of praise, because it's killed so many stars

NO FLATTERY, PLEASE!

HOLLYWOOD'S Public Enemy No. 1 is in our midst," said Preston Foster grimly. "He's lurking in ambush. He's a sneak, a decoy, a destroyer. He's subtle and sinuous and soft. He steals on us unawares. The G-men can't get him because he's bodiless. He can't be put behind bars because he's invisible. He attacks his victims individually. And each one has to do his own fighting. If we rout the enemy we're as safe as actors ever are. If he defeats us we're as done as cold baked potatoes.

"And Hollywood's mortal enemy is not any one of the things it has been said to be—neither too much wealth nor the 'other woman.'

"No, Hollywood's mortal enemy is *'I'!* I...I...I...the Great Mogul, *Me* . . . the puffy-headed, swelled-chested, know-it-all *I!*

"And when that enemy downs a man that man is dead. I've seen good actors turn into stuffed shirts. I've seen hard-working, humble kids transformed into strutting popinjays. I've seen swell girls metamorphosed into silly manikins with their noses in the air and their brains removed from their golden heads.

"I know a chap, who was a big box-office star a couple of years ago. He was so badly smitten by the enemy that he wouldn't even act in most of his long shot scenes. He had his stand-in do his acting for him while he stood with his eye screwed to the camera lens, directing how things should be done. He was so good in his own esteem that his job wasn't big enough for him—he had to direct and supervise the script and camera work besides. He had an ego complex in maniacal form. Well, he isn't sitting very pretty now. It's a known fact that when we begin to think we're pretty good others think we're pretty bad."

Preston Foster, big, hearty and unactorish, lounged in his chair opposite me. He struck me as a combination of Clark Gable and Spencer Tracy. He has some of Clark's complete casualness and debunking quality, with the ruggedness and stark simplicity of Spencer Tracy. In other words, he is a man's man.

I said, "But aren't there some ways and means of defeating the enemy?"

"Sure there are," said Preston, "hold on while Doc Foster writes a prescription. (*Continued on page 112*)



"Law in Her Hands" is Margaret Lindsay's next picture.

Mag Lindsay hoaxed us all and got away with it

By Katharine Hartley

MRS. KIES dropped her bundles unceremoniously at the foot of the stairs and bounded up them, two at a time crying, "Margaret! Margaret! I'm coming, dear!" The sound of Margaret screaming and the smell of something burning put panic in her heart.

Margaret, you know her today as Margaret Lindsay, looked up calmly and grinned at her mother. "Hello," she said. She was standing in front of the long dressing table mirror, swathed in some sort of fancy lace drapery —and she was holding a lighted candlestick in her hand! But no enveloping flames!

Mrs. Kies sank down weakly on the bed, "Oh, Margaret," she said, "I thought something awful was happening to you!"

"Oh, no!" that one said pleasantly. "Nothing's happening to me except I'm learning to (*Continued on page 107*)

DO WOMEN SPOIL MEN?

DO YOU think that women spoil men?" I asked the beautiful Virginia Bruce. And she replied, "I don't know whether they do or not, but—they *should*."

"'Should'?"

"Yes, definitely should." And then Virginia said one of the most selfless things I've ever heard a woman say about the man she loved and will always love.

She said, with such sincerity, that she is glad John Gilbert had Marlene Dietrich to spoil him in those last months of his life. It was so good for him, Virginia said. Marlene bolstered up his ego, which so badly needed bolstering. He could, she explained, still feel that he hadn't lost the compelling fire of the "great lover" when he could attract one of the most glamorous women in the world. She knew how kind Marlene had been to Jack. She watched over him and she saw to it that he was happy and entertained.

"I wasn't with him," said Virginia. "I couldn't be. So I am glad that Marlene was, for that is exactly what I mean when I say that women should spoil men.

"I may marry again one of these days," Virginia said. "I am not the sort of person to want to go through life a woman alone. I'm not independent enough. And I'm wise enough to know it. But it will be difficult for me to find, ever again, anyone so vital, so electric as Jack Gilbert was.

"Perhaps we were both fated, Jack and I. For here is a curious thing that happened to me before I came to Hollywood. A long time before, when I was just a schoolgirl back home in North Dakota, I went to a clairvoyant one day and she told me that I was destined for tragedy.

"I didn't think," said Virginia, "that it would come so finally—or so soon.

"Perhaps part of my tragedy will be that I do spoil men. I seem to be the type to attract men who are much stronger and more forceful than I am.

"I think," said Virginia, "that it is not irrelevant to what we are talking about for me to speak of Jack. Because, after all, my belief that women should spoil men and most of my theories about the relationships between men and women spring, naturally, from my marriage to Jack.

"Certainly, if the husband is the dominant factor, the wife quite naturally defers to him, waits on him, obeys him. I was like that and I think I always shall be. I always feel young and inexperienced when I am with a man who interests me. I feel like a child who is being taken out by an older person, and who really should be seen and not heard!

"I always do what I am told to do—even as I did in my marriage. I never dreamed, when I was married, of interfering with anything my husband wanted to do. I never thought of opposing my will to his. If there was any waiting-on to be done, *I* did it. I wouldn't have dreamed of asking Jack to run downstairs to get me a book or to run any errand for me. If he wanted to be with his friends, for instance, it never occurred to me to join them unless I was asked.

"Men should have a masculine world into which neither wife nor sweetheart should intrude.

"Men *need* spoiling more than women do, contrary to some opinion. Biologically, if in no other way, men are the ones who are supposed to go out into the world and fight for success. In order to win that success, men should be sent forth armored with self-importance and the conviction that they are pretty darn good, no one any better. And if that ego is deflated by a demanding, argumentative sort of a woman, he is licked before he starts. I think," said Virginia, "that a man who is made to feel abused is the most pathetic object in the whole world.

"Women may need the kisses, but men need the pats on the shoulder.

"Just consider the movie marriages which have been the most successful, the most long-lived . . . the Jean Hersholts, the Warner Baxters, the John Boles,

Virginia and Jack Gilbert on the day they wed. Their love was ill-starred, but it gave her an unusual slant on men.



Susan Ann Gilbert, Jack's and Virginia's lovely child. She fared royally in her late father's will.



And Virginia herself in the gay fripperies of her role in "The Great Ziegfeld."

Virginia Bruce's answer to this question may not be yours, but the men will agree with her unanimously!

the Bob Montgomerys, the Preston Fosters, the Paul Munis, the Leslie Howards—they illustrate what I mean. For, in every one of those marriages, the man is the bread-winner, the conquering hero, the star. The wives are what all women should be—just wives. If they had careers, they sacrificed them to those of their husbands. They gave their men the limelight.

AND THEN, on the other hand, consider the marriages where the wives have been the big stars—they didn't do any spoiling, *they* were the spoiled ones—and so were their marriages.

"Women should be," said this young Virginia with the very mature mind, "two things to their men—mothers and children. Mothers, when it comes to home things, children when it comes to big things. And I think that's just what successful wives are. I know that Mrs. Howard mothers Leslie at home—sees to it that his ties and socks match, that he eats the right things, gets the proper amount of sleep. I know that Mrs. Muni goes on the sets with Paul to make sure that he eats regular meals, is not overtired and doesn't have to think of small details. But in the large affairs of life these wives take orders!

"I think that a great many modern women *are* spoiling men—but not in the right way. I mean the women who are professional, who earn money, who take away from men the right to be the head of the house.

"I don't mean that women should sacrifice their careers, if they have careers which are really vital to them and to the world. But I do think they should be clever about their professional lives. They should spoil their men in the loving way, not the destructive way. They should *pretend* that they work because it amuses them, not because it is necessary.

"They should use the money (*Continued on page 102*)

By Gladys Hall

WHY BART MARSHALL *gets* YOU!

Quiet Englishman he may be, but now you'll see why he is popular with men and fascinating to women

By Faith Service

I ONCE heard a beautiful woman say, "I would be afraid to fall in love with Herbert Marshall. I know I'd never get over it." And she was lovely, very young, very self-confident. Yet she admitted that she would be afraid to fall in love with the dark, tall man his friends call "Bart."

Norma Shearer once explained him this way. She said, "Women are attracted to him because he has a beautiful courtesy and because he *suffers* so!"

And Gloria Swanson, still one of Hollywood's most fascinating women, has eschewed all other escorts for him.

A friend of mine said, recently, "Bart is so really kind. For instance, if a bunch of us get together and someone is on the pan and the conversation gets a bit caustic, Bart will always check it before it goes too far, saying, 'Oh, but we all make the same mistakes, you know,' or 'We might do the same thing ourselves under similar circumstances.' And he always uses the 'we,' including himself. He's a sweet guy, no foolin'." And it was a man speaking—a man named Robert Montgomery.

The boys on the set at the studio—the sound men, props, electricians—said to me, "Mr. Marshall remembers all of our names and faces the day after we start to work—and the names of our wives and kids, too. He remembers that my Sammy has the measles and that Bill's Jim fell off his bike. He seems to care, too. He's reg'lar, he is!"

Bill Seiter, directing "If You Could Only Cook," a recent picture of Bart's, said to me, "Bart is a magnificent fellow—and what an actor! He'll work until he drops dead. Nothing is too much trouble for him. He never complains, is never 'difficult'—I'm nuts about him!"

Everywhere men say, "He's a grand guy." And everywhere women say, something wistful in their voices,



Bart, at home. You'll be enjoying him next in "Till We Meet Again" with Gertrude Michael.



Witty Gloria Swanson is one of Bart's most constant companions. He says he's not a domestic man and likes best to "talk shop" with stage and screen people.

"There's something about Herbert Marshall"

Now, in Hollywood, as in all small towns, there are gossips who dip their tongues, now and again, in the broth called vitriol. No matter how deserving a person may be, no matter how popular, there is usually some one to pop up, like the devil, and do a mite of lambasting. But never once has the devil popped up, in my hearing, where Bart is concerned. And it's not because I haven't been around, either. I've even prodded the gossips to see whether I could draw sparks. Not one. And I was intrigued. It seemed logical to me, a Marshall fan myself, ever since "Trouble in Paradise" set us all Marshall-mad, to believe that women feel about him as they actually do.

I felt sure that he is, as Bob Montgomery said, tolerant and kindly. I could observe the "beautiful courtesy" for myself and I sensed in him a certain haunting and faintly sorrowful "remembrance of things past." But I wondered *why* he is as he is. By what road has he travelled? Has the hand of Destiny been, for him, a mailed fist or a soft kid glove? I thought it would be interesting to try to take the Marshall apart, to find out how he ticks and why, to analyze the makings of the man he is today.

BART AND I had tea together. And I mean tea. In the living-room of his Beverly Hills Hotel bungalow. The walls were book-lined, firelight painted both the walls and the gravely attentive face of the man talking to me. A terrifically modest man he is, I'll tell you that. Not articulate when it comes to talking about himself. He has, indeed, the apologetic manner of one who would say, "But you don't *really* care to hear all this about me. . . ." It took considerable persistence on my part, and a great deal of that "beautiful courtesy" on his, for me to get what I did.

And this is the way I got it:

On the wall hung framed photographs. One was of a young couple, Ethel Turner and Percy Marshall, Bart's mother and father—rather a pathetic young couple, timid and frightened looking. One was of three little ladies, frilled and deliciously (*Continued on page 99*)

SYLVIA SIDNEY PLAYS Truth

By Katherine Albert

WITH HER divorce from Bennett Cerf hardly cold in its grave, I asked Sylvia Sidney to play the game of "Truth." However, there were to be some new rules. Sylvia was not only to be "It," but all the other players as well. I wanted her to look herself squarely in the face—obviously an impossible feat—and tell what she thought was wrong. I wanted a complete confession of all her faults because in that way, we could get at the root of a lot things which have been worrying people about Sylvia.

When this fantastic idea was suggested, she and I were lunching at the Vendome. Sylvia was all done up in the smoothest riding habit in town. The only difference between Sylvia and a lot of other movie stars was that Sylvia actually had been riding.

"You've come to the wrong person," she told me, when I suggested she play "Truth" with herself. "Why don't you just wander from table to table at this restaurant and ask, 'What's wrong with Sidney?' The only trouble is that you'd be here for days."

I explained everything again. I wanted the brutal, frank words from Sylvia herself. I wanted to find out why she and a nice guy like Cerf couldn't get along.

"Oh, it isn't that I'm stalling," Sylvia said. "I know myself as well—better, than anybody in the world. I know my faults and I'm not afraid to tell about them. Heaven knows, nobody else has ever hesitated to tell me. But then, I like that. I want the truth—straight out. And I give it. So that brings us to one of my major faults.

"I am completely without tact. I'm impelled to say what I think and I can't help showing people how I feel about them. If I like a person, he knows it. If I don't—well, he knows that, too. You see, I can't turn charm on and off. I admire people who can, they get lots farther. But I can't do it—that's all. And when I make the effort to do it, which I almost never do, it is completely phoney.

"People must understand that about me and accept my complete tactlessness.

THE BEST friend I have in the world is a girl who bawled me out the first time we ever met. It was at the Theatre Guild School. She was several years older than I. We had just been introduced when she said, 'What's wrong with you? You're just a kid yet you pile on so much lipstick that nobody can see your mouth. Don't do it!'

"That's how the friendship began. (I've very few friends, which is another fault.) Not long ago, this same girl visited me here in Hollywood. When we said good-bye, at the station, she gave me a good bawling out about the way I was managing my life. I like that. I say what I think to people. I want that from them.

"I used to have an ungovernable temper. I've controlled it—but not because I'm going sweetness and light all over the place. I stopped having rages simply because it seemed silly to play big emotional scenes that I didn't get paid for. I save the fireworks for the camera now. I'm afraid to *give* my emotions.

"When I was in one of those tempers the words poured out like hot lava. I was completely articulate. I wasn't one of those who say later, 'Oh, I wish I'd thought to say that at the time.' I thought to say it at the time, and regretted it the next day.

"My tempers always ended by my throwing something across the room. Vases simply weren't safe around me. And once I threw a potted plant. But those words and gestures can't be recalled. Always, after one of my tempers, I'd actually be ill for days. I couldn't eat, I couldn't sleep.

"I can't say I've mastered my temper, even now. I still feel the same inside, the only difference is that now I simply shut my mouth on the words and walk out of the room. Inside I'm seething but, at least, I have no regrets the next day."

She paused for breath and straightened the coat of her riding habit. "Oh, yes, I'm sloppy. I know it but can't seem to do anything about it. Howard Greer, who is not (*Continued on page 103*)

Top to bottom, Sylvia with Bennett Cerf before their brief marital life came to an end, and with Henry Fonda in "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine." Also a recent portrait of this frank star.

Meet a star as she sees herself, who cheats Hollywood's prize gossips by finding faults even they can't locate







Clark Gable and Merle Oberon at the Academy Award banquet.



Bette Davis, the actress honored for her splendid work in "Dangerous."



ACADEMY AWARD NIGHT



And Ida Lupino attends with young Tom Brown.

Loretta Young arrives with escort, [illegible] Sutherland.



Victor MacLaglen, the actor who won on his fine portrayal of "The Informer."



The Errol Flynns (Lili Damita) in the audience at the Biltmore.



Each year this gold statuette is given for the two outstanding performances on the screen



Virginia Bruce with Bob Taylor and Ross Alexander.



Norma (Juliet) Shearer with husband, Irving Thalberg.

DO YOU BELIEVE IN MIRACLES ?



If, as is Bette Davis', your bust is inclined to be large, it can be safely reduced.

WELL, DO YOU? Because I do! I've seen too many of them, out Hollywood way, not to believe in them.

I know that you can work miracles on your body. And when I say "work," I mean work. You can't do it by wishing, or quack methods or hocus-pocus. But faith in yourself *plus* the necessary work has turned many a miracle before this.

There are certain parts of the body which, if they are not naturally beautiful and symmetrical, most women are inclined to give up for lost. The legs, for instance. The breasts. The contour of one's face and particularly the shape of one's nose.

Now children (that's what you all are to me, whether you are six or sixty), you know by this time that I never mislead you in my articles with a lot of fine-sounding clap-trap that doesn't mean anything. I'm not reneging on my statement that you can work miracles, because that is true. On the other hand, it would be wrong to tell you that you can take a pair of legs which are thick and heavy because of their bone construction and turn them into a pair of Dietrich-like appendages. But believe me you can do wonders with that same pair of heavy legs by getting rid of any excess fat or bulging muscles, and shape them as you never had hoped possible. However there is a limit.

BUT LISTEN, darlings, wouldn't it be quite worth while to reduce the calf, say, one and a half inches—which is quite possible? And slim the ankles down perhaps an inch? That, too, is quite possible. If your bust is large and lacking in lovely lines, as Bette Davis' is inclined to be, there is plenty you can do to acquire, as near as possible, the exquisite proportions of a Harlow or a Rochelle Hudson. You can reduce the bust by proper diet to a remarkable extent and firm up the muscles by exercise.

Now I've been honest about this thing. Are you going to be sensible about it? You'd better! Are you going to be sensible enough to say, "I may not be the most beautiful creature in the world, because of this or that, but I can—and I will—be as lovely as is within my power"? People who have some unhappy physical handicap are inclined to put on a great show of indifference and make believe that they care little for the acclaim which all the world pays to beauty. But they can't fool mama. You've





True, Alice Faye's nose is not her most attractive feature, but it can be corrected.



Sylvia, Beauty Critic for Modern Screen, whose advice has helped readers and stars alike.

Ankle, leg, chest and nose problems can now be solved

Rochelle Hudson's figure is beautiful.

By Madame Sylvia

heard them . . . the sad little birds, at dances, who spend most of the evening out in the powder room, playing like they're waiting for someone. A pathetic game it is, too. The girls who say, with a sweet-sour smile, "I really don't care much for boys." The women whom life passes by. Such people make me want to do two things: first I want to sit down and have a good cry with them. Then I want to give them a good, hearty smack between the shoulder blades and say, "What the devil's the matter with you anyway? Snap out of it! It's your own fault that you are as you are. Get busy and stop sulking!"

Sorry, children, I didn't mean to fly off the handle like that. I'm just trying to tell you a few things you must do if *(Continued on page 83)*

HER BOARDING HOUSE DAYS

Ann Harding's fellow boarders didn't think she'd get far. "No warmth," they claimed!

By Frank Easton



Ann with Herbert Marshall in a musical moment from their RKO picture, "A Lady Consents."



Decorations by Bill Holman



FOURTEEN YEARS ago Ann Harding lived in a boarding house at 322 West 88th Street, New York City. Young, unsophisticated, eager for success, she wandered in and out with either a history book or a volume of Shakespeare under her arm. She dressed conservatively, almost drably, with a peculiar flair for unmatched pieces! The world was her oyster and she was looking for the pearls only.

That was in 1921.

During the long years since, Ann Harding has become a stage star and a screen celebrity with a salary reputed to be over five thousand dollars a week. She has been married, is the mother of a child, still wears cotton stockings and has subsequently been divorced. Her career has once been on the verge of a complete collapse.

But in 1935

She made "Peter Ibbetson" and presto! Ann had made her comeback, salvaged her career.

But to get back to the story I have to tell you.

Monroe Owsley and I, back in 1921, were in New York. We were attending Columbia University and had taken rooms at 322 West 88th Street.

Our first night at dinner we were put at a table with the Gatlee family—a mother and two daughters. Edith, a dark-haired siren, was secretary down Wall Street way. But Dorothy, a blonde, had given up her secretarial job, changed her name to Ann Harding and was studying for the stage.

It wasn't long before Owsley and I got to know the Gatlees quite well, especially Ann.

Strange girl, Ann, but fascinating. Quiet, studious and aloof, she seemed to live in a world of her own, a world of ideals and ambitions which she kept carefully concealed from even those who thought they knew her well. She moved in a self-produced atmosphere of peculiar detachment, not resentful of people exactly, but fearful rather.

The folks at the boarding house never really knew Ann. She wasn't much of a mixer, so they thought her cold and





Ann, with her daughter, Jane Bannister, plan a trip to England where Ann will do a picture. And right, as you'll see her soon in "The Witness Chair."



austere—too much so to ever make a success on the stage. They constantly prattled about her lack of warmth and understanding.

Not that she wasn't popular. She was. Everybody liked her. But everybody stood just a little bit in awe of her. She was charming, but she never invited confidences from people, and never for a moment allowed any one to break down the gates to her little world of isolated decorum. She was the nearest thing I ever saw to an upper class English woman, living in well-bred seclusion and viewing the passing show of life daintily, speculatively, almost timidly.

But underneath all this frigid exterior Ann was, and still is, thoroughly human and understanding. She's still consumed with a burning ambition and is one of the most sympathetic persons I've ever known. That's why she has been a success, and why, after having suffered a career-collapse, she will shoot right to the top again.

Back in those days in 1921 times were difficult and money scarce. Ann's father and mother were separated. The salary of an army officer isn't large and their income was, I suppose, sufficient to furnish the necessities, but the scheming done to make ends meet took the brains of a financial wizard. That was Mrs. Gatlee's job—her daughters were a great help. Edith worked and bought her own clothes. As for Ann, she didn't care whether she had any or not. She was totally disinterested in clothes, being as happy and contented in a cheap print dress as in a Hattie Carnegie ensemble—it was all the same to Ann.

Few people outside the theatre realize the struggles and hardships of show business. The world sees the few who arrive, after they have arrived, and sees only the glamor connected with the stage and screen, not the thwarted hopes and aspirations, the disappointments that they have endured.

Night after night Ann would come home dog tired from tramping the streets around (*Continued on page 96*)

Clothes



LOOKING AT MY calendar this month, I discovered that this issue presents a little problem, whether you know it or not. Why? Well, there are all of you who are about to step off into matrimony between now and the end of June—you want news about trousseaux and such. But there are all you others who, although you are interested in weddings, too, are much more worried about the first week-end holiday that happens along about Decoration Day—you want to know how to pack enough clothes into a suitcase to knock the eye out of any prospective bridegroom, of a year from this June, that might happen to loom up!

Una Merkel tells you what

Left to right below, you see two more evening gowns that hang in the Merkel closet ready for traveling orders! A net and lace affair with jacket—and a dinner gown of silk crepe with soft lace trimming. For sports activities, active or passive, there's a white silk shirtmaker dress with blue accents. And for general daytime use, a navy blue two-piece dress printed in white stars.



Black lace for evening is not only smart but a good traveler. Una loves all the flare of this one.

that go places!

So-o, tossing a coin—and cheating a bit because Una Merkel came into the picture right then, the brides lost until next month when their turn will come. Meanwhile, they can get some excellent trousseau tips from the grand clothes which Una has contributed to this story.

Hollywood, as you know, has the most week-end holidaying crowd in the country. A brief dash out of town is about the only way many stars get a vacation at all between pictures. And although they live in sports clothes during the day, they have to take clothes with them that will meet unexpected party demands. Palm Springs, that beautiful desert resort, is a great week-end favorite because it's within easy driving distance of Hollywood, yet far enough away to insure a rest from the studios' demands.

What is worn by the smart stars at Palm Springs is a pretty good guide to what you will want to wear this summer at nearby lake and seaside resorts. Palm Springs is like Florida in this respect; it forecasts trends for all of us who can't get away until the hot summertime is practically upon us.

Here are just a few of the fashions that have been spotted on recent week-ends at such favorite Palm Springs gathering places as the El Mirador, the Desert

to pack for those first week-end holiday trips ahead

by Adelia Bird







At right, you see two more of Una's week-end fashions story. First there's the three-piece suit she wears for travel—red, white and blue basket weave woolen, a patriotic trio for Decoration Day week-end. Blue skirt, red jacket and white coat. A green and white silk print is an extra sports dress that's easy to pack.





Inn and the Racquet Club. White in costumes leads as far as colors are concerned—and the white costume is nearly always accented by a color. Next, after white, come those costume shades that look so new and exciting this year—probably because they are more vibrant than the pastel shades which we have become used to for summer. Many yellow shades, ranging from chamois to daffodil. Pinks in the watermelon and coral tones. Aqua and turquoise blues and loads of the new purple blues.

Ann Sothern, who gets away to the desert as quickly as a picture is finished, has a knitted silk swim suit in aqua blue—this is very form fitting. She has another one of more formal design in the popular Tahitian flower print. This is in a brown and white color combination and is particularly attractive with Ann's blonde hair and fair skin.

Although shorts are still on the up for popularity in active sports, more and more divided skirts, known as culottes, are seen. Stars are taking to this style more slowly than you would think, it being such a happy compromise between slacks and shorts. I think the reason for this is that they have been devoted to slacks for so long, that they don't welcome any innovations in the skirt line. Speaking of the culotte, however, Ann also numbers a culotte costume in her desert week-end wardrobe. Hers looks like a green silk shirtwaist dress but has the divided skirt instead of the usual pleated one.

When slacks are worn, and that is most of the day, whether in Hollywood or down in the desert, color contrast is cleverly used. One young starlet, with an eye to the unusual, wore wine red slacks pin striped in white with a yellow tweed, mannish jacket. Another gal, with a more feminine turn of mind, wore pink pique pajamas with a blue sweater. Mannish jackets in bright colors are preferred for slack costumes—shirts and blouses also of a tailored type to go with these.

Back to Ann again, she wears an ice-blue linen-like cotton coat dress that has the unique feature of a halter neck top. This is one of her pet week-end dresses, along with a one-piece linen in yellow.

A new idea in informal dinner dancing costumes has been seen recently at Palm Springs and it may develop into a fashion for all of you. It is an afternoon-length dress given formal trimmings and accessories. For example, one pioneering gal appeared in a very sheer wool dress, made simply with a rather high collared neckline and short sleeves, the belt, collar clip and bracelet being of brilliant jewels! Still another wore an evening jacket of brocaded satin over a finely pleated chiffon skirt of average afternoon dress length. It's something to experiment with, if you like to be the first to start something!

Enough of what goes on at Palm Springs—and what of Una Merkel, are you saying? Well, Una up and offered her own personal week-end or vacation travel suggestions for all of you to copy. Una and her young husband, Ronald Burla, have to be ready to snatch a quick vacation trip whenever Una has a moment to spare between pictures. And, as Una says, she can't stop to shop elaborately for clothes when she and Ronnie have to be ready to leave almost as soon as the idea occurs to them. So, as a result, Una keeps clothes on hand that she can depend upon to be adequate for any crazy trip they may suddenly decide to take.

There's nothing formal or "big star" about Una—she's just a charming, unspoiled Southern girl who has made a success but hasn't let it change her. That's why I think she's such a swell person to talk about vacation clothes—she has to snatch quick holidays the way we all do and she doesn't dress *(Continued on page 86)*



Miss Rose Winslow,
of New York, Tuxedo Park, and Newport,

dining at the Savoy-Plaza, New York. Miss Winslow is a descendant of Governor Winslow of the Mayflower Pilgrims. She made her *début* in Newport in 1932. Miss Winslow says: "Camels couldn't be milder. They never have any unpleasant effect on my nerves or my throat. I smoke them constantly—all through the day, and find them particularly welcome at mealtimes."

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A delightful way to aid DIGESTION

Traffic—irregular meals—the responsibilities of running a home—no wonder digestion feels the strain of our speeded-up existence. That's why people everywhere welcome the fact that Camel cigarettes aid digestion—normally and naturally. Scientists explain that smoking Camel cigarettes increases the flow of digestive fluids, fostering a sense of well-being and encouraging good digestion. Enjoy Camel's mildness—with meals—between meals—whenever and as often as you choose. Their finer, costlier tobaccos never get on your nerves—never tire your taste—and definitely aid digestion.

Fastidious women turn instinctively to Camel's costlier tobaccos. Among them are:

Mrs. Nicholas Biddle, *Philadelphia*
Miss Mary Byrd, *Richmond*
Mrs. Powell Cabot, *Boston*
Mrs. Thomas M. Carnegie, Jr., *New York*
Mrs. J. Gardner Coolidge, II, *Boston*
Mrs. Byrd Warwick Davenport, *Richmond*
Mrs. Ernest du Pont, Jr., *Wilmington*
Mrs. Henry Field, *Chicago*
Mrs. Chiswell Dabney Langhorne, *Virginia*
Mrs. James Russell Lowell, *New York*
Mrs. Jasper Morgan, *New York*
Mrs. Langdon Post, *New York*
Mrs. Brookfield Van Rensselaer, *New York*

COSTLIER TOBACCOS

CAMELS ARE MADE FROM FINER, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS . . . TURKISH AND DOMESTIC . . . THAN ANY OTHER POPULAR BRAND.



For Digestion's sake smoke Camels



ABOARD UNIVERSAL'S "SHOWBOAT"

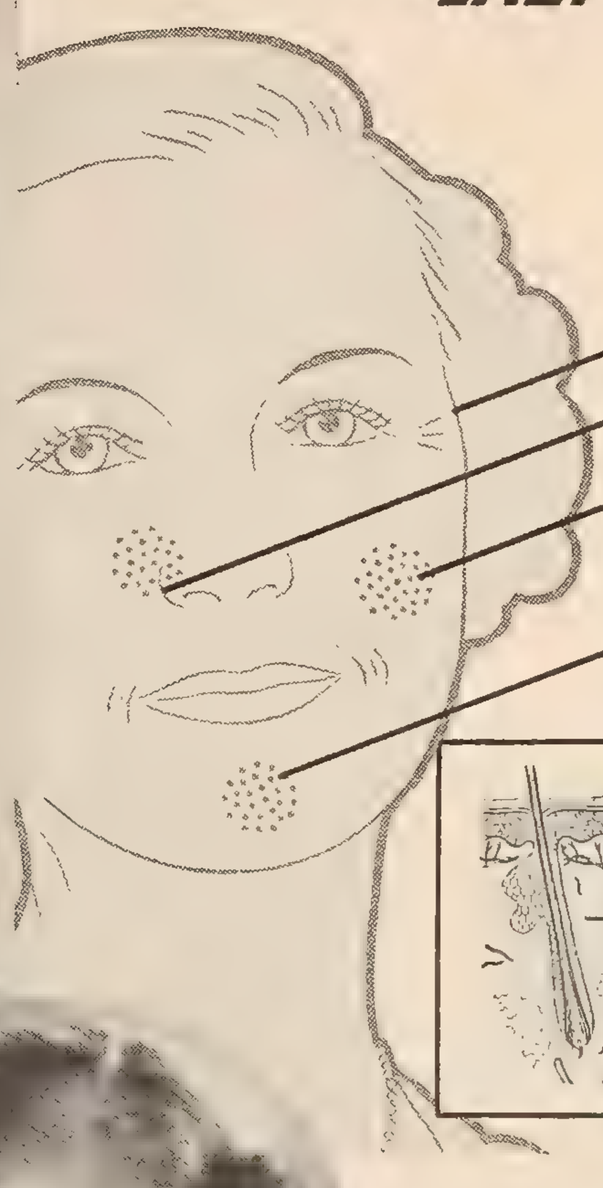
It's been reunion time out on the "Showboat" set where Irene Dunne is reviving her famous stage role of Magnolia. Many of the original cast have come back to play with her, among them Helen Morgan and Charles Winninger, the first "Cap'n Henry." This part and its romantic songs are dear to Irene.

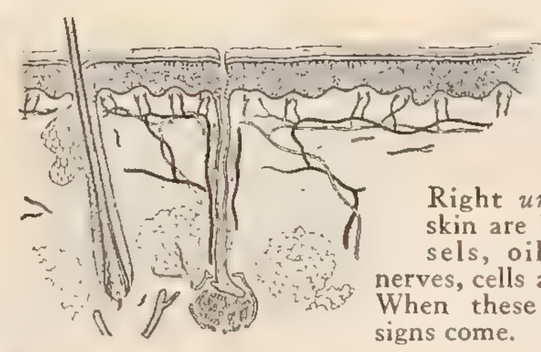
SECRET BEGINNINGS OF *Age Signs Laid Bare*



Miss Barbara Hebbard, New York: "I have seen my pores become finer—even blackheads disappear!—after regular treatments with Pond's Cold Cream."

SKIN AUTHORITIES LAY BLAME FOR LINES, WRINKLES, DRY SKIN *ON A "LAZY UNDERSKIN"*





Where Skin Age begins—

Right *under* your skin are blood vessels, oil glands, nerves, cells and fibres. When these fail—age signs come.

Rouse hidden glands, nerves, fibres to win back Smooth Line-free skin ...End Blackheads, Blemishes, too!

"I HATE TO GROW OLD!" The same cry from every woman's heart . . . If you're 20, you fear the 30's. 30? You dread the 40's. Yet the years themselves are not bewailed. It's the unlovely lines, the gradual coarsening of the skin that make some women feel . . . "They hardly had any youth at all!"

But these tragic age signs can be warded off—Their hidden starting place is known! Skin authorities say it lies five layers below the skin you see. Down in what's called your *underskin.*

The diagram above shows you what the underskin looks like. There you see the oil glands that should keep skin supple . . . the blood vessels that should invigorate the skin, clear it . . . the under tissues that should keep skin firm.

Deep-skin treatment needed

"Then why does skin age?" . . . Because these tiny glands, tissues, blood vessels lose their vigor! They slow up . . . give skin faults their chance to start. But you can rouse your underskin, keep it active—by faithful use of Pond's deep-skin treatment!



Lady Daphne Straight

granddaughter of the late ANTHONY J. DREXEL and of the late WILLIAM WHITNEY, says: "Pond's Cold Cream keeps my skin clear, positively glowing. It even wipes away little fatigue lines."

Smooth on Pond's Cold Cream. Made with fine, specially processed oils, it goes into each tiny pore quickly, deeply. Next minute, it's out again—laden with long-lodged dirt and make-up.

Wipe it all off and pat in more Pond's Cold Cream *briskly* . . . That's all there is to the treatment! Yet followed faithfully, see what happens. As the glands act normally—their oils no longer clog. Blackheads, blemishes can't come! . . . As tissues fill out, little lines gradually fade. As your whole underskin wakes up—your *outer skin* takes on that soft feel, that smooth look which make you feel young at any age! Begin now to give your skin Pond's care. Remember, this is the treatment that brings true skin beauty . . .

Fight Skin Age this way

Every night, for thorough cleansing, smooth on Pond's Cold Cream to loosen, float out dirt, make-up, skin secretions. Wipe it all off . . . Now rouse your underskin! Pat in more Pond's Cold Cream briskly. Watch how each treatment makes your skin really fresher and younger looking.

Every morning, and during the day, repeat this Pond's deep-skin treatment. You'll notice that even powder looks better—it goes on more evenly because your skin is so fine, so soft!

SPECIAL 9-TREATMENT TUBE

and 3 other Pond's Beauty Aids

POND'S, Dept. F50 Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

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GLAZO presents

A NEW POLISH FAR SUPERIOR TO ALL OLD-STYLE FORMULAS



The most important news in years, for lovely hands

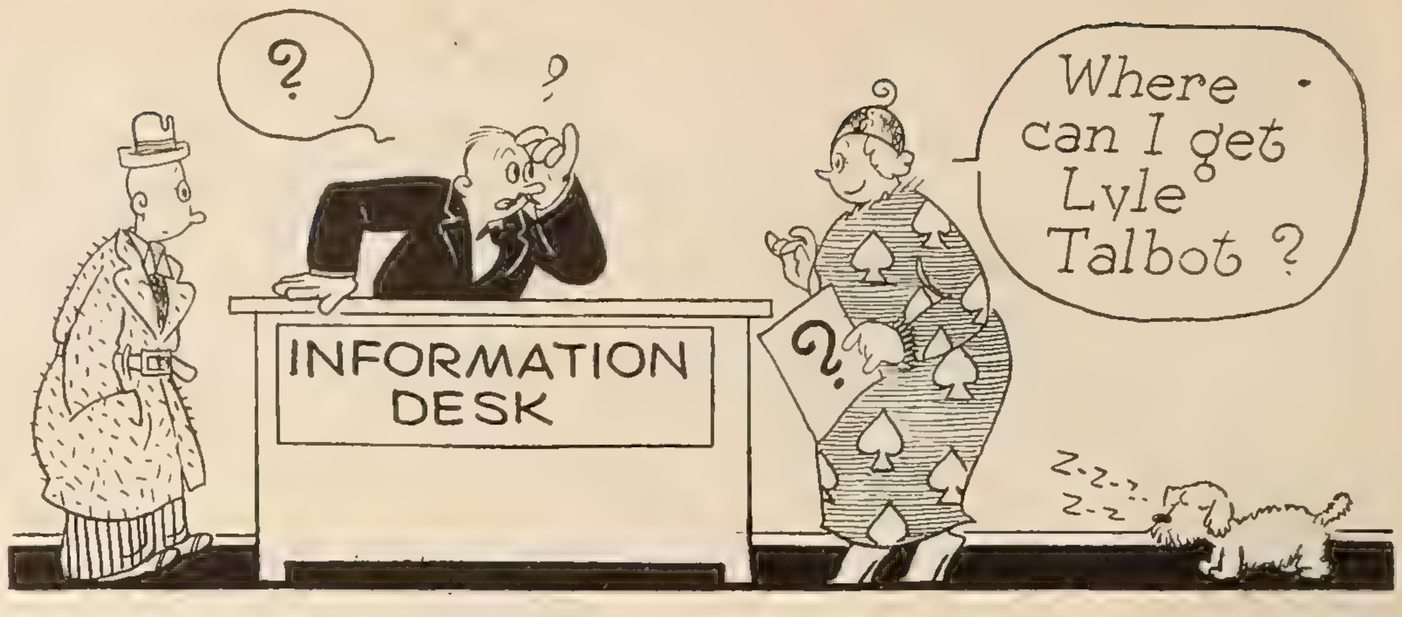
HERE is such a nail polish as you've dreamed of wearing! The new Glazo, with its remarkable new formula, attains a beauty of sheen and color far beyond the realm of polishes of the past. Every longed-for virtue of nail polish perfection reaches its zenith in Glazo's new creation.

You've never seen a polish so rich in lustre ...so long and perfect in wear. Chipping and peeling are gone—and—forgotten woes. Glazo's exclusive, fashion-approved shades retain their full beauty for several *extra* days.

Streaking becomes a lost word, for new Glazo floats onto every finger with perfect evenness of color. Evaporation has been so amazingly reduced that the polish is usable down to the last drop.

For even a day, don't deny your fingertips the luxury of this new Glazo. Just 20 cents.





Keep up-to-date on film facts

NOTE: The following biographies are printed by popular demand. They are the ones most frequently requested during the last month by readers who have sent in the coupon at the end of the article. Each coupon has been tabulated, so if you have requested any of these, kindly consider yours automatically responsible.

DICK POWELL—Mountain View, Ark., was the birthplace of this popular crooner on a certain November 14, 1904. Richard E. Powell is his real name, and he has two brothers—Howard and Luther. Until he was 12 Dick was just a country boy, but his family moved to Little Rock, Ark., where he attended grade school and college. During this youthful period Dick was very busily engaged in learning to play the saxophone, clarinet and cornet and singing at weddings, funerals and in the church choir. His next move was to organize an orchestra. In St. Louis a vaudeville act flopped, so he hastened home and shortly after married Mildred Maund. Things were pretty dull until a visiting orchestra signed him to a contract and took him on tour. After that, Dick held various positions, ending up as master of ceremonies in a Pittsburgh theatre for three years. A miracle in the guise of a talent scout eventually turned up, and in 1932 Dick Powell made his screen debut in "Blessed Event." His hobbies, outside of the movies, include music, flying, golf, swimming, horseback riding, bridge and football games, to say nothing of making amateur movies. Dick is 6 feet tall, weighs 172 pounds, has blue eyes and auburn hair. His marriage to Mildred Maund was dissolved some years ago, and now Joan Blondell seems to be his current amour. "Colleen," with Ruby Keeler, is Dick's most recent picture and "Hearts Divided" will present him again with Marion Davies. After that will come "Stage Struck" in which he and Joan Blondell are co-starred. Write Dick at the Warner Brothers Studios, Burbank, Cal.

MIRIAM STRUTT, no address—I'm glad you asked who played the seamstress in "A Tale of Two Cities" and Lou in "Ceiling Zero." Both parts were taken by Isabel Jewell, who is finally getting some credit for being a proficient actress. Jean Harlow was 25 on March 3rd.

ROBERT TAYLOR—Little Bobby has been doing all right by himself. In fact, Mr. Gable had better watch out for his "popularity prize." To get back to business, Bob was born in Filley, Nebr., on August 5, the son of Dr. S. A. Brough. Moving to Beatrice, he attended school there and then went on to Doane to college, finishing at Pomona. In the latter institution Bob Brough was outstanding in dramatics and a star tennis player. A campus production of "Journey's End" won him a screen test from a talent scout, who immediately sent him back to his books at the first glimpse of it. This was only temporary, it seems, for after graduation Bob was tested again, this time signed to a contract, and put into training by M-G-M. His first picture was "Handy Andy" in 1934. Tennis and horseback riding are his favorite sports, he plays the cello and piano, collects different kinds of sweaters and is very superstitious about black cats and ladders. Six feet tall, he weighs 165 pounds and has brown hair and blue eyes. Bob is very popular with the feminine stars these days, and there's really no telling in whom he is most interested at the moment. His next picture will be opposite Loretta Young in "Private Number." Write him at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Washington Blvd., Culver City, Cal.

GRACE REYNOLDS, Danbury, Conn.—Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire are to be teamed again in "Never Gonna Dance." Dick Powell and Ruby Keeler will undoubtedly continue their team-play after Dick finishes his current assignments (see biography above), but nothing is set for them at the moment.

JOAN CRAWFORD—Lucille LeSueur Cassin has travelled a long road since she was born in San Antonio, Tex., on March 23, 1908. When she was still quite young, her family moved to Kansas City, Mo., where they resided for 16 years. There Joan received her earlier education in a private school, and was initiated into the dramatic arts in the wings of her father's theatre. Against her parents' wishes, she left home and made her stage debut in a Chicago revue. Upon the completion of a successful engagement in the midwest, Joan came to New York where she appeared in several plays. She was seen by a Hollywood executive and placed under contract, appearing in "Pretty Ladies" in 1925 as an extra. She was still Lucille LeSueur then, but because her name was so difficult to pronounce, her fans gave her the name of Joan Crawford in a magazine contest. From that time on her progress was steady, and she now ranks in fifth place among the most popular stars. Joan is 5 feet 4 inches tall, weighs 115 pounds, has reddish-brown hair and brilliant blue eyes. Her favorite color combination is blue and white, she adores sport clothes and loves to wear lounging pajamas. She is considered an excellent dancer and has a better-than-average soprano voice. On October 11, 1935, Joan Crawford, the former Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., became Mrs. Franchot Tone. And this is a surprise—Joan and Robert Taylor are going to be teamed in "The Gorgeous Hussy." You may write her at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Washington Blvd., Culver City, Cal.

GERTRUDE GASSETT, Hoppinten, Mass.—Both Spencer Tracy and Preston Foster are married. Spencer is married to Louise Treadwell, a non-professional, and they have a son who is not far from his 'teens. Preston Foster's wife is Gertrude Warren.

NELSON EDDY—This is the fourth time Mr. Eddy's life story has graced these pages—which must prove something or other as to his popularity, since he's only made two big pictures. To get down to vital statistics, he was born in Providence, R. I., June 29, 1901, the son of Isobel Kendrick and William Darius Eddy, both excellent singers. Educated in grammar school and Rhode Island Normal, the remainder of his education was obtained in night school and from correspondence courses. Nelson's first job was that of a telephone operator, although his heart was set on being a doctor or a trap drummer. Then came jobs in the shipping department of an iron works, in the art department of a Philadelphia newspaper and on other newspapers in that city as reporter, copy reader and finally writer of advertising copy. In Providence, Nelson had sung as a boy soprano in several churches, but it wasn't until this time that he began to amuse himself by singing with phonograph records and wondering if, perhaps, he might not use his pleasant baritone voice as a means of livelihood. He proceeded to take singing lessons from first one prominent instructor then another in the United States, Paris and Dresden. In 1921 he made an anonymous stage debut in "The Marriage Tax" and three years later was singing for the Philadelphia Civic Opera Company. In 1931 he was ready for New York, and made a sensational hit. In Los Angeles in 1933 he gave a concert and received 18 encores! Screen tests and a contract resulted, with Mr. Eddy appearing in very minor roles in "Broadway to Hollywood," "Dancing Lady," "Student Tour" and finally starring in "Naughty Marietta" and "Rose Marie" which were really worthy of his talents. Six feet tall, handsome and athletic, Nelson finds relaxation in swimming, motoring, tennis, dancing and sailing. He weighs 173 pounds and has blue eyes and blonde hair. He can sing 32 operatic roles and in French, English, Italian, Spanish, Russian and Yiddish. He has never been married and is not even engaged. The "Firefly" is tentatively scheduled for him and Miss MacDonald as their next co-starring record-breaker. Should you care to write him, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Washington Blvd., Culver City, Cal., is the address.

BRUCE REED, Kansas City, Mo.—The man who played Duke Mantee so excellently in "Petrified Forest" was Humphrey Bogart, who also played the role originally on the New York stage when that show was so successful last year. Joe Sawyer was Jackie, and Gramp Sawyer's role was taken by Charles Grapewin.

GARY COOPER—Frank J. Cooper is his real name and he was born in Helena, Montana, May 7, 1901, the son of Alice and Charles H. Cooper, non-professionals. Dunstable School, England, Helena, Mont., Iowa College and Grinnell College gave him his education. Gary's stage experince was gaethered while playing in amateur productions at high school and college, but he was most interested in becoming a cartoonist, having held a job as such on a Helena Newspaper. However, in 1924 he betook himself to Los Angeles and become a house-to-house canvasser, which work was anything but lucrative. So he finally landed a job as an extra in a Western, and continued to play extra roles for a year. His first important picture was "The Winning of Barbara Worth" in 1926. Since that time Gary has appeared in an amazing number of pictures, and despite the fact that he is so busy he has found time to travel and to indulge in his favorite pastimes—fishing, hunting, riding and swim-

(*Continued on page* 111)

If you would like to see a brief synopsis of your favorite's life in this department, fill in and send us the coupon on page 111. General questions, of course, will also be answered here. Those asked most frequently and the most interesting ones receive first preference. And not too many at a time, please. Address: The Information Desk, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.



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Stars' Studio Addresses

(*Continued from page 23*)

BRENDEL, EL: Warner Bros.
BRENT, EVELYN: Free lance. Write her at Paramount.
BRENT, GEORGE: Warner Bros.
BREWSTER, JUNE: RKO-Radio.
BRIAN, MARY: Free lance. Write her at 20th Century-Fox.
BRISSON, CARL: Paramount.
BRODERICK, HELEN: RKO-Radio.
BROOK, CLIVE: Gaumont-British.
BROWN, JOE E: Warner Bros.
BROWN, JOHN MACK: Columbia.
BROWN, TOM: Paramount.
BRUCE, NIGEL: 20th Century-Fox.
BRUCE, VIRGINIA: M-G-M.
BUCK, FRANK: RKO-Radio.
BUCKLER, JOHN: M-G-M.
BURGESS, DOROTHY: Free lance. Write her at RKO-Radio.
BURKE, BILLIE: Free lance. Write her at Columbia.
BURKE, KATHLEEN: Paramount.
BURNS, GEORGE: Paramount.
BUTLER, JIMMY: Paramount.
BUTTERWORTH, CHARLES: M-G-M.
BYINGTON, SPRING: 20th Century-Fox.
CABOT, BRUCE: M-G-M.
CAGNEY, BILL: Republic.
CAGNEY, JAMES: Warner Bros.
CALLAHAN, MARGARET: RKO-Radio.
CALLEIA, JOSEPH: M-G-M.
CANSINO, RITA: 20th Century-Fox.
CANTOR, EDDIE: Samuel Goldwyn.
CARLISLE, KITTY: Free lance. Write her at M-G-M.
CARLISLE, MARY: M-G-M.
CARMINATI, TULLIO: RKO-Radio.
CARRILLO, LEO: Columbia.
CARROLL, MADELEINE: Walter Wanger.
CARROLL, NANCY: Columbia.
CAVANAGH, PAUL: Free lance. Write him at 20th Century-Fox.
CHANDLER, CHICK: Free lance. Write him at RKO-Radio.
CHAPLIN, CHARLES: United Artists.
CHASE, CHARLES: M-G-M.
CHATTERTON, RUTH: Columbia.
CHEVALIER, MAURICE: M-G-M.
CHURCHILL, MARGUERITE: Warner Bros.
CLARKE, MAE: Republic.
CLIVE, COLIN: Universal.
COBB, IRVIN S.: 20th Century-Fox.
COLBERT, CLAUDETTE: Paramount.
COLBY, ANITA: RKO-Radio.
COLLIER, CONSTANCE: M-G-M.
COLLINS, CORA SUE: M-G-M.
COLMAN, RONALD: 20th Century-Fox.
CONKLIN, PEGGY: Walter Wanger.
CONNOLLY, WALTER: Columbia.
COOK, DONALD: Republic.
COOPER, GARY: Paramount.
COOPER, JACKIE: M-G-M.
CORTEZ, RICARDO: Warner Bros.
COURTNEY, INEZ: Columbia.
CRABBE, LARRY: Paramount.
CRAWFORD, JOAN: M-G-M.
CROMWELL, RICHARD: Paramount.
CROSBY, BING: Paramount.
CUMMINGS, CONSTANCE: Gaumont-British.
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DARE, DOROTHY: Warner Bros.
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DARWELL, JANE: 20th Century-Fox.
DAVIES, MARION: Warner Bros.
DAVIS, BETTE: Warner Bros.
DEE, FRANCES: 20th Century-Fox.
DE HAVILLAND, OLIVIA: Warner Bros.
DEL RIO, DOLORES: Warner Bros.
DE MILLE, KATHERINE: Paramount.
DEVINE, ANDY: Universal.
DIETRICH, MARLENE: Paramount.
DINEHART, ALAN: 20th Century-Fox.
DIX, RICHARD: Columbia.
DIXON, JEAN: Columbia.
DODD, CLAIRE: Warner Bros.
DONAT, ROBERT: United Artists.
DONLEVY, BRIAN: 20th Century-Fox.
DONNELLY, RUTH: Paramount.
DOUGLAS, MELVYN: Columbia.
DOWNS, JOHNNY: Paramount.
DOYLE, MAXINE: Warner Bros.
DRAKE, FRANCES: Paramount.
DRAPER, PAUL: Warner Bros.
DUMBRILLE, DOUGLAS: Columbia.
DUNA, STEFFI: RKO-Radio.
DUNBAR, DIXIE: 20th Century-Fox.
DUNN, JAMES: Universal.
DUNNE, IRENE: RKO-Radio.
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DURANTE, JIMMY: M-G-M.
DVORAK, ANN: Warner Bros.
EBSEN, BUDDY: M-G-M.
EDDY, NELSON: M-G-M.
EGGERTH, MARTA: Universal.
EILERS, SALLY: Universal.
ELDREDGE, JOHN: Warner Bros.
ELLIS, MARY: Paramount.
ELLIS, PATRICIA: Warner Bros.
ELLISON, JAMES: Paramount.
ERROL, LEON: Free lance. Write him at Columbia.
ERWIN, STUART: M-G-M.
EVANS, MADGE: M-G-M.
EVANS, MURIEL: Republic.
FAIRBANKS, DOUGLAS, JR.: United Artists.
FAIRBANKS, DOUGLAS, SR.: United Artists.
FARRELL, CHARLES: Republic.
FARRELL, GLENDA: Warner Bros.
FAYE, ALICE: 20th Century-Fox.
FAZENDA, LOUISE: Warner Bros.
FELLOWS, EDITH: Columbia.
FETCHIT, STEPIN: 20th Century-Fox.
FIELDS, W. C.: Paramount.
FLYNN, ERROL: Warner Bros.
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GABLE, CLARK: M-G-M.
GAHAGAN, HELEN: RKO-Radio.
GALLAGHER, SKEETS: RKO-Radio.
GARBO, GRETA: M-G-M.
GARGAN, WILLIAM: Warner Bros.
GAYNOR, JANET: 20th Century-Fox.
GIBSON, WYNNE: Free lance. Write her at RKO-Radio.
GLEASON, JAMES: RKO-Radio.
GODDARD, PAULETTE: United Artists.
GOMBELL, MINNA: Free lance. Write her at 20th Century-Fox.
GORDON, C. HENRY: M-G-M.
GORDON, GAVIN: Republic.
GORIN, IGOR: M-G-M.
GRABLE, BETTY: RKO-Radio.
GRAHAME, MARGOT: RKO-Radio.
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GWENN, EDMUND: M-G-M.
HADEN, SARA: 20th Century-Fox.
HAINES, WILLIAM: Republic.
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HARDING, ANN: RKO-Radio.
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HARDY, OLIVER: M-G-M.
HARLOW, JEAN: M-G-M.
HAYDON, JULIE: Paramount.
HAYES, HELEN: M-G-M.
HAYWARD, LOUIS: M-G-M.
HEALY, TED: M-G-M.
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HOLDEN, GLORIA: Universal.
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HOLT, JACK: Universal.
HOPKINS, MIRIAM: Samuel Goldwyn.
HORTON, EDWARD EVERETT: Universal.
HOWARD, JOHN: Paramount.
HOWARD, LESLIE: Warner Bros.
HUDSON, ROCHELLE: 20th Century-Fox.
HUGHES, KAY: M-G-M.
HULL, WARREN: Warner Bros.
HUME, BENITA: M-G-M.
HUNT, MARSHA: Paramount.
HUNTER, IAN: Warner Bros.
HUNTLEY, G. P. JR.: Universal.
HUSTON, WALTER: Free lance. Write him at United Artists.
HUTCHINSON, JOSEPHINE: Warner Bros.
HYAMS, LEILA: RKO-Radio.
JASON, SYBIL: Warner Bros.
JENKINS, ALLEN: Warner Bros.
JENNINGS, MAXINE: RKO-Radio.
JEPSON, HELEN: Paramount.
JEWELL, ISABEL: M-G-M.
JOHNSON, KAY: RKO-Radio.
JOLSON, AL: Warner Bros.
JONES, ALLAN: M-G-M.
JONES, BUCK: Universal.
JONES, GORDON: United Artists.
JORY, VICTOR: Columbia.
JUDGE, ARLINE: 20th Century-Fox.
KARLOFF, BORIS: Universal.
KARNS, ROSCOE: Paramount.
KEATING, FRED: Columbia.
KEELER, RUBY: Warner Bros.
KEENE, TOM: Free lance. Write him at Paramount.
KEITH, IAN: RKO-Radio.
KEITH, ROSALIND: Paramount.
KELLY, PATSY: M-G-M.
KELLY, PAUL: 20th Century-Fox.
KELLY, WALTER C.: Republic.
KELTON, PERT: M-G-M.
KIBBEE, GUY: Warner Bros.
KIEPURA, JAN: Paramount.
KING, WALTER: 20th Century-Fox.
KNAPP, EVALYN: Republic.
KNIGHT, JUNE: M-G-M.
KRUGER, OTTO: Universal.
LAMONT, MOLLY: RKO-Radio.
LANDI, ELISSA: United Artists.
LANE, LOLA: Free lance. Write her at Universal.
LANG, JUNE: 20th Century-Fox.
LANGDON, HARRY: Columbia.
LANGFORD, FRANCES: Walter Wanger.
LA RUE, JACK: Free lance. Write him at United Artists.
LAUGHTON, CHARLES: M-G-M.
LAUREL, STAN: M-G-M.
LAWRENCE, ROSINA: M-G-M.
LAWTON, FRANK: Universal.
LAYE, EVELYN: M-G-M.
LEDERER, FRANCIS: United Artists.
LEE, BILLY: Paramount.
LEE, DIXIE: 20th Century-Fox.
LEE, DOROTHY: RKO-Radio.
LEROY, BABY: Paramount.
LEROY, HAL: Warner Bros.
LEYTON, DRUE: 20th Century-Fox.
LIGHT, ROBERT: Warner Bros.
LINAKER, KAY: Warner Bros.
LINDEN, ERIC: M-G-M.
LINDSAY, MARGARET: Warner Bros.
LLOYD, HAROLD: Paramount.
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LOMBARD, CAROLE: Paramount.
LORD, PAULINE: Columbia.
LORING, ANN: M-G-M.
LORRE, PETER: Columbia.
LOUISE, ANITA: Warner Bros.
LOWE, EDMUND: Universal.
LOY, MYRNA: M-G-M.
LUGOSI, BELA: Universal.
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MARTINI, NINO: United Artists.
MARX BROTHERS: M-G-M.
MATTHEWS, JESSIE: Gaumont-British.
MAYNARD, KEN: Columbia.
McCOY, COL. TIM: Columbia.
McCREA, JOEL: Samuel Goldwyn.
McFARLAND, SPANKY: M-G-M.
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MONTGOMERY, ROBERT: M-G-M.
MOORE, COLLEEN: RKO-Radio.
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MOORE, GRACE: Columbia.
MOORE, VICTOR: RKO-Radio.
MORAN, POLLY: M-G-M.
MORENO, ANTONIO: 20th Century-Fox.
MORGAN, FRANK: M-G-M.
MORGAN, RALPH: Free lance. Write him at RKO-Radio.
MORGAN, HELEN: Universal.
MORLEY, KAREN: Warner Bros.
MORRIS, CHESTER: M-G-M.
MORRISON, JOE: Paramount.
MOWBRAY, ALAN: Free lance. Write him at Universal.
MUIR, JEAN: Warner Bros.
MULHALL, JACK: Free lance. Write him at Paramount.
MUNDIN, HERBERT: 20th Century-Fox.
MUNI, PAUL: Warner Bros.
MURPHY, GEORGE: Paramount.
MURPHY, MAURICE: 20th Century-Fox.
NAGEL, CONRAD: Free lance. Write him at RKO-Radio.
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NOLAN, LLOYD: Columbia.
NOVARRO, RAMON: M-G-M.
NUGENT, EDWARD: Free lance. Write him at Republic.
OAKIE, JACK: 20th Century-Fox.
OBERON, MERLE: Samuel Goldwyn.
O'BRIEN, GEORGE: 20th Century-Fox.
O'BRIEN-MOORE, ERIN: Free lance. Write her at RKO-Radio.
O'BRIEN, PAT: Warner Bros.
OLAND, WARNER: 20th Century-Fox.
OLIVER, EDNA MAY: M-G-M.
OLSEN, MORONI: RKO-Radio.
O'NEILL, HENRY: Warner Bros.
O'SULLIVAN, MAUREEN: M-G-M.
OVERMAN, LYNNE: Paramount.
OWEN, REGINALD: M-G-M.
PALEY, NATALIE: RKO-Radio.
PALLETTE, EUGENE: Free lance. Write him at Warner Bros.
PARKER, CECILIA: M-G-M.
PARKER, JEAN: M-G-M.
PARRISH, GIGI: Republic.
PATTERSON, PAT: Walter Wanger.
PATRICK, GAIL: Paramount.
PENDLETON, NAT: M-G-M.
PENNER, JOE: RKO-Radio.
PERRY, JOAN: Columbia.
PICKFORD, MARY: United Artists.
PITTS, ZASU: Paramount.
PONS, LILY: RKO-Radio.
POWELL, DICK: Warner Bros.
POWELL, ELEANOR: M-G-M.
POWELL, WILLIAM: M-G-M.
PRYOR, ROGER: Republic.
QUALEN, JOHN: 20th Century-Fox.
QUIGLEY, JUANITA: Universal.
QUILLAN, EDDIE: Free lance. Write him at M-G-M.
RAFT, GEORGE: Paramount.
RAINER, LUISE: M-G-M.
RAINS, CLAUDE: Warner Bros.
RALPH, JESSIE: RKO-Radio.
RALSTON, ESTHER: Republic.
RATHBONE, BASIL: M-G-M.
RATOFF, GREGORY: RKO-Radio.
RAY, CHARLES: Free lance. Write him at RKO-Radio.
RAYMOND, GENE: RKO-Radio.
REED, PHILIP: Warner Bros.
REGAN, PHIL: Republic.
RHODES, ERIK: RKO-Radio.
RICE, FLORENCE: Columbia.
RICHMAN, HARRY: Columbia.
ROBERTI, LYDA: Paramount.
ROBERTSON, GUY: Republic.
ROBINSON, BILL: 20th Century-Fox.
ROBINSON, EDWARD G.: Warner Bros.
ROBSON, MAY: M-G-M.
ROGERS, CHARLES: RKO-Radio.
ROGERS, GINGER: RKO-Radio.
ROGERS, JEAN: Universal.
ROLAND, GILBERT: 20th Century-Fox.
ROMERO, CESAR: Universal.
ROONEY, MICKEY: M-G-M.
ROSS, SHIRLEY: M-G-M.
RUGGLES, CHARLES: Paramount.
RUSSELL, ROSALIND: M-G-M.
RUTHERFORD, ANN: Republic.
SCHILDKRAUT, JOSEPH: Columbia.
SCHUBERT, MARINA: Paramount.
SCOTT, RANDOLPH: Paramount.
SEARLE, JACKIE: 20th Century-Fox.
SELLON, CHARLES: 20th Century-Fox.
SELWYN, RUTH: M-G-M.
SEWARD, BILLIE: Columbia.
SHANNON, PEGGY: Free lance. Write her at Universal.
SHAW, WINIFRED: Warner Bros.
SHEA, GLORIA: Columbia.
SHEARER, NORMA: M-G-M.
SHIELDS, FRANCIS X.: Sam Goldwyn.
SHIRLEY, ANNE: RKO-Radio.
SIDNEY, SYLVIA: Walter Wanger.
SKIPWORTH, ALISON: Paramount.
SLEEPER, MARTHA: M-G-M.
SMITH, C. AUBREY: United Artists.
SMITH, QUEENIE: Universal.
SOTHERN, ANN: RKO-Radio.
SPARKS, NED: Warner Bros.
STANDING, SIR GUY: Paramount.
STANWYCK, BARBARA: RKO-Radio.
STARRETT, CHARLES: Columbia.
STELLING, WILLIAM: 20th Century-Fox.
STEN, ANNA: United Artists.
STEPHENS, HARVEY: M-G-M.
STEPHENSON, HENRY: M-G-M.
STEVENS, ONSLOW: Universal.
STEWART, JAMES: M-G-M.
STONE, FRED: Paramount.
STONE, GEORGE E.: Warner Bros.
STONE, LEWIS: M-G-M.
STONE, PAULA: Warner Bros.
STUART, GLORIA: 20th Century-Fox.
SULLAVAN, MARGARET: Universal.
SUMMERVILLE, SLIM: 20th Century-Fox.
SWANSON, GLORIA: M-G-M.
SWARTHOUT, GLADYS: Paramount.
TALBOT, LYLE: Warner Bros.
TAMIROFF, AKIM: Paramount.
TAYLOR, KENT: Paramount.
TAYLOR, ROBERT: M-G-M.
TEASDALE, VERREE: Paramount.
TEMPLE, SHIRLEY: 20th Century-Fox.
THOMAS, FRANKIE: RKO-Radio.
THOMAS, JAMESON: Republic.
TIBBETT, LAWRENCE: 20th Century-Fox.
TIBBETTS, MARTHA: Columbia.
TOBIN, GENEVIEVE: Warner Bros.
TOMLIN, PINKY: Universal.
TONE, FRANCHOT: M-G-M.
TRACY, LEE: Universal.
TRACY, SPENCER: M-G-M.
TRAVIS, JUNE: Warner Bros.
TREACHER, ARTHUR: 20th Century-Fox.
TREE, DOROTHY: Warner Bros.
TREVOR, CLAIRE: 20th Century-Fox.
TWELVETREES, HELEN: 20th Century-Fox.
VALLEE, RUDY: Warner Bros.
VELEZ, LUPE: M-G-M.
VENABLE, EVELYN: Republic.
VINSON, HELEN: Gaumont-British.
WADSWORTH, HENRY: M-G-M.
WALBURN, RAYMOND: Columbia.
WALKER, JUNE: 20th Century-Fox.
WALKER, RAY: Free lance. Write him at 20th Century-Fox.
WALTHALL, H. B.: 20th Century-Fox.
WALTON, DOUGLAS: Samuel Goldwyn.
WARE, IRENE: 20th Century-Fox.
WATERS, ETHEL: Free lance. Write her at Universal
WAYNE, JOHN: Universal.
WEIDLER, VIRGINIA: Paramount.
WEISSMULLER, JOHNNY: M-G-M.
WELLS, JACQUELINE: Free lance. Write her at Republic.
WEST, MAE: Paramount.
WESTLEY, HELEN: RKO-Radio.
WHALEN, MICHAEL: 20th Century-Fox.
WHEELER, BERT: RKO-Radio.
WHITE, ALICE: Gaumont-British.
WHITNEY, ELEANORE: Paramount.
WILCOXON, HENRY: Paramount.
WILLIAM, WARREN: Warner Bros.
WILLIAMS, CLARK: Universal.
WILLIAMS, HUGH: 20th Century-Fox.
WILSON, DOROTHY: Paramount.
WILSON, LOIS: Free lance. Write her at Universal.
WILSON, MARIE: Warner Bros.
WING, PAT: Paramount.
WING, TOBY: Paramount.
WINNINGER, CHARLES: 20th Century-Fox.
WITHERS, GRANT: Universal.
WITHERS, JANE: 20th Century-Fox.
WOODS, DONALD: Warner Bros.
WOOLSEY, BOB: RKO-Radio.
WRAY, FAYE: Columbia.
WYATT, JANE: Universal.
YOUNG, ELIZABETH: Universal.
YOUNG, LORETTA: 20th Century-Fox.
YOUNG, POLLY ANN: Free lance. Write her at 20th Century-Fox.
YOUNG, ROBERT: M-G-M.
YOUNG, ROLAND: United Artists.

CUTIE



ELMONT TRIES TO PUT ONE OVER





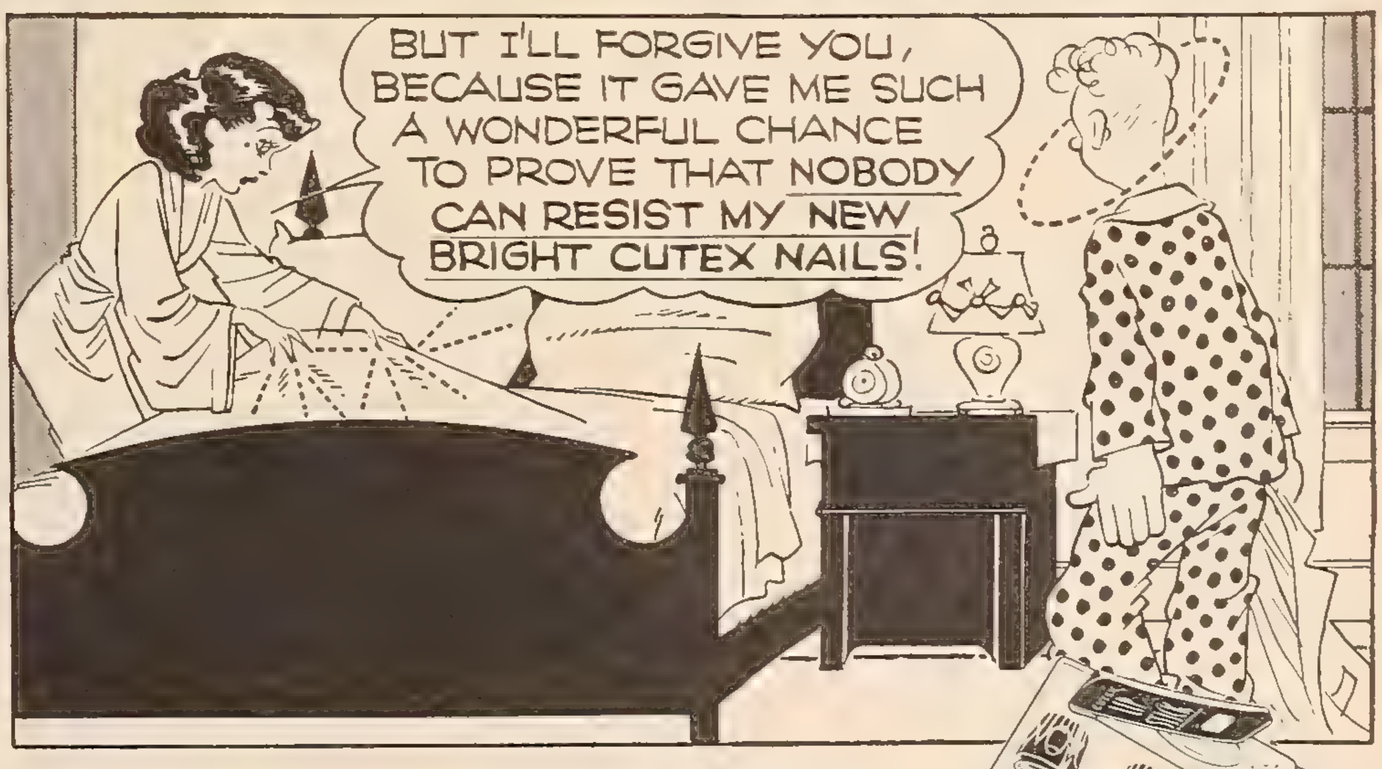












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You won't be a wallflower if you wear the new bright Cutex Nails. Try them and see if the grandest men don't notice you and flock around.

Cutex Ruby will make your oldest black frock look as if it were going places. Cutex Rust will make your grays and beiges twice as exciting. Cutex Rose will feminize all your sports things.

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Your 2 favorite shades of Cutex Liquid Polish, Polish Remover and sample of Lipstick for 14¢



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Dept.6-M-6,191 Hudson St., New York
(In Canada, P. O. Box 2320, Montreal.)

I enclose 14¢ for 2 shades of Polish, as checked, and Polish Remover. Rose ☐ Cardinal ☐ Rust ☐ Ruby ☐
(Also sample of Cutex Lipstick will be included)

Name_____

Address_____

City State

More Good News

(*Continued from page 49*)



Meet Mr. and Mrs. George McDonald! Little Jean Parker surprised everyone by marrying this good-looking young newspaperman quietly at Las Vegas.

Davis was so wrought up over the prospect of receiving the Academy Award that, the day of the presentation, she spent the entire afternoon in a picture show, sitting through two features, news reels, a comedy, a travelogue and the latest Mickey Mouse cartoon.

■ ■ ■

Katharine Hepburn can't be bothered with extra curricular activities. Classed among those are hostessing. So she's fitted up an elaborate playroom in her new home, complete with every kind of slot machine available. Her guests are ushered from the door directly to the playroom and left to their own devices. The Hepburn is fast becoming Hollywood's most popular hostess.

■ ■ ■

The owner of the Gable dimples can get a mad on once in awhile, too. We hear it's blown over now, but not so long ago Clark was seen to storm out of the studio. Seems the news had just been delivered to him that he wouldn't be permitted the trip to the Orient via the China Clipper. Then to top the difficulties, while working on the "San Francisco" set, a building to be used in the earthquake sequence toppled over in Mr. Gable's direction. The result was a completely ruined dress suit, coiffure and disposition.

■ ■ ■

It was a gala day not long ago at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer when D. W. Griffith visited the set of "San Francisco." And the biggest thrill came to Woody Van Dyke, Metro's director par excellence, and head of this picture. Years ago, when Griffith directed "Intolerance," Woody was his errand boy on the set. As a token of his high regard for the great Griffith, Director Van Dyke asked Mr. Griffith to direct Jeanette MacDonald in the last few sequences of the picture.

■ ■ ■

Understand that the extras on "Big Brown Eyes," the Joan Bennett-Cary Grant picture, are all on a diet these days. A barber shop sequence took five days to shoot, and every day the extras had to be lathered with whipped cream since shaving soap dries too quickly.

■ ■ ■

We had a nice chat with Freddie Bartholomew lately. He had just met Paul Muni for the first time and announced that he was frightfully impressed. "I have always regarded Mr. Muni as one of the better actors," said Freddie thoughtfully, "and now I realize more than ever how exceptional he must be to have been selected for the title role in "The Good Earth."

■ ■ ■

Several customers nearly passed out under the dryers when a man led a huge wolf dog into Westmore's beauty shop the other day. A special booth had been reserved for the purp, and here he was treated to a bleach, followed by a white henna pack. "Lightning" is the son of Strongheart, that famed old dog of silents, and is to appear in the forthcoming sequel to "Call of the Wild." The director thought the new hair-do would improve his features. Hollywood is going more to the dogs every day. At a recent Assistance League luncheon, Buck, the St. Bernard of "Call of the Wild," was honored guest. He gave paw prints to eager fans.

■ ■ ■

Don't bet on what Katharine Hepburn will do next. The other day she showed up at the RKO lot in a truck, loaded with sweaters, scarves and knitted dresses which she proceeded to auction off on the lot. Seems that Katie had been shopping at Carmel, found a store making very arty knitted goods, and promptly purchased a supply to the tune of $1,500. Hiring a truck she piled her purchases in and headed for the home lot, having promised the shop owners that she would sell the supply within a week at a good profit.

■ ■ ■

Wonder what Josef Von Sternberg's name actually is. Recently the director got in such a dither over rumors that he was originally called Joe Stern that he offered $100,000 to anyone who could prove that such was his name. Now if the $100,000 had been offered to prove that the name was not Josef Von Sternberg we could all get to work on the Von Goldbergs, etc.

■ ■ ■

Junior Stars' note: Freddie Bartholomew has settled down to the serious business of teaching his Aunt Cissy to ride horseback. Auntie is serving her apprenticeship on San Toy, the horse which was given to Freddie by Victor McLaglen. And Jackie Cooper, who rented a horse for the past season at Palm Springs, personally took care of the grooming and handling of his animal. When the season ended, the two of them were such pals that Jackie's mother had to buy the horse.

■ ■ ■

Everyone wondered where Rosalind Russell's been spending her evenings of late, because no one saw her around at the so-called gay spots. A spy discovered she's been sitting home nights with a stenographer, dictating a scenario. It's sort of a story of her own life, says Rosalind. She also adds that, in her opinion, it's terrible, but that she's going to try to sell it under an assumed name. We'll keep you posted.



Kitty Carlisle's beautiful voice floated out over the air on Mary Pickford's program recently. And here are the two pictured at the mike.

■ ■ ■

One of Madge Evans' favorite men is a sad young gent named Toughie. Toughie is a dog, and recently he was lost or stolen from Madge's home. After a frantic search Madge was about to advertise for her lost friend when a boy appeared at her door wanting to know if she'd like to buy a Scottie. Madge took a good look at the merchandise. It was Toughie. "How much?" she asked. "A nickel," said the young salesman. It was a deal.

■ ■ ■

After Wally Beery announced he was going to Detroit to buy a station wagon, his friends were slightly surprised to see him pull up in a shiny new Cadillac. But, when Maureen O'Sullivan confided she was about to buy a car with sleeping accommodations, she really meant it. It's a sedan with seats which slide back to make a bed, just in case the O'Sullivans are ever caught napping. Incidentally, it's the first car Maureen has ever driven.

■ ■ ■

Glamor Department: One of the sights of the month is to watch Marlene Dietrich slink into the Beverly Brown Derby and sit down to a plate of raw mushrooms. After watching the performance we tried the dish ourselves and all we can report is that, in spite of it all, we still think Dietrich is nice.

■ ■ ■

At the engagement party for Jack Oakie and Venita Varden the great Oakie fell madly in love with Mrs. Pat O'Brien's evening gown. Next morning Jack was presented with the gown, and a couple of days later Miss V. became Mrs. O. attired in the O'Brien raiment. Looks like Mrs. Pat, who owns a dress shop, is her firm's best advertisement.



Beverly Roberts and Sybil Jason pose willingly at "The Singing Kid" preview. Both aid and abet Al Jolson in this musical.

Streamlining may be a fine thing for automobiles but it's not so good for dogs, Dick Powell has decided. Recently, before entering his cocker spaniel in a dog show, Dick put his pet on a strict diet to give him that streamlined effect. Came the dog show, and the Powell spaniel, with his ultra-modern chassis, took second prize. "He'd have had first prize," said the judge, "had he been a little fatter."

■ ■ ■

Here's a little romantic item you might like: While playing Romeo, in Metro's "Romeo and Juliet," Leslie Howard was forced to take a week's rest. Do you know what troubles fiction's most romantic lover, the pride of the Montagues and the glamor boy of old Verona? Boils!

■ ■ ■

Becoming engaged to Jackie Coogan brought Betty Grable more than that much publicized sparkler. The Messrs. Wheeler and Woolsey handed her a contract for an engagement gift. She'll appear in the next Wheeler-Woolsey epic as leading lady, replacing Dorothy Lee, who has been in all but one of their previous eighteen picture-plights.

■ ■ ■

Here's a story to pass on to those innocents who believe it's such a simple matter for a friend of a friend of a cousin of theirs in Hollywood to get them a pass into a studio. A small fire broke out in Paramount studios the other morning. When the engine came dashing up to the gates, sirens wide open, the firemen were met by the grim gateman. He wanted to see their official pass before opening the sacred gates so much as an inch.

■ ■ ■

Charles Chaplin is breaking all precedent about that "one picture to a leading lady" rule of his. There are big plans under way at present for Paulette Goddard's first starring picture. Charlie will be author,

(*Continued on page 124*)



Have you been fair to yourself . . . AND TO HIM?

MUCH has happened since those glamorous days of courtship. Naturally, you are both a little older—a little more mellow. But have those years dealt kindly with your looks? Or have you aged more than you should for the birthdays you secretly count?

So many women lose their good looks after thirty. They fail to realize the importance of what they eat day after day. Over the years, faulty menus can definitely affect their appearance. In some cases, constipation contributes to their troubles. Continued neglect of this condition causes discomfort, may lead to headaches, poor appetite, listlessness.

Common constipation is usually the result of insufficient "bulk" in the meals you eat. Fortunately, a delicious cereal supplies this "bulk." The "bulk" in Kellogg's ALL-BRAN absorbs moisture within the body, forms a soft mass, gently cleanses the system. Scientific tests show that ALL-BRAN is a normal food for normal people. Two tablespoonfuls daily, served with milk or cream, are usually sufficient. Stubborn cases may require ALL-BRAN more often. If not relieved this way, consult your doctor.

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN makes no claim to be a "cure-all"—but it does correct constipation due to insufficient "bulk." It is guaranteed by the Kellogg Company. Serve ALL-BRAN as a cereal, or cook into tempting muffins, breads, etc. Sold by all grocers. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

Serve ALL-BRAN regularly for regularity



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IF you suffer from dry or scaly skin, coarse, ugly pores, blackheads or whiteheads, or other common skin faults, chances are your present way of skin cleansing only hits the high spots.

Change to Luxor Special Formula Cream, the *wax-free* cream. It penetrates deeply, gets right into embedded dirt, because it contains no wax to keep it from working in—or clogging pores.



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City _____ *State* _____

Between You 'n' Me

(*Continued from page 25*)

"Uncertain Lady." You say that you resent my writing to "Little Miss Marker." Please, Sweetheart, don't be "Looking for Trouble," a man must sometimes correspond with "His Private Secretary." Why "Only Yesterday" I was thinking to myself that of all the "Little Women" I know you are the most "Adorable" and how happy I am that "You Belong to Me."

"Let's Talk it Over" and in "The Old Fashioned Way" we will "Kiss and Make Up." "Let's Try Again" when next week I arrive at our little home with the "Morning Glory" on the porch. We will have "Dinner at 8," then I must have "One Hour with You," for I want to tell you that were I "The Last Gentleman" on earth and could I choose from "20 Million Sweethearts," you would still be my choice and so, believe me, "Now and Forever," Yours, "Laddie."—R. Sienell, Montreal Canada.

$1 PRIZE LETTER
Not Sensational But—

I would like to pay tribute to a little actress who, in my opinion, is one of Hollywood's best and loveliest. True, she has not done anything sensational in pictures, but that is because she has not been given the proper vehicle, not because she lacks the talent or ability. Yet, she has been successful and applause is certainly merited her for her praiseworthy characterizations. I feel sure she has a bright future before her, for one with such a refreshing and hauntingly sweet personality, one of such refinement, cleverness and such utterly disarming naturalness is bound to reach the top.

In her home life she is an exception in the film colony, devoting most of her time away from the studio to her home, her husband and her baby daughter, and seldom joining in the gaieties of Hollywood social functions. To me she is an ideal, home-loving, hard-working, talented girl—one I should like for an intimate chum. Who? Evelyn Venable!—Mildred Smith, Denver, Colorado.

$1 PRIZE LETTER
If Double Bills Bore You—

For the first time in my life, I feel impelled to reply to a letter written to a magazine—that of Mr. Vogt in your April issue.

I do agree with Mr. Vogt that the second half of some double features is boring, but if anyone is interested only in good screen material, he is privileged to leave the theatre if the second feature is unsuitable, or better still, find out from the film marquee just what is playing before entering the theatre. If, by some chance, there is one picture on the bill which he has seen or does not desire to see at all, while the other is one that he has been waiting for, all he has to do is ask the girl in the ticket office for the time schedule and in this way he need not sit through anything unworthy of his intellect.

To prove that all double-features are not of a poor calibre, I have listed some that I have seen recently. You will agree that it would be very hard to determine which should be billed as the second rater, both being of such high quality and the actors being far from "hams."

"Story of Louis Pasteur" and "Petrified Forest." "Annie Oakley" and "Sylvia Scarlett." "Whipsaw" and "King of Burlesque." "Dangerous" and "The Bride Comes Home."

That's quite an imposing list, isn't it? And, I assure you, I know good acting when I see it. I would also like to mention that by following the procedure stated in the beginning of this letter, I've never lost a picture yet. That is to say, I see all the best and am rarely bored.—N. Brown, Brooklyn, N. Y.

HONORABLE MENTION
Fascinating Gangsters!!

Oh, these fascinating gangsters that we've been seeing lately—Cesar Romero, Jack LaRue and George Raft.

In the old days the villain was hissed and hated by excited audiences, but now if they don't watch out, girls will be falling for the villain instead of the hero. But don't think we resent it. Isn't it much more thrilling to see these handsome gangsters who are capable of putting people on the spot and hitting the spot too?

Here's hoping to see more of those three ideal movie gangsters do their worst, while we breathlessly watch, secretly hoping the hero won't be too hard on them.—Margie Hartman, West Allis, Wisconsin.

Exploiting Home Talent

I note with pleasure that more and more casts are composed entirely of young American actors and actresses. This is a good sign, showing that the talent in our own youngsters is being brought out, and is holding its own with foreign talent in Hollywood. Although the steady waning of the musical comedy will lose many people their jobs, the increase of historical, classical and operatic films is developing more character parts. It takes talent to play such roles, and so acting is reaching a higher plane.—Elizabeth Hitchcock, Windsor, Mass.

Star Tips

Did anyone ever tell you that . . . Joan Crawford ought to eat more potatoes? Crosby and Powell croon too much? Bette Davis is the best actress on the screen? Bill Robinson is just as good an actor as tap dancer? Joan Blondell has the most beautiful orbs in Hollywood? Jean Parker is the sweetest doll on the screen? Miriam Hopkins has the best speaking voice? Ginger Rogers ought to stick to dancing; her singing is bad? Hepburn should try to speak like a natural human being? Raft ought to go easy on the vaseline and stop wearing high heels? Ruby Keeler ought to learn how to act? Harlow ought to try eating? Shirley Temple is the most glamorous gal in Hollywood? Connie Bennett should be spanked?—E. Slevin, Bronx, New York.

Insulted!

I wonder if other Philadelphia moviegoers are as fed up as I am with hearing our great city continually knocked by third-rate hack writers in their desperate efforts to be funny. The rawest instance of this kind was seen in "42nd Street," which, except for its dialogue, was a perfect picture. "Metropolitan" and other current films also contain slighting references to Philadelphia's "sleepiness," a gag so ancient and disproven that modern

writers should be ashamed to use it.

I cannot imagine why producers permit their pictures to be cluttered with these disgusting slams against America's third largest city. Anyone who has ever been here knows that its "slowness" exists only in the torpid minds of scenario writers who haven't the mental capacity to think up something more original.—K. L. Greene, Philadelphia, Pa.

Silly Stuff

I think that the cowboy serials and pictures are getting sillier and sillier. They are all alike. The heroine is taking some important papers somewhere; bandits appear on the scene and shoot the driver. Just then Tom Mix or Buck Jones, or whoever the hero is, comes galloping on a fine white horse named "Silver" and takes the driver's seat, shoots the bandits and saves the day. All so thrilling! Nuts! If the bandit falls off a cliff, he usually breaks an arm or a leg, but if the hero falls off a cliff, he gets up, brushes himself off and gets on "Silver" and rides away. I think this stuff is much too old, don't you?—Patricia MacWilliams, Washington, D. C.

A Line or Two From Lots of Letters

If Jean Harlow would study the selection of the plays given her instead of the effect of "startling" new hair tints, she might find a "startling" increase in her fan mail.—S. Henderson, Tucson, Arizona. If your budget permits but one show a week, see "The Petrified Forest." If it permits two, see "The Petrified Forest" twice. It is the strangest love story ever unfolded on the screen.—C. Toles, Colorado Springs, Colorado. Won't someone tell me what type of audience "Tarzan" pictures are made for? The incredibility of these pictures is amazing, I have even heard children remark on it. To me it is all a lot of noise, unreality and waste of time on the part of the audience, not to mention the effect on the nervous system.—Dora Starr, Bronx, New York. Music to instill the proper mood in the days of silent pictures, where the orchestra always played an appropriate accompaniment, may have been not only all right but pleasant. But to use music in an all-talking production at points where absolute silence is supposed to reign supreme is going a bit too far.—Mary Sharp, Indianapolis, Indiana. I wonder why they've never teamed Bette Davis with George Raft? It takes something more than mere acting to do justice to such difficult, hard-boiled parts as Bette and George portray—it takes naturalness and technique. Give us a Davis-Raft team and you'll give us a new kind of thrill.—Loreen Pallas, Cleveland, Ohio. If Hepburn and Hopkins ate more spinach they would be calmer and healthier, but perhaps not such interesting personalities. The recent, overzealous beautifying of the stars has led to some pretty disastrous results. It is responsible for Garbo's waning popularity. She would be as popular today as she was five years ago, if they hadn't devitalized her beautiful face. That heavy line drawn on the upper eyelid, the droop of the mouth, and the heavily shadowed cheeks may be all right on a Benda mask but an actress' face should express animation. That goes for Dietrich, too.—Mary Peterson, Philadelphia, Pa.



Gail Patrick and beautiful green orchids seem like a perfect alliance. And what an original way she wears them, pinned to the back of her evening gown!



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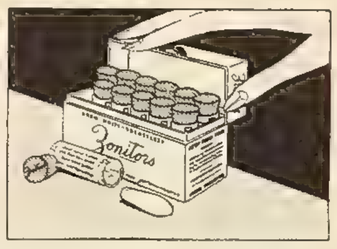
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NR TO-NIGHT TOMORROW ALRIGHT

FREE: Beautiful five-color 1936 Calendar-Thermometer. Also samples of **NR** and **Tums.** Send stamp for packing and postage to A. H. Lewis Co., Desk 68H-9, St. Louis, Mo.

Things Just Happen to Anne

(*Continued from page 43*)

Ice cream cones, toys and lollipops were rushed to the scene in an effort to calm the new actress' temperamental outburst, but to no avail. The day was finally saved by Mr. Farnum and a quick shave.

Of course, she wasn't Anne Shirley in those days. Dawn O'Day was the name then and for the next twelve years in Hollywood. For after "Miracle Child," Mrs. O'Day decided to bring her small daughter to the film capital. She was convinced that her child had talent. So convinced that she gave up the job in a New York department store, where she had worked since her husband's death, to gamble her all on a ticket-and-a-half to the coast.

"It was a good gamble, too," Mrs. O'Day will tell you now with a twinkle in her eye. But there were a dozen years between then and now—years when directors just gave occasional roles to the shy, brown-eyed child with the coppery curls. For Mrs. O'Day was not a good movie mama. She had never taught her little daughter to smirk beguilingly at important directors, to hang adoringly on the skirts of important stars, or to clamber up on casting directors' knees. She knew Dawn had talent, the studio would know it inevitably—so what was the rush?

In the meantime, there wouldn't be much money, but neither would there be the danger of sudden success turning that head of bright curls. Mrs. O'Day didn't have valuable contacts, wealth or social position to give her daughter, but she had something that beat them all—plain, ordinary common sense. The result, of course, you saw for yourself in "Anne of Green Gables." The Anne Shirley whose sincerity and lovableness shone even in cold celluloid and sky-rocketed her to stardom.

I'VE been out in the 'cold, cruel woild of the woikin' girl' since I was a year old," Anne told us, "but I never realized it. I was having such a good time! I've always felt so lucky just to be in the movies at all. And I knew that I was more fortunate than most girls in being able to earn and learn at the same time. Of course, there were plenty of times I didn't earn much, but the smaller the role the more chance I had to watch the stars on the set. And I got a thrill out of every minute of it. As for worrying about whether I'd get big roles or big money, I just didn't. Mother taught me that I could only do my best in what they gave me, and if I were really good, my chance would come. I've always agreed, anyhow, with that old darky who said, 'I've worried about a lot of things in my life, but most of them never happened,'—and don't you?"

Who doesn't? But how many in this vale of tears have the sense to remember it? Yet a seventeen year old girl has learned to take life in her stride and "get a thrill out of every minute of it." The twelve years when she was a "bit" player held as much fun for Anne Shirley as the last two years since she's achieved fame.

"Of course, I'm terribly happy that the studio thinks I'm good enough for important roles, now," Anne said, her sensitive face very serious as she tried to explain, "but what I mean is that I've *always* been so happy in my work that it's practically impossible to feel any differently now. Except for more time at the studio, I do about the same things I always did. I go to school (she'll graduate from high school this spring) which I dislike just as much as I ever did, incidentally. I have game-parties, read magazines and plays, go to the movies and sit around and munch candy and talk and—munch candy. Having money enough to buy this house and a car—my first!—and a dog, now that *is* different!" Anne's eyes shone as she explained about the dog. "We've never been able to afford a house before, and they won't let you have dogs in apartments ever, so I feel *really* ritzy about my dog, even if I did get him from the pound!"

THE new house from the outside looks just like any other pretty stucco California bungalow. But inside there is that indefinable something that makes a house a home. It simply exudes the friendly charm of its owner. In actual money, Mrs. O'Day and Anne haven't splurged on the furnishings, but in time and thought they have spent a young fortune. Gayly painted furniture, crisp bright curtains and potted plants are in every room. The sun-porch, made from what was formerly a screened-in porch, is where the family practically lives. The "family" consists not only of the collie, Anne and her mother, but Phyllis Fraser, the nineteen year old cousin of Ginger Rogers.

"Phyllis has been living with us for over a year now," Anne explained. "We met at a party, and she asked me to have lunch with her some day. You know how people are always saying 'let's have lunch some day' and never mean it? Well, I knew Phyllis meant lunch! We've been practically inseparable ever since. It's funny, too, because we're exact opposites. Phyllis is the amusingest person you ever saw, while I never know what to say. I'm still looking forward to saying something witty and she has yet to say something dull. She's—well, she's swell," finished Anne simply.

Another difference that being a star has made to Anne Shirley is that she can go to more movies! In the years when the pennies counted, movies were her idea of the grandest treat in the world. And they still are—the difference being that now she can afford to go. And go she does, holding the all-time Hollywood record for attendance.

"I just eat them up! Any and all kinds. There's something to enjoy about every one of them—even the weepy kind with mascara trickling down your nose. The ones I like the most, though, are like 'These Three'—you know, the kind that you want to go right home and think about."

We wanted to know if Anne liked the roles which she has been playing, and were assured that she had liked every one of them. "Besides," she said earnestly, "I'm so lucky to be able to play the particular type of young girl I do, because I'm the only one who is doing that type of thing now. I think that the studio knows what's best for me to play anyhow. Whatever they say is all right with me."

That remark should be framed and hung on Hollywood Boulevard. Here is an actress who doesn't think she could outlanguish any Camille to date. Such genuine modesty is rare if not extinct in this town.

You can probably understand now why Anne could play in pictures for over

(*Continued on page 82*)

How Joan made her Party a Success

by John Held Jr



1 "Oh Betty—what am I to do! It's my turn to have the boys and girls up to my house for a party. And our living room curtains and everything are so faded."

2 "Why, Joan, that's easy. Tintex is your answer. It makes faded curtains, drapes, table scarves, lamp-shades and slip covers just like new!"

3 That night—"Why Mother—tinting with Tintex is just fun. You'll never know our living room when we get through. Now I know my party will be a success!"



4 Next night—"Joan, this is such an attractive room—so gay and cheerful. And that's just the way your party is, too. You're some hostess!"



5 Next day—"Miss Clark—I mean, Joan. I had such a pleasant evening at your lovely home. May I call again some evening real soon?"

Tintex Tints and Dyes

WHY have a colorless home—when it is so easy to give everything gay new color with Tintex. In your wardrobe, too, Tintex restores faded colors, or brings different colors, if you wish. 41 fashionable colors at drug stores, notion and toilet goods counters.

PARK & TILFORD, Distributors



AND what a bottle! Smart, streamlined and generous—in keeping with the gorgeous polish it contains . . . Make no mistake—*Chic is as fine a polish as money can buy.* The ultra smart shades are the last word in tone beauty. With them on your dressing table there is no mood or costume that may not be accented with glamorous fingertips, almost as quickly as the thought occurs. Chic applies so easily—so smoothly and so lustrously, yet it never peels or cracks. *Chic Polish Remover*, or *Oily Polish Remover*, a boon to brittle nails, and *Chic Cuticle Remover* complete your finger tip beauty treatment.

Chic Manicure Aids at all Five and Ten Cent Stores 10¢

(*Continued from page 80*)

twelve years before she really got a "break." Oh, yes, she was in over a hundred productions in that time, and did her small roles with unmistakable ability. But the minute the director was through with her would be the last he'd see of the big-eyed small girl. Anne would have retired into the shadows off the set and settled down quietly to looking and listening. When there was a picture plum to be handed out, the directors would give it to some child who was either underfoot herself or had a mama and a press-agent there.

She only forgot her bashfulness with people who didn't look or act too important. George Nicholls, Jr., a cutter on "Rich Man's Folly," a picture in which Anne appeared when she was twelve, was one to whom she felt friendly. Four years later, when Mr. Nicholls was co-director on "Finishing School," he suggested that the little O'Day girl be given an important role. And the next year, when he was given the directorship of "Anne of Green Gables," Mr. Nicholls insisted that the little O'Day girl be given a test for the lead. Every youngster, and not-so youngster, in Hollywood wanted that role—but the rest is history. It was then, too, that Anne had her name legally changed to her present one.

Since then she's been starred in "Only Yesterday" and "Chatterbox." She co-starred with Will Rogers in "Steamboat Round the Bend."

"Will Rogers was *so* grand," Anne told us, her face lighting up at the mention of his name. "Whenever he saw a cameraman coming near for a close-up, Will would turn around and say, 'Come on, Annie, be a sport and let 'em get one of *you*.'"

You will be seeing Anne in "M'Liss" and also in one of the prize packages of the year—Maxwell Anderson's "Winterset." But we wish you could have seen her as we did—curled up in the window-seat of the sun-porch and looking for all the world like a youngster without a responsibility in her life. And yet this girl has known bad fortune and good. And she can take them both.

And romance? Of course, we asked Anne about THAT, being female as well as news-sleuth.

"I guess romance will drift around, too, in time," she said, and added with sparkling brown eyes, "At least I certainly *hope* it will!"

And that's Anne Shirley. She wastes as much time kidding you as herself. Which totals no time wasted. As honest as she is pretty, as sincere as she is talented, and as level-headed as she is red-headed, this girl couldn't side-step success or "flop" in anything.

Hollywood's Bad Boy

(*Continued from page 41*)

Wally always remarks that his old man was right.

"He believed that a stiff rap over the head with a nightstick was the best preventative of crime."

He attended the funeral of Carol Ann's mother and, when one of her little brothers asked why they threw that dirt on his mama, Wally cried. He's a sentimental and tender-hearted goof. He liked to work with the late Marie Dressler and still thinks "Min and Bill" a good bit of business. He isn't ill-tempered but he stands up for his rights against the world. An executive once said to him, after a set-to on the lot:

"Wally, why don't you be a good guy? Why are you always scrapping with someone? That won't get you anywhere!"

"Yeah?" said Wally. "And I suppose you got from running a five-cent theatre to where you are by letting people walk on your face?"

The executive walked away, very fast, without saying a word. Wallace laughed.

Wally once walked from Times Square to New Rochelle to get a job as a cop in the movies, but it rained and he had to walk back in it without getting the promised five bucks for the day. He was once a chorus man, but so were James Cagney, Jack Oakie and several other he-men stars. Once, when a girl told Wally that his face was drooping like a frost-bitten pumpkin, he saved a hundred bucks to have it lifted, but the specialist wanted five hundred, so Wally let the face ride as was.

THE role he disliked most was the one he played in "Grand Hotel." He's a baby and, when he gets a pain or a tummy ache, he walks right out of the picture and goes home to mummy and hot packs. He cannot stand physical pain as well as most men. His trousers, even when he is dressed up, seem always about to let everything go and fall off. He once directed a picture in Japan. He insists that the two best rules for a happy marriage are, speaking of picture stars:

"Keep your wife away from the studio. She hasn't any business there. Let her run the house, you haven't any business trying to butt in."

"Never marry a woman who wants to have a career!"

He tied with Fredric March in 1932 for the Academy Award for the best male performance of the year. He insists on quitting, even if there is more work to do, at 5 P.M. every night. He and Garbo!

He has no complaint about life and thinks he's done darn well.

"Edison started out as a newsboy and a train 'butcher,'" says Wally, "and he ended up being the world's greatest inventor. Ford thought up a way to make cheap automobiles and now is one of the world's richest men. I started out as a chambermaid to a herd of elephants and I live now in a swell dump in Beverly Hills. It's a funny world, ain't it?"

He calls all men "Keed!" and all women "Dear"—nothing can break him of the practice. On location with "Old Ironsides," he made a pet of a seal which insisted on swimming close to the ship. When Jimmie Cruz prepared to dynamite some of the old ships for a battle scene, Wally held up several hundred people, on production, for two hours until he was sure his seal was safe.

He once owned a yacht, but when his wife made him buy and wear a formal yachting costume, he sold it. Claimed the damn thing made him uncomfortable. He walks right through mud puddles and never seems to know they are there while others go around them.

He has a robust sense of humor and isn't afraid to laugh long and loud.

Do You Believe in Miracles?

(*Continued from page 61*)

seemingly insurmountable difficulties stare you in the face. And I'm going to do it right now.

LET'S start on legs. If your legs are fat, the problem isn't so difficult. If they are muscular, it's more difficult, but still possible! Here's what you can do, first, for the calves:

Sit down on the floor, one leg bent up at the knee—the leg you're going to work on. Now take hold of the fleshy part of your calf with your two hands. Squeeze, and put plenty of energy behind it. Keep your thumbs against the shin bones and with the fingers, thumbs and palms, dig in under the leg muscles and squeeze the fat off. Don't pinch yourself, that's wrong, and it won't do any good. Squeeze with the heel of the hand and the fingers. The legs must be absolutely relaxed. Your hands do all the work. Give ten minutes to each leg, every day. You won't see any world-shaking improvement by just doing it once. You've got to keep this up and keep it up. And, babies, it will work! I used this same treatment on Constance Cummings. You know Connie was a dancer in musical comedy in New York before she went to Hollywood. And she had developed muscles in her legs like Pop Eye the Sailor. Now, they are slim and lovely—mama did it! And I'm telling you how you can do the same thing.

Now, the ankles. Let me repeat, if it's bone construction that makes your ankles big, you can expect to do only so much. But for goodness sakes do what you can. Above all, don't sit back and say, "It's no use." It is some use, because the following exercise will slenderize your ankles remarkably and besides that, keep them supple. Then, with a clever choice of hose and shoes, and graceful management of your feet and legs, you can even make the ankles appear much slimmer than they actually are by measurement.

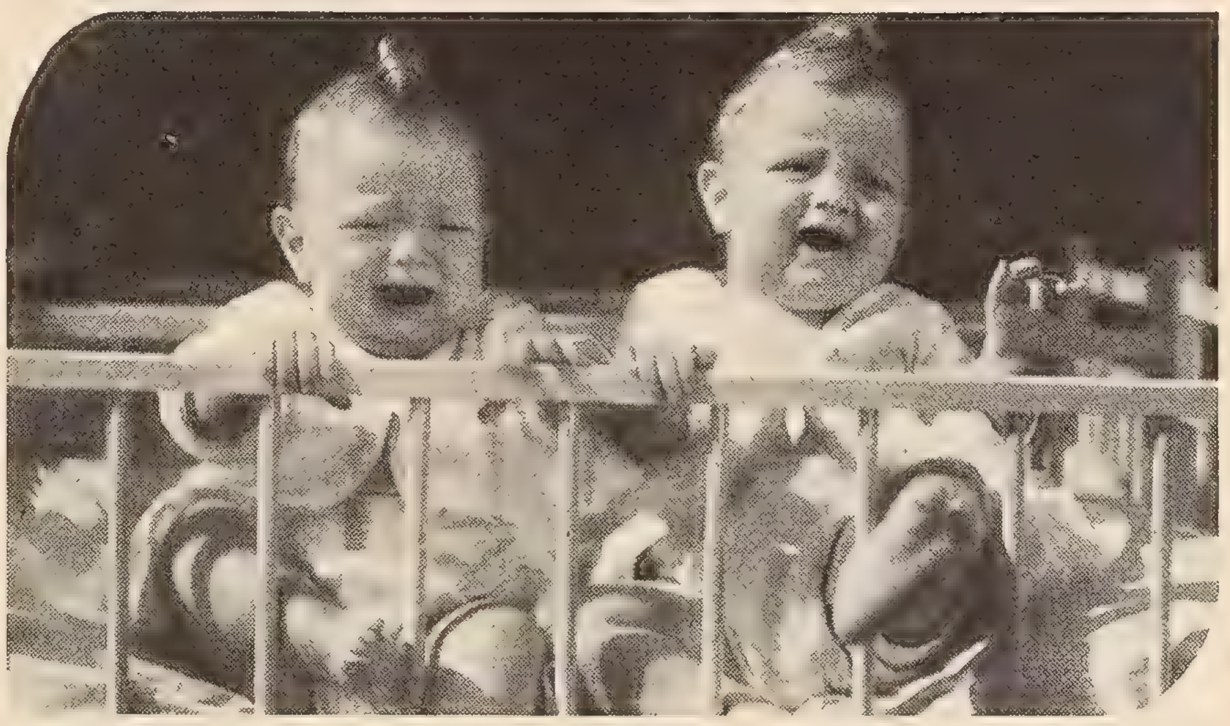
Here is the exercise for slimming the ankles: Lie flat on the floor, feet together, toes pointed. Arms straight out above your head. Now, from this straight-line position, bend up and try to touch the tips of your toes with your fingers. Be sure to keep the knees stiff. You probably can't do it at first, but never mind, keep at it until you do it correctly. Another thing, don't turn your toes up—keep them pointed away from you. You'll feel a tingling, pulling sensation in your ankles. That's swell. That means you are doing it correctly. That sensation means that the fat is coming off and the muscles are being stretched within an inch of their lives. Incidentally, this same exercise will limber up your whole body and strengthen the abdominal muscles.

HERE'S another ankle exercise, just for variety's sake. I'm certainly generous this month, am I not? But, babies, I expect you to be just as generous with your will-power and gumption to do as I tell you. That's fair enough, isn't it?

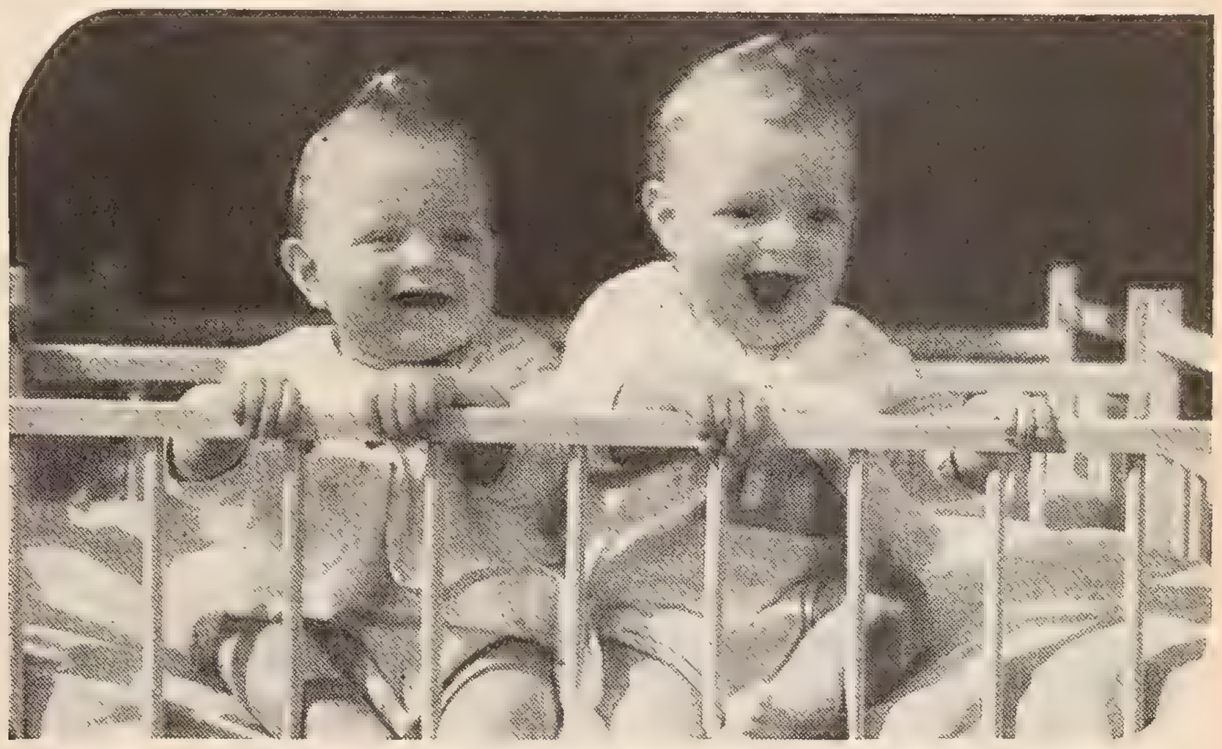
Now here we go: sit on the floor, legs stretched straight out. Hands placed behind you to brace your body. Now lift your hips off the floor, so that a straight line is formed from your shoulders to your toes. You are now supporting your body with only the palms of your hands and your heels. Everything else off the floor. Now bend your toes forward and down, trying to touch the floor with them.



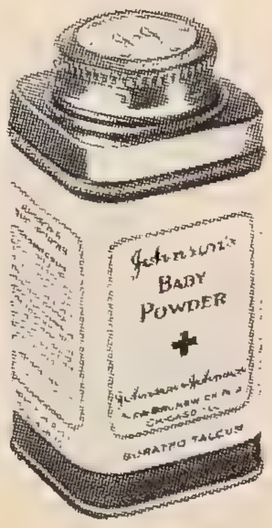
"What! Go to bed? . . . Well, that's a dirty trick! We let you get us dressed up, and we did stunts for your old company . . . and now your dinner's ready, you pack us off to bed!"



"We won't lie down and go to sleep! Not one eye will we close all night long . . . you'll see how much noise twins can make! Our feelings are hurt—and we're prickly and cross!"



"Ah-h . . . ! She's getting the Johnson's Baby Powder! (Good teamwork, eh?) When we get rubbed with that silky-slick powder, we'll purr like kittens. Mother—we forgive you!"



• • •

"I'm Johnson's Baby Powder—the comfort and joy of millions of babies, because I soothe away prickly heat and all the little chafes and irritations that make them cross. The talc I'm made of is the finest, rarest Italian kind—no gritty particles and no orris-root. And I have three helpers in taking care of babies' skins—Johnson's Baby Soap, Baby Cream and Baby Oil. Try them, too!"

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK NEW JERSEY

IF Perspiration were a TIGER



—you'd jump to protect yourself from its ravages! Yet the insidious corroding acid of perspiration can destroy the under-arm fabric of your dresses as surely, as completely, as the scarifying claws of a tiger's paw!

Answers to thousands of questionnaires revealed the astounding fact that during the past year perspiration spoiled garments for 1 woman in 3! What appalling wasteful extravagance, when a pair of Kleinert's Dress Shields would have saved any one of them at trifling cost.

And this *surest* form of perspiration protection is now the *easiest* also! Kleinert's Bra-form is a dainty uplift bra equipped with shields—always ready, *without any sewing*, to wear with any dress at any moment. A supply of two or three solves the perspiration problem for the busiest woman and they're as easily swished through the nightly soapsuds as your stockings and lingerie!

Just ask for "Kleinert's" at your favorite notion counter—shields, 25¢ and up; Bra-forms, $1.00 and up.



Kleinert's
T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
DRESS SHIELDS
Guaranteed BY GOOD HOUSEKEEPING AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

Go on, stretch and touch those toes to the floor. Now come back to the first position and repeat.

Do either one or both of these ankle exercises a few times every day and work up to at least twenty times.

And here's another little trick. After the calf-squeezing and ankle-slimming routine is over each time, spread a heavy turkish towel over your legs and ankles and beat hard through it, with the palm of your hand. Don't be a "softie," slap good and hard; that smashes down the fatty tissues and helps the good work along. Keep the muscles entirely relaxed, always. Don't tighten up at all.

Now get busy and show mama how good you are, and I give you my word that you can work miracles with fat or heavy legs and ankles with the above treatments. It's hard, uphill work, I'll admit, in the exaggerated cases. It's no snap even in the milder cases. I'm not kidding you on that score, and you must not kid yourself. But who cares? Isn't it worth it? Just think, in the next few months, you will have so slenderized your legs and ankles, you need no longer feel self-conscious about them! It costs not a dime, it just takes time! Well, for heaven's sake, did you hear that? Sylvia's getting poetic! Me and Shakespeare. Gosh, I'd better cut that out and get back to business.

When ankles are bloated and puffy from too much standing, as can happen to people who must stand at their work and to the housewife who must traipse around all day, here is a treatment which will make those puffy ankles look better and feel better:

FILL the bathtub partially full of very hot water. Place a basin of cold water on the floor beside the tub. Sit on the edge of the tub and put your feet into the hot water. It should be just as hot as you can possibly stand it. Keep your feet there as long as you can. Then out with them, and pop them into the cold water for just a second. Now back into the hot water. Alternate between the hot and cold plunges for ten minutes. Dry them carefully and thoroughly and then march into your bedroom, taking with you a bottle of rubbing alcohol. I said *rubbing!* Lie on the bed and take up one foot at a time and give it an alcohol rub. Massage the toes. Take the toes in the palm of your hand and rotate them. Knead the instep. Your feet will feel so good that you'll want to do an Astaire around the room when you get through. It's a good idea to sleep with your feet on a pillow, too, to get rid of puffiness. You'll be surprised how it rests them.

Bow-legs are another problem which I want to take up. There's a trick to this: you take the fat off the outside of the leg and leave it on the inside, thereby making your legs look straighter than they actually are. You can use the same squeezing-slapping treatment I just mentioned for the calves.

Here's another good exercise: you need someone to help you do this. Lie flat on the bed, on your back. Your assistant puts one of your feet on her shoulder. Then she takes the heel in one hand and pulls it hard, meanwhile pressing against the toes and sole of your foot just as firmly as she possibly can, with the palm of her other hand. Encourage her to put plenty of energy behind this—a slow, not a jerky, pull. It will help straighten out the outside of your legs Give five minutes to each leg and don't waste a minute of the time.

For heavy thighs and upper legs, there is an exercise I gave last month, in connection with that little matter of reducing the abdomen. I mentioned at the time that it would turn a trick for the thighs, too. If you missed it, you can have it by writing to me for it.

Thin legs are another problem which most sufferers are inclined to regard as hopeless. "Oh, I know my legs are pipe stems. All my family have thin legs. There's nothing I can do about it." That's the usual excuse and what a thin, skinny excuse it is! The earlier one starts to develop skinny legs the better, of course, and I do hope mothers of spindle-shanked children will take the hint.

If you're thin all over, you want to develop all over, naturally. For that, a building-up diet, which I've given in these pages before and which I'll send you for the asking if you've missed it and need it. However, since legs are my immediate problem, I must tell you that flesh won't settle on the legs with the ease that it sneaks up on the hips and such. Corrective exercises are necessary. Swimming is excellent, riding a bicycle is good, too. And tap dancing is a good leg developer. If you haven't a bicycle, here's the bicycle exercise:

Lie on your back. Bring your legs up into the air, and keep them there. Now just make believe you are riding a bicycle. That's all—but put plenty of knee action into it, and push as if you were pedalling up a hill.

NOW, my darlings, I want to give you a diet and exercise for the bust. The reduction of this part of the body takes patience, common sense and work. You can't rush headlong into it. You must never use strenuous methods on this part of the body. Never massage the breasts for reducing. You must depend mostly on diet to decrease their size. First, you should go on my general reducing diet for ten days. I've given it here before, but if you haven't it, send for it at once.

After the ten-day reducing diet, you do the following: When you get up—and get up early, if you don't mind!—drink a glass of hot or cold water with a little lemon juice in it. Two hours later, take six ounces of buttermilk. If you think you don't like buttermilk, learn to like it—it's good for you. If you can't learn to like it, drink it anyway. You've got to do a lot of things in life that you don't want to do, and one more little thing isn't going to hurt you. Continue to drink six ounces of buttermilk every two hours, from the time you get up until you go to bed. And don't forget the glass of water every morning. If you find that too strenuous, you can take a cup of beef broth, consomme, tomato juice or fresh fruit juices occasionally . . . in between. But remember, three days on liquid. Then the other four days of the week, back to my general reducing diet, with the single exception that you eat very little meat. Go heavily on the fresh fruits and vegetables. Stay away from starches and take no soup or water with your meals. Stick to this alternating routine until your breasts are the size you wish them to be. And always be sure that you eliminate properly.

Now comes the exercise. This is to firm the muscles and flesh of the bust while reducing, or if they are flabby or sagging. You've got work to do, so let's begin.

First, get yourself a good uplift brassiere, one that gives you proper support. But be sure it doesn't bind you. Then: get a broom or a yardstick. Stand straight. Hold the broom or yardstick in both hands, horizontally across the body. Arms at the sides. Now raise the arms straight out in front of you, and continue on up until your arms are straight above your head, with the stick still in a horizontal position. Stretch up as high as you can. Now, as you bend the arms at the elbows,

bring the stick down behind your head until it passes the neck and is across the back of your shoulders. This will force you to keep the shoulders back. Now follow the same course back to the first position. What does this do? I'll tell you: there are muscles on each side of your chest, which run from the top of the breast to the shoulder. This exercise will tighten those muscles and strengthen them so that they can support the weight of the bust. Think about these muscles all the time you're doing this exercise. Concentrate on them. Work in front of a mirror, so that you'll know you're doing it properly. Ten times a day at the start and work up to twenty times. Do it every day, and no back-sliding, do you hear?

HERE'S one last thing: I'm planning an article on beautifying your face by other means than slapping on a little make-up, although make-up is important, too. But right here I want to mention that difficult feature that can make or mar a lovely face, the well known nose. Noses that are too broad, too flat, or too pudgy, you can change. You can't change the bone formation, of course. But the rest you can do. Here's how:

Go to work on that part of your nose which you don't like. Say your nose is too broad. With the second and third fingers of each hand, press firmly on either side of the nose. Use a slight rotary movement and press firmly. Ease up on the pressure a little as you work outward away from the nose, and then move upward and off toward the cheek bones—always a circular movement and never pull or stretch the skin. If you have fat on the tip of your nose, follow this treatment there. (That's what I did for Ruth Chatterton.) A few minutes a day and you'll be surprised how quickly you will notice a marked improvement. A finely chiseled nose is elegant—and for the movie stars it photographs much better. That's a tip for little Alice Faye.

Now, run along and get busy. And write to mama when you want help or get stuck. I'm sitting here with a nice pile of fresh stationery and a brand new ribbon in my typewriter. Don't forget, you supply the envelope, with your name and address and a stamp on it for your reply. That goes for my special consultation and measurement chart, too. Those of you who have had one, will need another one for the next four weeks—and the rest of you had better send for it right away—it's free. So, babies, get out your scissors and clip!

Madame Sylvia,
MODERN SCREEN,
149 Madison Ave.,
New York, N. Y.

Dear Madame Sylvia:

Please send me your Special Consultation and Measurement chart for weight control.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....
(Please enclose stamped, self-addressed envelope)

FROM HOLLYWOOD . . . POWDER, ROUGE, LIPSTICK

Created to *Accent the Beauty* OF BLONDES, BRUNETTES

Discover how you, too, like screen stars, can dramatize your beauty with Max Factor's new make-up . . ,powder, rouge and lipstick created in color harmony shades for every type.



The Powder Shade That Can Make You Lovely

Max Factor's Powder in the color harmony shade for your type will enliven your skin with youthful radiance and give you a satin-smooth finish that lasts for hours. When you see the magic effect of this powder on your skin, you will know why Hollywood stars call Max Factor the genius of make-up . . . Max Factor's Powder in color harmony shades, $1.



The Perfect Color of Rouge For Your Type

Rouge in your color harmony shade will give your cheeks an exquisite color that looks perfectly natural in any light because Max Factor has created it for your individual coloring...The creamy-smooth texture blends easily and clings persistently for hours. Max Factor's Rouge in color harmony shades, 50c.



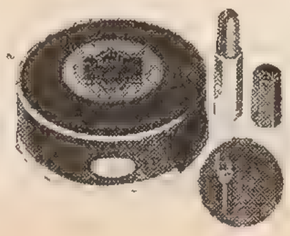
Lipstick Shades That Can Make Your Lips Alluring

Max Factor has created lipstick in color harmony shades that dramatize every type, and harmonize with the powder and rouge...Max Factor's lipstick is *Super*-Indelible...the alluring color lasts indefinitely. Keeps lips smooth and young. Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick in color harmony shades, $1.

MERLE OBERON
in Samuel Goldwyn's
"THESE THREE"
illustrates her color harmony in Max Factor's Make-Up.

Max Factor ★ Hollywood

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Fair ☐	Gray ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Creamy ☐	Green ☐	BRUNETTE
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	BRUNETTE
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Freckled ☐	LASHES (Color)	REDHEAD
Olive ☐	Light ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
SKIN Dry ☐	Dark ☐	If Hair is Gray, check type above and here ☐
Oily ☐ Normal ☐	AGE	

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W. G. Mennen

MENNEN *Antiseptic* POWDER

Clothes That Go Places!

(*Continued from page 66*)

with such a lavish hand that her ideas and suggestions will be impractical for us.

Una told me that her idea of really enjoying a trip is to have enough clothes packed in her suitcase so that she doesn't have to stop and ponder on what she can wear every time she makes a change—yet not be so burdened down with bags that her husband wants to drop her off the train before she gets half way to her destination. There's a hint for you brides-to-be who think you have to take along a year's supply of clothes on your honeymoon.

HER first consideration is a good, comfortable and smart traveling outfit. You can see it on page 66. It's a very patriotic color scheme for Decoration Day being red, white and blue basket weave woolen. Her skirt is blue and the smart, trimly buttoned jacket is flame red. Topping this is a white coat made on the new straighter lines with front button closing. A blue and flame red chiffon scarf tucks into the neckline and her brimmed felt hat is red with blue feather trim. Her handbag matches her coat fabric and navy blue sandals with flat heels complete this very wearable and good looking costume.

Of this ensemble, Una said to me, "I really think that I favor this ensemble over any other in my entire wardrobe. This is the season of the year when colors impress me and I amaze myself at the brilliance of the colors I choose."

Still very patriotic is a two-piece silk print that Una recommends as an alternate traveling costume and for general daytime wear, wherever you might go. The print is a white star design on a blue background. The blouse is made like a jacket with buttons of the print brought through pennant-like appliques of white to form a unique trimming detail. Be sure to take a good look at Una's sea-blue felt hat—it's one of the new mannish types that looks so giddy in contrast with a feminine dress. The banding is navy blue ribbon.

Two sports dresses go into Una's suitcase. One is the classic shirtmaker dress that tops all sports lists every year. This is shown on page 65 and it is an example of the white dress with color contrast which I was mentioning earlier. Of silk crepe, the bodice has a deep yoke with inverted pleats used to give a soft fullness below the yoke. Blue buttons fasten the blouse up to the high turnover collar at her throat and also hold down the flap pockets on the skirt. A navy kid belt and navy grosgrain ribbon band on the wide-brimmed hat further carry out the color accent. Again, you will notice that Una wears the sandal type of shoe, this time with the new high-low heel, a heel slightly higher than the flats.

In her second sports dress, Una reverses the color accent by using white touches to contrast with green in her green and white silk print. This dress, too, is simple in



Here is one of Hollywood's pet play hats. Just a brim of linen with straps which Jean King designed to unbutton for laundering purposes. A perfect hat to pack for week-end jaunts—so cool, too! They come in all the gay pastel shades. The stars are wearing them with their sport togs.

design—it features the same short sleeves but the pockets are on the bodice this time instead of the skirt. The full white tie is one of those nice feminine gestures, just what you'll see time and again on the simpler tailored daytime clothes.

Right at this point I want you to notice particularly how well Una has planned her accessories so that she needs only a few changes while away. Her color scheme of blue and white is repeated all through her travel and sports clothes, with the exception of the green and white print in this group. But, there again, she has used her head because she can interchange her white accessories with both the blue and the green costumes. Thus into her suitcase goes one pair of white sandals and one pair of blue; the latter she wears for traveling. A white tie, white gloves and blue ones, a blue belt and a white one, a white hat and a light blue one and two handbags—there you have all she needs to make just a few outfits look like a dozen. In fact, the white hat could be the only extra beside the red one she uses for traveling. And even though Una wears navy blue oxfords with her printed tailored dress, she could have worn her blue sandals just as well and eliminated that extra pair of shoes. Subtraction is an art in packing skillfully.

The three charming dresses on pages 64 and 65 are in the Merkel closet, ready for packing in a hurry. Una can make a selection from either one of the three, confident that they will fit into any evening party while she's vacationing. And each one being either of lace or lace and another fabric, it will look fresh and unrumpled upon arrival.

Una says of her evening clothes, "In buying an evening gown I do just the opposite from what I do in selecting my daytime clothes. I pass up the tailored and go thoroughly feminine. I want to feel fluffy, even a bit frivolous—not as though I were dressed in a man's tuxedo. Formal gowns should be woman's one outlet for all of her 'lavender and old lace' yearnings. Her one great care, however, should concern what she wears with such a gown. Adrian, my screen designer, once gave me an interesting tip. It helped me and I am sure it will help a great many others.

"He said, 'When you are dressed for an occasion, whether it is for luncheon at noon or a formal dinner at night, and somehow you don't feel quite right in what you are wearing—take something off. Don't put anything more on.'

"That was a true statement; try it some time. Take off that extra clip or bracelet, or perhaps remove the earrings or a hair ornament. Then see how much better dressed it will make you appear."

The first of Una's evening gowns, pictured, is black lace, and it certainly lives up to her credo on evening clothes. The pert, flaring peplum, the unusual flaring line of the neckline and the outflung swish of the skirt all have that frivolous look she cherishes.

The second dress isn't quite as practical a traveler as the first, Una explained to me, because the full net skirt has to be pressed out upon emerging from suitcase quarters. The jacket of pale yellow lace, to match the skirt, is short and tightly fitted with the wide collar piped in the skirt material. A huge bunch of flowers is pinned on the bodice—these are artificial, but Una interchanges them with real ones when they are available.

And the last dress is one of those soft dinner dresses that can be worn for a dozen and one different occasions. The skirt is fawn-color silk crepe with a cascade ruffle of brown lace down the front and more of the lace edging the hem. The blouse, also of the dark lace, has a jabot at the



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neckline. This is definitely the "lavender and old lace" type of dress Una meant.

And there you have one of the best planned wardrobes for going places on a jiffy's notice that I've seen in a long time. The reason I said that this group of costumes offered good tips for brides, as well as holiday travelers, is because every item in Una's wardrobe, pictured here this month, would be perfect for trousseaux, too.

Before signing off, I know you'd like a last-minute bulletin on what Grace Moore took with her to Europe from Hollywood shops and designers. Loving the culotte dresses, she took almost a dozen of them, all in cotton or silk, either printed or monotone, with blue predominating, however, and all in a length just below the knee.

Grace took Hollywood-designed sports clothes because she believes that no other place inspires quite such perfect sports clothes as does California. A number of more formal afternoon costumes were in delicate flower prints—and she took along a hatbox filled with large-brimmed hats to accompany these.

Chiffons and softly tailored silk prints for evening gowns, as well as several of the new dinner suits in soft fabrics, went into her trunks.

And there, my friends, are wardrobe ideas for trips from two days to several months! So start your first week-end off in just the right clothes, but not too many of them.

There's a trick to packing easily and adequately for short or long trips. Hollywood stars are prize packers and so I have made some of their best tips into a leaflet called "Roundtrip Travel Pointers." It's absolutely free, merely send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Adelia Bird, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Foods that Score a Grand Slam

(*Continued from page 17*)

could ruin our appetites for dinner, not to mention what we did to our figures."

"All we came together for, primarily, was to visit and play bridge, without a *thought* of food," declared Marsha, casting an extremely interested look toward the approaching refreshments which created some doubt in my mind upon the complete sincerity of her statement.

I, ON the other hand, viewed the advent of tea with the greatest enthusiasm. Not that I was at all hungry. Of course not! I simply and unselfishly wanted to see if I could collect any bridge-party suggestions to pass on to you. Naturally, I had to sample the cake to see if I could recommend it. So I did, and I could, and I do. For it turned out to be something entirely different in the line of fruit cake, made with strawberry jam, delicately spiced and light enough in texture to be enjoyed as a spring or even a summer sweet. I got the recipe for this cake from Arline before leaving, you may be sure.

With the cake the hottest and most fragrant tea imaginable was served. And the only time a servant appeared during the entire time I was there was to replenish the supply of hot water! For Arline, herself, set the table informally, poured the tea, dispensed the cake and passed the tray of tea accompaniments. The latter supplied quite a festive note. The tray itself was fitted with little glass compartments, each filled with something attractively colorful and different. There were lemon slices in one, of course—each with three or four cloves stuck in them. In another there were candied cherries, and next to that there were strips of candied orange peel. In still another dish there were pastel tinted mints. One glass compartment held salted nuts and one was filled to the brim with kumquats, those brightly colored preserved Chinese fruits that resemble oranges, but are about the size of small plums. In each of these was stuck a colored toothpick with which to pick them up and eat them. Cheese popcorn also appeared on the tray.

It was the most appetizing-looking tray I've ever seen! And the only work entailed was in assembling as wide a variety of tempting items as possible. You, too, might try out this idea the next time you have guests whom you wish to impress at a minimum of trouble to yourself. Naturally, you can cut down on the number of things you serve, since Arline's shelves probably are better stocked than most of ours. But try not to have less than five items if you want to make a real impression.

After getting Arline's promise of the cake recipe and after pictures had been taken of the bridge (and tea) enthusiasts, I went about the business of discovering the special dishes the others planned to serve the next time the four met.

AS I told you before, I go in for sandwiches," Wynne Gibson assured me between bites. "I constantly invent or discover new sandwich spreads and vary them still further by using different breads. Ever think how many kinds there are? White bread, graham bread, rye bread, bran bread, Boston brown bread, finger rolls and baking powder biscuits, to name just a few. Some spreads taste better on one special kind of bread. Others are vastly improved by tucking them between halves of hot, split biscuits. Still others gain originality by combining two breads in one sandwich—white bread and cracked wheat, for instance. I believe in using sweet as well as non-sweet fillings to allow guests to sample and choose, particularly if no other sweet is served. My favorite spreads include a sardine mixture, two peanut-butter spreads—one sweet and one not—and one meat and cheese combination, among others."

In a few quick words Wynne outlined recipes for them, all of which I carefully copied down and which you will now find printed on a recipe card in this month's Modern Hostess leaflet. Want to have a copy? Well you'll find a coupon at the end of this article that will conveniently and quickly bring a set to you—free of charge!

Included in the leaflet also is the Judge Jam Cake I was raving about before. And, of course, I wouldn't dream of leaving out Paula's and Marsha's specialties, so you'll find them in the leaflet, too.

Paula it seems is an ice cream addict of the most pronounced variety. During the fresh berry season her symptoms become even more acute than usual, so that, at



Strawberry pies and tarts are Marsha Hunt's chefs-d'oeuvre. And when served à la mode they can't be beaten. Her recipe is in this month's folder.

this time of year, she always serves a fresh fruit sundae. To make this she places lady fingers, split and cut in half, in the individual serving dishes. The lady fingers are moistened with a little fresh fruit juice before the ice cream is added. Then a big scoop of the smooth, fruit filled ice cream is placed on top of the lady fingers and flocks of whole berries are used as garnish. The Raspberry Ice Cream recipe she recommends—and which I have for you in the leaflet—can be made in an automatic refrigerator, or with a slight change, it can be frozen in an old-fashioned freezer. Directions for both methods are given on the card.

Marsha Hunt is a berry and ice cream enthusiast, too, but as she also favors pastries, her refreshments take the form of Strawberry Tarts à la Mode—a cute idea and a delicious combination. Make the tarts according to Marsha's recipe, top each with a spoonful of ice cream and wait confidently for appreciation and praise—for you'll get it. That is, you will if you follow this particular recipe. And since all you have to do to get your set of these four food trump cards is to ask for them—you shouldn't miss this opportunity. Served over the bridge table, the lunch table or the dinner table they're sure to supply you with a winning hand and hand-out! And this is one game where the rules are easy to follow and the hostess is sure to be the winner!

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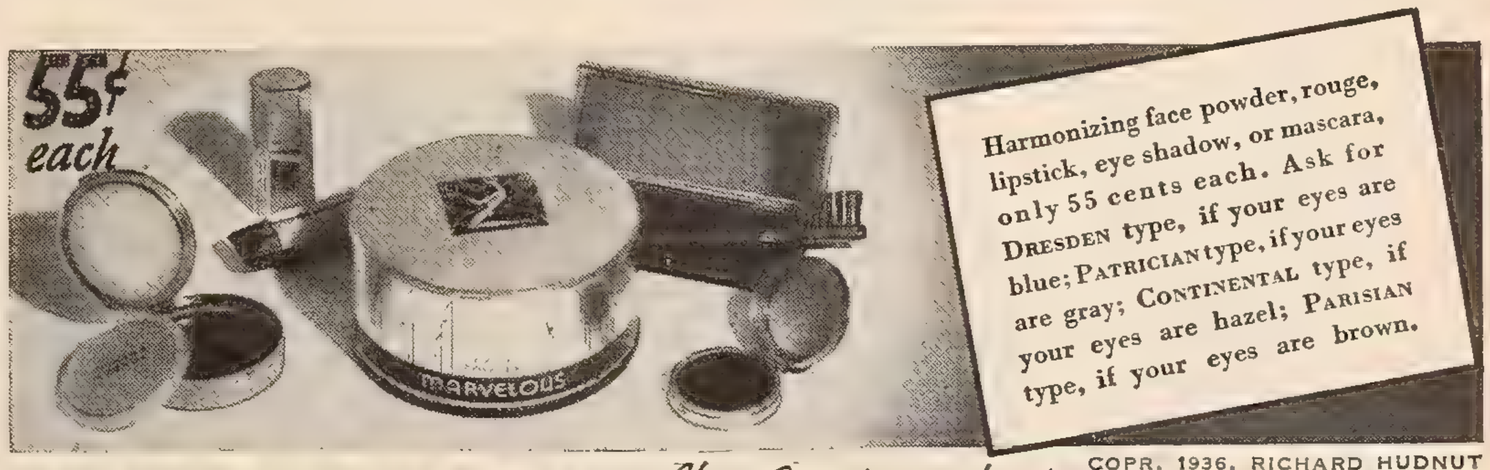
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The Private Life of Joan and Tone

(*Continued from page 35*)

her Mrs. Tone yet. Guess I'll try that tomorrow."

The changes in the house turned out to be a source of delight to Joan. The old dining-room was now transformed into a music room. Bill Haines had covered the walls with beige leather and inlaid the ceiling with solid cork. Drum-shaped wall brackets supplied a soft light. It is here that Joan and Franchot pursue their vocal work which may some day surprise their friends.

The new dining-room is the realization of one of Joan's fondest dreams. It is so large that Mr. and Mrs. Tone would have to send messages by carrier pigeon, if they hadn't been wise enough to have an extra small table for two. It is at a bay window at the far end of the room and overlooks the pool and beautiful gardens. It is here they dine when there are no guests to grace the Duncan Phyfe banquet board that centers the room. The walls are white and hand-carved in a morning glory pattern. There are underglass panels of hand-painted taffeta. The draperies are of the finest embroidered dubonnet velvet.

Franchot's room is a combination of artistic beauty and masculine comfort. Joan gave it to him as a Christmas present and, typical of Joan, she kept it a secret until Christmas Eve. Promptly at five in the afternoon, seven men in a huge truck drove up in front of the house. Orders had been given weeks before and everything was in readiness. When Franchot went down to the library to wrap some last-minute packages, Joan turned on the radio full blast. The men were then given the signal to go to work.

Exactly thirty minutes later, Franchot Tone was the proud possessor of a brand new room. Furniture had been placed, rugs put down, draperies hung, with each man having his own particular job to do. Brown and white is the color scheme. The chairs are brown wool, with brown leather backs. The rug matches. The window cornices are covered with brown leather and trimmed with brass nail heads. The moment the workmen were finished, Joan raced downstairs. Grabbing Franchot by the hand, she made him close his eyes, as she led the way. Piloting him to the center of the room, Joan cried, "Merry Christmas."

Outside of an occasional dinner at the Ambassador, Joan and Franchot are seldom seen in public. Life is so complete, they seldom feel the need of contact with the outside world. One night, when I happened to be dining there, Joan remarked that it had been months since she had danced to good music. Franchot, being an obliging husband, stepped to the radio and tuned in on Eddie Duchin's orchestra.

"May I have the honor of this dance?" he asked Joan, in mock-formality.

"You may, sir," answered Joan coyly. Swinging her up in his arms, Franchot and Joan whirled around the table while the butler, trying to suppress a smile, served the soup.

SATURDAY night is the one night that Joan and Franchot entertain their friends. Usually there are about six people at the table. On rare occasions there have been as many as ten. The Fred Astaires, Jean Dixon, the Irving Berlins and myself are among the more regular guests. Occasionally, Joan and Franchot entertain the Sam Goldwyns, the Gary Coopers and the Gene Markeys. A picture is run in the little theatre and Joan drives herself crazy trying to find a film that no one has seen. One night she had six different pictures of which each person had seen at least one.

"I'm going to form my own company and produce my own pictures," remarked Joan despairingly. "Then you'll see pictures you've never seen before—and probably hope you'll never see again!"

Every day from four to six, unless they are working, Joan and Franchot sing for Signor Morondo. If they feel that anyone is interested and tolerant of their ambitions, he will be invited to listen. If he is lucky he may hear them try a duet from "Traviata." Irving Berlin witnessed a lesson recently and came away completely amazed. Stokowski, the famous conductor, marvelled at their appreciation of good music.

During the week when one or both are working, the Tones retire early. They usually go into the library after dinner and sit before the fire. Sometimes Franchot reads aloud to Joan. If he has lines to learn, Joan sits quietly over a loom and works on hooked rugs. She has completed three of them since the first of the year and plans to present them to her friends next Christmas. Their pet Dachshunds, "Pupchen" and "Baby," receive a great deal of attention. Each dog sits at his master's feet and gazes up with rapt devotion. When Joan gives the word, "Baby" curls up on the train of her dress and goes to sleep. Franchot usually gives "Pupchen" a better break and allows him to climb up in his lap.

I HAD never hoped to find so much beauty in one person," Franchot told me shortly after their marriage. "Besides her physical beauty, Joan possesses a beautiful mind and a spiritual quality that is going to carry her to supreme heights. Joan has a talent that hasn't as yet been touched.

"When I came to Hollywood, I merely wanted to make money. I had no intention of remaining and little dreamed that such happiness could be in store for me. In Joan I found everything I had ever hoped to find—all in one woman. It was through her persuasion that I took up singing. It is one of the thrills of my life and such a soul-satisfying means of expression."

"Franchot never ceases to amaze me," said Joan. "He is the most honest person I have ever met and I do admire honesty. He has a wonderful perspective on everything. We are so good for each other, because when I get upset, I think emotionally. Franchot has a reserve that is a godsend. It saves him so much and allows him to handle a situation so much better. His ideas are good and he has such a nice way of carrying them out. He is a highly interesting conversationalist. Besides loving him as a husband, I have great admiration for him as a man."

One of the prime factors in the happiness between Joan Crawford and Franchot is their great respect for each other. Both feel respect and consideration for the other and his work, which is the basic foundation of true love. For years Franchot acted on the New York stage and spent the balance of the night in speakeasies. By day he would sleep until it was time to go to work again. The happiness he is now enjoying was an unknown quantity. Joan, having had her fill of gay

times, more than appreciates the sanctity of her own home and the peace that comes with love and companionship. Is it any wonder that their mutual love for life and living has created a beautiful kindred spirit for Mr. and Mrs. Franchot Tone?

Lombard, Ltd.

(*Continued from page 39*)

goes on anyway, but more than likely, she'll say, like a good sport and a good pal:

"Well, if I help you, then will you go?"

And Carole, herself, takes a turn at the adding machine and the typewriter!

SURE, Fieldsie has a swell job. A lot of very efficient secretaries would give their eye teeth to be in her spot. I don't know but what I wouldn't enjoy it myself—living right in the same beautiful house with one of the most famous women of the screen, knowing her famous friends, sharing her pleasures and her triumphs, going to swanky parties and wearing lovely clothes.

Fieldsie thinks so. She told someone recently: "I'd rather be Carole Lombard's secretary than Garbo, Dietrich, Harlow, Shearer, Crawford and Hepburn all rolled into one big glamorous number. I have more fun."

You think she's kidding? You don't know Fieldsie. She kids, but she speaks the truth. She knows Hollywood, for she started out as a Mack Sennett comedienne. She met Carole when Carole was a Sennett bathing beauty. But I am digressing. Before I tell you how she became Hollywood's No. 1 Secretary, I want to tell you the story back of it.

Being a glamorous movie star doesn't mean that life is always serene, that you are always happy, that you haven't bumps to take in friendship and business, that there aren't heartaches and headaches. Being a star doesn't necessarily mean that because you have great worldy possessions that you don't need honest, genuine friendship.

And the Lombard-Fieldsie combination started because Carole already had a real and proven friend in Madelayne. I've already said Carole isn't above doing a turn at the adding machine to give her pal a lift over business cares. Why, do you suppose? Because Fieldsie has been giving her lifts ever since they first became friends. Fieldsie has given much to Carole and Carole tries to give back in return. That's friendship, real and rare in these days or any days for that matter.

WELL, then let's go back to the Mack Sennett days. Madelayne was a pretty successful comedienne. She's six feet tall, and in those days she weighed pounds and pounds. This last year she has taken off, under a doctor's careful eye, sixty of them. With her lovely face and now this approachingly well proportioned figure, she's a beautiful girl. But that is still another story.

As I said, Carole was a bathing beauty. The gals became good friends. How? How do you become friends with anyone? It just happens. They liked each other. Madelayne, with her ready wit and humor, was always the center of an applauding group. Carole found her vastly entertaining. As for Fieldsie:

"Although I wouldn't admit it, I was terribly self-conscious about my weight. I knew that Carole realized this, for with-

A Breakfast fit for a Queen of the Screen

BETTE DAVIS

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STAR OF THE NEW WARNER BROS. PICTURE "GOLDEN ARROW"

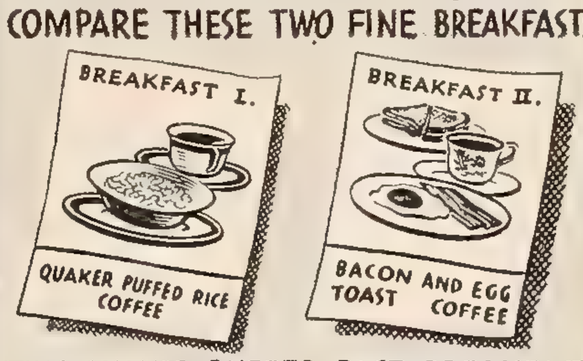


FIT for *king* or *queen* is this favorite breakfast of BETTE DAVIS! Mixing lemon juice with prune juice is a delicious new idea from Hollywood. But the all-star combination that makes this menu such a royal taste-treat is crispy, crunchy Quaker Puffed Rice topped off with raspberries. And what a difference just a bit of cream makes in the scrambled eggs!

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out mentioning it, she used to say and do things that meant a great deal to me. I remember one thing she said which comforted me greatly. 'Beauty is an asset to a woman as long as she has something inside, but if she hasn't, beauty doesn't count.'

"We were friends. I used to talk to her about her job and she would talk to me about mine. One of the first sophisticated roles Carole achieved—remember she was then that pretty little Peters girl from Los Angeles and quite young—was that of the vamp in the Trem Carr independent, with Vera Reynolds as leading lady. We got her into a slinky evening gown and although neither one of us knew a thing about false eyelashes then, we had heard about them and we sent out for a pair. Between us, we pasted them on. Carole looked a sight, but she photographed beautifully. The part was successful and gave her a big boost.

"Pretty soon after this came her Paramount contract. She made 'Fast and Loose' in New York and 'Safety in Numbers' here. I continued to help her. People got the idea I was her secretary, but I wasn't. I was still earning my $35 a day on my own jobs.

"Then came Carole's marriage to Bill Powell. About this time, a friend of mine, Ann Haines, Bill Haines' sister, decided to go to night school to study stenography. I volunteered to keep her company and take French—I thought it might be of some use to me in pictures. I never did take French, but I took shorthand and typewriting. The shorthand characters fascinated me. Lots of girls hate shorthand, but I was never more intrigued with anything.

I USED to beg Bill Powell, who has the the most perfect English diction of any man I know, and whose letters are fine examples of good English, to let me take his letters. He was obliging, although I must have been a trial, for I was slow and inefficient, as any beginner would be. This proved, however, a marvelous experience and a great help in attaining accuracy and speed.

"Carole's career began to boom. All this time I was taking movie jobs as they came along, but suddenly, as Carole shot ahead so fast, I found I did not have time to go to work. She needed too much looking after. This was the latter part of 1931.

"Carole and I talked the matter over —should I go to work as her secretary or should I not? She wanted me and I wanted the job, but I was afraid of ruining a friendship by a business relationship. You know, when money enters, friendship often walks out of the window. But we decided to take a chance.

"It's worked—it's worked for almost five years, despite the fact that Carole and I have many of the same friends and go to the same places. We live in the same house and are together a large part of the day. A great deal of clowning goes on, but when business, actual cold business involving money, comes up we are serious. I do my work as far as I can without consulting her, but when a matter requiring her attention arises I make a definite appointment to talk it over with her. For example, I say, 'I would like to see you tomorrow. How about 9:30 in the morning?' and Carole will probably say, "Okay, but can we make it 10:30? How long will it take?'

"I run the house, pay the servants and the bills, do her income tax, and pay the insurance. I am really a manager rather than a secretary.

"I do not sign checks. Our original agreement was that I would sign no checks. I wouldn't permit her to give me this authority, for I did not want the responsibility of handling someone else's money to that extent. Carole sticks to the bargain to the letter and keeps my books straight by not writing checks or borrowing any money which I don't know about. If she borrows, she tells me about it and I make arrangements to pay up as soon as possible. We have no debts."

It sounds like a pretty sensible arrangement, doesn't it? And Fieldsie's story a logical enough one of her gradual development into an ace secretary. But can't you see, behind her matter of fact remarks how much she must have helped Carole with straight clear thinking and sincere friendship as the glamor queen started upward on the Hollywood success trail?

Their real, genuine feeling for each other is covered up with much clowning and some of the funniest wise-cracking you've ever heard. Fieldsie has been known to mutter, when Carole has been



Adolph-the-Flying-Dutchman met an English admirer when Freddie Bartholomew visited Jean Harlow on her set. Master Fred, you can see, roller skated over to the "Suzy" set!

a little negligent about getting down to business details: "I'm going to fire that gal in the morning!"

AND Carole delights in perpetrating jokes on Fieldsie, like the time when the latter was away on a vacation at Arrowhead and M-G-M kept calling her for a three-day acting job. Fieldsie turned the job down flat, saying that she had too much to do at the Lombard headquarters. But on the second call, while Fieldsie was away, Carole accepted for her and promised to deliver her early Monday. Carole then waited until late Sunday night when it would be too late for Madelayne to break the appointment to call her long distance and tell her she had to do her comedy act at the studio on the morrow. Was Fieldsie mad? Oh, yes, but she couldn't refuse the assignment.

Perhaps you wonder how a secretary, or even a business manager can keep pace in clothes with a famous screen star who must always dress beautifully and expensively. It is a job, but here is where Carole helps out again.

Fieldsie stands pretty much on her own feet, but on the occasion of her birthday and Christmas, Carole always gives her presents and often there is included a lovely evening gown or two, an evening bag and other luxurious accessories. Then there is Carole's birthday. Carole, it seems, doesn't like to receive presents without giving them and on her own birthday she gives practically as much as she receives.

Nice, indeed, but Carole likes to do it and what would she do without Fieldsie to be hardboiled about business matters and keep her from being buffeted around? A woman with a big career such as hers can use a lot of genuine, unaffected shrewd help to keep it running smoothly. Besides, it's pretty nice always having a pal on tap for laughs and relaxation.

Perhaps you understand now why Carole types letters occasionally to help her secretary and enjoys it!

Second Chance

(*Continued from page 37*)

as any. Then, all his obsessions, aberrations and frustrations being neatly catalogued, disposed of and checked out, naturally he fell in love again.

HE met a girl. She was very young, and recently divorced. She was entirely lovely. "She had a lot of healthy young madness in her," is the way Eric says it. They walked around Juan Les Pins, they swam in the moonlight, they bicycled. They found a great, empty, haunted old gambling house on the Island of Campiane and gave an animated and inspired vaudeville performance which echoed through the vast vacancy.

Eric's recovery was almost complete when they joined forces with a group of fun-making young Americans, doing Europe and doing it right. Another group, from Cambridge, appeared out of the azure and were instantly members of the same club. Through France and Spain and Italy, they pursued their merry way. Not the usual time-wasters and money-spenders, but happy young intellectuals who knew where they were going and why—but were not in any great hurry about it. They knew how to play, and for the first time in his life, Eric Linden played. He lost track of time, he

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If moisture once collects on the armhole of your dress, the warmth of your body will bring out stale "armhole odor" each time you wear your dress.



IT is a terrible thing for any nice girl to learn that she is not free from perspiration odor. Yet *9 out of 10 girls who deodorize only* will discover this embarrassing fact by making a simple test.

You owe it to *yourself* to make the test tonight. When you take off your dress, remember to smell the fabric under the arm. If moisture has collected on the armhole, *even once,* you will be able to detect a stale "armhole odor."

You cannot protect yourself *completely* by the use of creams or sticks, which deodorize only. They cannot keep the little hollow under your arm *dry*.

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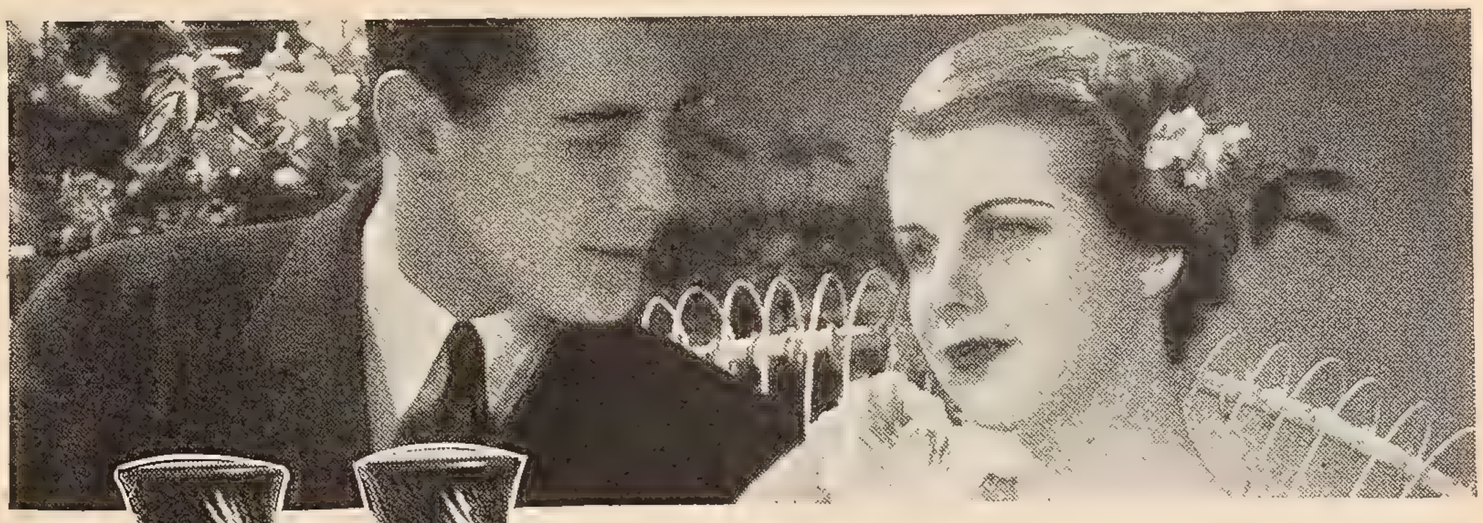
Any doctor will tell you that Odorono is entirely safe. With Odorono, the excess perspiration is simply diverted to less "closed-in" parts of the body, where it is unnoticeable and evaporates freely.

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There's no grease to get on your clothes. And with all moisture banished, there's no risk of spoiling an expensive costume in one wearing. Just by spending those few extra moments required to use Odorono, you'll be repaid not only in assurance of complete daintiness, but in money and clothes saved, too!

Odorono comes in two strengths—Regular and Instant. Regular Odorono (Ruby colored) need be used only twice a week. For especially sensitive skin or hurried use, use Instant Odorono (Colorless) daily or every other day. At all toilet-goods counters.

If you want to be completely at ease and assured, send today for samples of the two Odoronos and leaflet on complete underarm dryness offered below.



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City *State*

didn't have to be any place at eight o'clock, or give out interviews, or consider the consequences, or work up a fine frenzy for the camera, or wear his heart on his sleeve.

He was cured. He was well. He had snapped out of it. He felt so good he wanted more outlet for it than play. All of a sudden, he figured it was time to go back to work.

The tension relaxed, he was full of health and the pure joy of living. Confidence welled in him.

He paused in New York to do a play—preparation for Hollywood again. And then Hollywood. Right away there was "Ah, Wilderness," and he fitted into it like the center piece of a jig-saw puzzle. The company went East to Grafton, Massachusetts. Eric was feted by the Swedish colony in Worcester—he is of Swedish ancestry, though born in New York City. All told, it was a grand trip.

Near Grafton, Eric found a charming seven-acre farm with a house two hundred and fifty years old. "So cheap," he says, "it took my breath away." He bought it. It will be rented to tenants, and will form a nice nest-egg for the boy whose M-G-M contract is bringing him his first real money.

HE bought it because he wants to experience the turn of the seasons, the bleak spareness of real winter, which is never felt in California. He says he would like to live the way Robinson Jeffers, the poet, lives in his stone house looking over the sea at Carmel. He goes up to Carmel and drives 'round and 'round the Jeffers place and he sits and looks at it—because there lives a great poet who is a god to the Eric Lindens of the world.

You might get the idea that Eric was arty (perish the thought), if he wasn't so blessedly sincere about it. He is the best-read young man, with whom I have had the pleasure of conversing, in Hollywood. But why make it geographical—he is a well-read young man in anybody's town. He would like to be remote and contemplate life, to be a great hermit, perhaps, but a lot of living seems to be going on all the time, and he doesn't want to miss it. Thinks he won't be a hermit until next year.

Really, he is the nice, well-bred kind of a young man who takes girls to symphony concerts instead of to prize-fights. If you had a daughter, or if you are one, you would be quite flattered to have Eric's attention, although it might be a good idea to read a book first. He wouldn't ask a dumb girl twice. He looks out of honest, frank eyes. He is sincerely gracious. He hates ostentation and phonies more than anything—but he doesn't soap-box about it. Just avoids it and them. He does what he wants to do, and refuses to do anything again that he doesn't believe in. He is intense, but calm about it. And he is "sweet"—not hard, or calculating, or too briskly casual with people. He is sweet without selling it, and wouldn't like being called it to his face.

As for girls, well, Eric says, "You have to be so darn careful about hurting feelings and being too out-spoken. The Hollywood girls," he glanced about cautiously as if he were about to break down and hand over the key to the mystery, "are all so career-crazy. If they would just now and then have an honest impulse to do something grandly, magnificently *mad*—you know, nice mad, like, well, like what? Let me think." Eric groped for something mad. Then triumphantly, "Like getting up at dawn and going for a ride with the milkman. Or sleeping on the beach, or just walking somewhere. My gosh, they never walk anywhere. They think you're mad if you suggest it. Well, that's not exactly what I mean. You can't define these things, they just have to overtake you, extemporaneously, and you do them. But the girls out here—well, they don't get overtaken inspirationally. They wonder how it would look in somebody's column the next day. They are always thinking of consequences. But I know a girl in Pasadena, now . . ."

He says he came back to Hollywood enjoying things, and wants to keep on. He likes Hollywood better now because he isn't too analytical about it any more. He is making up his week of seven days, and living them, until the next seven days. No more glooming into the future.

He may have the soul of a poet, but he is a right good trencherman at the table, too. Right now, Eric is up at Lake Arrowhead building himself a sturdy log cabin, where he is going to practise, at odd moments between pictures, being a hermit. I can almost hear his hammer ringing on the nails, and almost see the waiter, wherever Eric takes his dinner tonight, rushing out for double orders.

Because Eric has his health back, he's located his lost perspective, and, barring a little girl-trouble that may crop up here and there, it's all clear sailing from now on!

Absent-Minded Liz

(*Continued from page 19*)

Wasn't she sure of work for a year to come? She could afford to plunge, she thought. She bought herself some beautiful outfits for this trip to America.

Two days before she was to sail, she got a letter from the American producer. Equity, he told her, had forbidden him to carry out the terms of the contract. Because she was English and, therefore, a foreigner, he could guarantee her only two weeks' work. If the first play in which she appeared was a failure, in two weeks' time, she wouldn't be allowed to appear in another one for six months!

"I was frantic," Elizabeth told me, twisting a cigarette in her fingers. "I went back to all the English managers who had offered me work and begged them to give me a job. But they laughed in my face. Their attitude was that I had made my bed and that I would have to lie in it.

"For months I went without work. I moved to a dingy room, and lived on coffee and buns.

"I never told my parents or any of my friends how desperate I was. I was too proud to do anything like that. After all, I had insisted on going on the stage, and I wasn't going to admit failure to anyone. Sometimes my friends used to invite me for dinner at their homes. Then I would take a bus most of the way, which was all I could really afford. When I came to the last street or so I'd grandly order a taxi for myself. Thus I'd arrive in state, although I had very little money.

"I always believed in keeping up a front. Why, with the very first thirty pounds I ever earned, I bought myself a fur coat, deciding that money would attract money,



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and that the only way to attract work was to look expensive.

"Eventually I did get work with an English company that was going on tour, but I could have saved myself all that heartache if I'd only been a more practical person and investigated that American offer before I signed on the dotted line."

Elizabeth Allan must have someone to look after her or she would be in continual hot water.

THERE was the time when she was in love and planned to get married. Her engagement was to be announced at a very important supper party. That very same day Elizabeth was scheduled to work on some scenes in "Reserved for Ladies" with Leslie Howard.

"Hadn't you better tell them about our engagement for this evening?" her fiancé asked Elizabeth. "Otherwise, they may keep on shooting scenes till midnight."

"Oh, I'm sure it won't be necessary to say anything," said Elizabeth airily. "We'll be through in time."

Knowing her, her fiancé was still worried. "Do you want me to call for you at the studio?" he asked. "Don't you think that would be best?"

Elizabeth shook her head. "No, darling, I'll come straight to the dinner. Don't worry. I'll be there before 11:30."

But the picture was somewhat behind schedule, and late that evening the company was still working. Of course Elizabeth could have explained the circumstances and asked to have the shooting of the scene postponed till the next day. But with her customary irresponsibility she trusted to luck to be through in time. She wasn't.

At 11:30 the 'phone rang. Where was Elizabeth? Her harassed husband-to-be was waiting for her so he could make the announcement of their engagement.

Elizabeth promised she'd be right down. The soup grew cold. The guests grew weary. Elizabeth finally arrived. She was all contriteness. She was so charming and helpless that they forgave her—as people always forgive Elizabeth.

"I don't mean to let people down," she told me. "But it's hard for me to realize that there are only twenty-four hours in the day. There are so many things I want to do. And somehow or other I hopefully believe that I'll be able to do them all. Once, for instance, I had a dinner engagement. Then two old friends from the Gaumont-British Company came to see me and insisted on my going to dinner and the theatre with them. So I called up the friends, with whom I had an engagement, and they said that it would be all right if I managed to meet them by midnight. The two men I was with insisted I must go to the Rainbow Room with them. It would be a shame to miss seeing the Rainbow Room while I was in New York! Finally I went with them, hoping I could meet my other friends in time. It was two o'clock by the time we got through there! And after two, of course, when I met my other friends. You can imagine how they felt!

"I'm so vague about appointments that it's a wonder to me that I have any friends left at all."

Just then the 'phone rang. And Elizabeth made an appointment for the next evening. And after that it kept ringing. She made three or four other appointments for the same evening. It was obvious that her social calendar was hopelessly mixed up. She was like a child who is presented with five or six different kinds of candy, and who cannot possibly choose from among them, so she takes them all.

"I'm supposed to see a preview tomorrow night," she told me, "and I'm supposed to have dinner with Mr. and Mrs. ———. Oh, dear, I suppose I should have told Miss So-and-So that I won't be able to see her. I had an appointment with her for the same time, too."

"How will you get out of it?" I asked interestedly. "Do you ever tell white lies or anything like that?"

"Sometimes," she confessed, looking a little downcast, "but this dinner appointment is business, you see. I've got to keep it and I'll tell my friends that.

"I think it's a good thing for an irresponsible person to be saddled with responsibilities, so after I'd been in Hollywood a short time I bought a house in Beverly Hills," Elizabeth continued. "I hired a new cook and invited about six friends to dinner. Then I went out and played tennis. When I got back home it was almost seven o'clock.

"'What time will you have dinner served?' asked my cook.

"'Oh, I think my friends will be here about seven o'clock,' I said cheerfully.

"The cook's face turned white. 'What friends?' she asked. 'Why, the six friends I'm having up for dinner, of course,' I said.

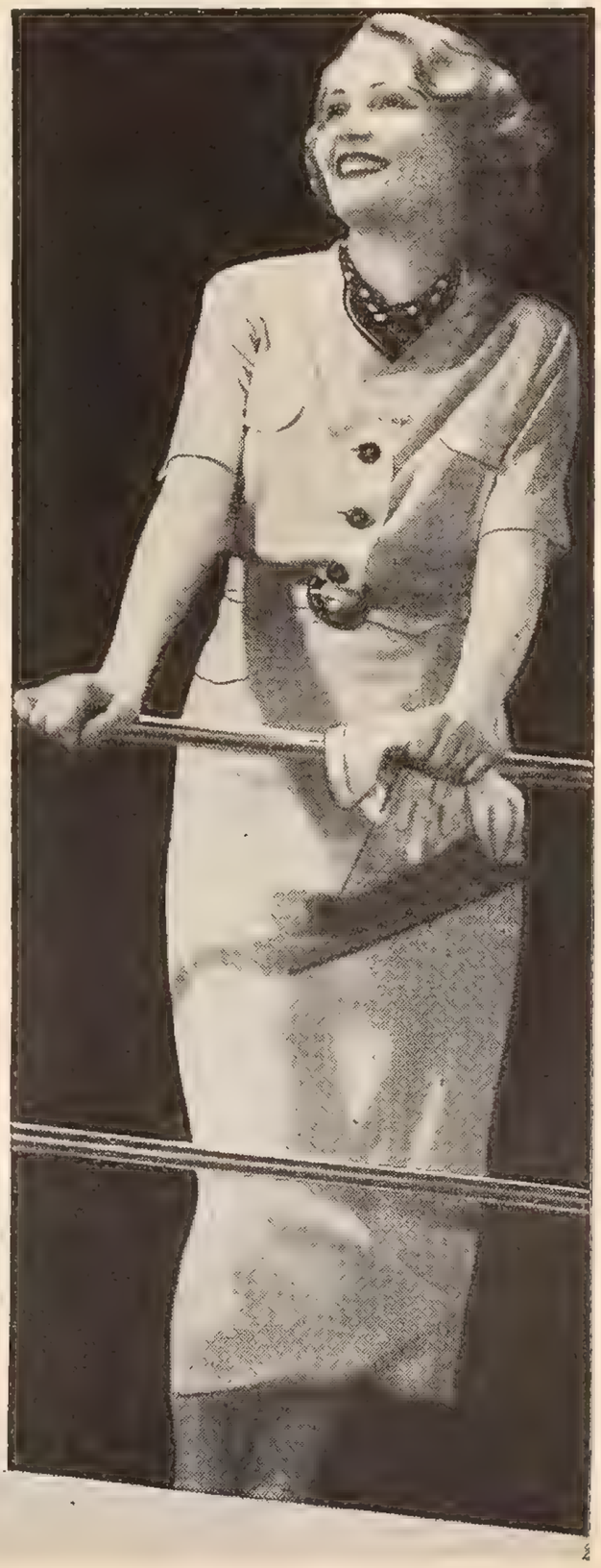
"'But, ma'am,' she protested, 'you didn't tell me anything about having any friends up. I thought I was just supposed to make dinner for you.'

"There wasn't time, in the short interval that was left, to prepare dinner for seven people. So when my friends arrived there was no dinner. After inviting them to a home-cooked meal, I had to take them out to a restaurant for dinner."

EVENTUALLY, Elizabeth gave up this idea of having a "home of her own" and moved into a hotel. Afterwards she lived with the Dick Barthelmess's. And before she left for England she'd been living with the Countess Di Frasso. Like

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Ginger Rogers' new fashions in the July issue of Modern Screen.

HAPPY RELIEF FROM PAINFUL BACKACHE

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Many of those gnawing, nagging, painful backaches people blame on colds or strains are often caused by tired kidneys — and may be relieved when treated in the right way.

The kidneys are one of Nature's chief ways of taking acids and wastes out of the blood. A healthy person should pass about 3 pints a day and so get rid of more than 3 pounds of waste matter.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, this waste stays in the body and may become poisonous. It may start nagging backaches, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Don't let it lay you up.

Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills — used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help to flush out the 15 miles of kidney tubes. Get Doan's Pills.

all impulsive people, she moves frequently, for no special reason.

"Because my people are in England and I'm usually in Hollywood, I'm continually using the transatlantic 'phone. Now there's a rule in Hollywood that, whenever you use the transatlantic 'phone, you have to pay your bill within twenty-four hours. But I go off to play tennis or swim or go horseback riding and I forget all about those darn bills. Three or four times my telephone's been cut off completely for that reason." The 'phone bills are lower now that she's in England making a picture for Gaumont-British!

"I have no sense at all about money," Elizabeth continued, lighting her cigarette from a tiny shank of silver. "I'm penny wise and pound foolish. I'll save money for months and then blow it all on some foolish thing that's caught my eye.

"I drive my banker absolutely crazy. He believes that I ought to invest some money, but I haven't the haziest idea about investments, so I tell him, 'Just put it away in a safe place where I can get it if I need it.' He thinks I'm slightly mad, for he feels that the money could be earning interest instead of just being put away. But I'm hopelessly impractical.

"Every once in a while, I go over my check books, trying to determine how I've been spending my money, but after a short time, I get tired of the whole thing and give it up. I never have been able to live on a budget."

But the peak of all Elizabeth's irresponsibility, the high mark of her absent-mindedness, occurred when she changed banks. At the beginning of the month, she carefully made out checks to all her creditors. Then she sat blithely back, feeling that all her worries were over for another month.

Suddenly she began to get the most indignant letters from the tradesmen whom she had just paid. "It's a shame," they wrote furiously, "that you, a rich movie star, should be trying to cheat us. Your check has just been returned to us, marked 'No Funds.'"

Elizabeth stared at the pile of complaining letters. She turned quite white. Impatiently she dragged out her bank book. What sort of a ludicrous mistake was this? A glance at the bank book confirmed her worst misgivings. No wonder the tradespeople were fuming! She had used the wrong check book and sent out checks on the bank in which she had no money!

Her Boarding House Days

(*Continued from page 63*)

Times Square in search of a job. Managers turned her down with a regularity that was positively nauseating. Miss Harding had had no experience, they said. This went on for months. But was she discouraged? She was not!

Owsley was crazy about her. Whether she was crazy about him, I wouldn't know. She saw a lot of him. And at that time she saw very little of anyone else. I am sure she wasn't in love, though. Love didn't enter into her scheme of things then. Her only love was the theatre. Of course, she hadn't met Harry Bannister at that time.

In fact, men didn't mean a great deal to her. She preferred friendship to romance—and Owsley was that friend.

The boarding house gossip had it that he saw her almost every evening. And the gossip was right.

They would go to a movie, visit an art museum, attend a lecture, or just sit in the parlor and discuss books, interrupted from time to time by the antique and gossiping inmates. Owsley was up to his ears in love and, in turn, received a liberal education. You see, Ann didn't care for jazz parties, so they didn't go to jazz parties. They spent their time in serious pursuits—Ann adored books, so they delved into books, discussing Swinburne and Shakespeare until Owsley was blue in the face.

ANN'S interest in books was second only to that of her stage career. She ate, lived, and drank them. Her mind was like a steel trap. She lived on traditions and had a secret fear of life, but never allowed it to interfere with her ambitions. She reminded me of a sad, crushed poet full of the confusion of life and the fear of poverty. She had a burning desire for fame and success and the peace of financial security.

Months went by, and one day Owsley and I moved to the University campus and we lost sight of Ann and her family. Of course, we heard of her from time to time. Rumors reached us to the effect that she, at last, had secured a job. Then, practically overnight, she was being featured and within another year she was almost a star. Our paths were separated and the boarding house romance was a thing of the past.

Not long ago I saw Ann Harding again for the second time in fourteen years. I had a date with her for lunch at the RKO Studios in Hollywood.

I was ushered down long corridors, across streets, through offices, over stages, and finally reached her dressing-room, a spacious and almost luxurious bungalow.

Ann was in a flutter. She grabbed my hand and her words tumbled out breathlessly, "I'm as nervous as a cat. I've been in the wardrobe all morning, fitting dresses. Drives me crazy fitting dresses. And I've got a sore foot, to boot. Big toe, I think—"

I laughed and looked at her admiringly. She was a dream in pale blue chiffon.

"You look grand," I told her.

Ann beamed with pleasure. "Gee, I'm starved," she said. "Let's eat."

The studio lunch room was packed with stars, extras, and the din of babbling voices. Several people came over to our table and chatted a moment; assistant directors with information relative to the picture, technical men, two or three stars. At last we were alone and I had the opportunity I wanted to talk of the old days and the future.

When I brought up the subject of the boarding house days her eyes sparkled with animation.

"How's Monroe?" she asked. "Haven't seen him lately."

"Fine," I nodded.

"Those were thrilling days," she reminisced. "I can hardly believe that it was fourteen years ago. Life was one glorious dream then." She paused, looked at me, through me, vaguely. "With all that's happened since, happiness, heartache, successes and failures, I've never let anything disturb that dream. At least, I've tried not to. Of course, we must accept the good with the bad."

"Have the failures ever discouraged you, Ann?"

SHE laughed between bites of a chicken salad sandwich. "Not permanently. My marriage discouraged me more than anything else. I tried hard to make it a go, so did Harry. But I suppose it just wasn't to be." She seemed to think of something and leaned across the table. "Do you ever feel bouncy?"

It was my turn to laugh. "Bouncy—?"

"Yes. You know, sort of full inside—bubbling over with the thrill of everything? Well, that's how I feel since 'Peter Ibbetson.' The picture I'm starting now, 'The Witness Chair,' will help me regain my former place in the public eye—I hope."

"Then you're through at RKO?"

"Yes—off to London to do several pictures for Capital Films. I'm looking forward so much to the trip. It'll be fun working over there—and I'm taking my daughter, Jane, with me. I scarcely know myself," she said, cupping her chin in her hands. She became enthusiastic. "I've taken a new lease on movie life and feel like making pictures forever. After all, my life means so much more to me than just success now. I've Jane to live for and work for."

"Are you thinking of marriage again?" I asked. "I've heard rumors . . ."

"Absolutely not. That is, for a while." She changed the subject abruptly. "But you must come up and see that child of mine, she's adorable!"

She talked on ecstatically about the details of rearing a daughter. Her career was forgotten, the lunchroom faded, and she was a mother living in the hopes, the dreams, the future of her child.

She glanced at her wrist watch.

"Phew!" she said. "It's late. Forgive me for running off this way. Do call me up soon. Thanks for coming to see me."

The last glimpse I caught of her, she was running up a studio street, her ash-blonde hair blowing straight back from her face. It was then that I realized that the successes and failures of fourteen years had made little difference in Ann Harding, except that they had broken down her wall of aloofness.



After making a picture in England, which she says is her best role to date, Mary Carlisle returned to Hollywood recently.



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That Cagney Cyclone

(*Continued from page 45*)

anything to hand out—he strikes with honest boldness and no sniveling false modesty.

He would make a punk diplomat. The world is over-crowded with persons who say "perhaps" when they mean "yes" or "no."

Out at Jim's house the other morning, he was having a grand time in a blue house-robe of warm wooley fabric which Mrs. Cagney wove beautifully on a hand-loom for his Christmas present. He loves the rare opportunities he has to wear this garment.

THE rain poured hail-columbia outside, the fire blazed in the Cagney library. Jim curbed his restless vitality long enough to relax—sometimes for five whole minutes—on a long pigskin-covered couch. Even when he reclines, he reclines briskly. And he does not rise in sections, like mush. He executes a neat pivot on his rear axis, lifting head and feet at the same time, and achieves the floor in one gesture. He must have springs in him somewhere.

We had a marvelous talk about his recent fight with Warner Bros. It was going good when the telephone started ringing furiously.

Within the following two hours, I guess every person with a grievance in Hollywood called up Jim and aired it. We had no more opportunity to discuss Jim's personal battle, he was so busy fighting everybody else's. (Oh, all right everybody's else, then, but it sounds terrible.) Fact is, the telephone conversations gave a clearer idea of his opinions on fighting, in general, than would have been possible by asking questions. The telephone was right there at his elbow, I couldn't help hearing, and what he had to say was certainly no secret to anyone who knows him. It just happened that I never heard it all condensed in one bunch before. The six or seven conversations went like this:

"When anything like that comes up, keep it on paper. The only thing to do is fight it all the way down the line, baby. You've made the right beginning, keep a stiff upper lip and don't let 'em upset you, that's what they depend on . . .

"That's the proper attitude—don't back down. See it through and stick tight. Sure, they'll try all kinds of pressure, what of it? Keep banging away, baby, throw rights at their chins . . .

"Hell, no, the publicity doesn't mean a thing, it's read today, forgotten tomorrow. If they can suspend you and then say you can't come back to work until they say so, that's virtual slavery. Who's your lawyer?"

WELL, there's no use being delicate about it. A lot of persons were on the outs with a lot of other persons that morning—and they flew right away to Jimmy Cagney for advice and moral support.

It also goes to show that when people are frantic or frightened or desolate, they call up Jimmy Cagney. If they don't feel a thousand per cent better, then it's a doctor they need. There's nothing like it for the circulation. Jimmy was in the pink. His eyes snapped, his red-sand hair fairly crackled, his voice was quick. Every few minutes he made one of those characteristic Cagney gestures—the hand snapping up, the sudden stop—you can't describe it, but it tells chapters, the way he underplays it. You've seen it, on the screen. It's part of him.

Between phone calls, Jim said he had no notion or intention of getting away from the type he had been playing, but that two roughnecks a year was plenty. He wants to vary them with other characters and types. He added:

"The thing that makes you also breaks you in this business, if you hammer at it too hard. The career is short enough, as it is.

"It is always a good policy to change your pace.

"As for stories, it is better to have good plays and stories adapted than to try to fit the player with vehicles tailored to order.

"I gave up sitting in on story conferences long ago, as most actors have. You always wind up with the same story, anyway. I can do more on the set after the picture is started."

It's no news to you that Jimmy took his recent studio squabble to court. He won his suit and was released from his contract. Naturally, producers are anxious to sign him up, but Cagney would much rather go off to Europe for a year or so and forget all about work. However, the next few months will tell what this spunky gent will do.

JIM paused to answer another call and give his pep-talk about hitting where it would do the most good. Not that he advised indiscriminately. Far from it. He listened with care and concern to the grievance and the groundwork before he gave any advice at all. It would just be tough to ask Jim to advise you if you were fighting over something asinine, and what a scorching that baby could hand out in that case.

"Ever had any set-trouble?" I asked.

"Never!" Jim answered, promptly. "Never an unpleasant experience with any person with whom I have actually worked in a picture—far from it. Before you come out here, the wise-guys warn you about scene-grabbers and camera-hogs and all that rot. I never paid any attention to it, and it has never happened.

"It's only in the business deals you haven't a chance without a lot of people wanting an edge. My brother is now handling all my business, and are the flesh-peddlers burning. Imagine an Irish agent!"

Jim has a way of inspiring a sort of idolatry among his friends, without trying. He is the best company on earth, when the mood is on him. He will sit through lunch until five o'clock with some intimate group in a far corner of a restaurant, his vivid audacious face leaning far over the table, as he recounts some fantastic mad Irish story. He loves them. The wilder the better. He knows a million, a lot of them about his family. Little, fabulously whimsical things they used to do—ridiculous, romantic, notional—which makes them peculiarly his. For instance, the way his father used to go around the breakfast table and kiss all of them good-bye every morning, walk to the door, look back and solemnly cross himself—then bend over and tie his shoe-laces! Why he left the shoe-laces until then no one knows.

God only knows why the Irish do most things, but we are glad that they do!

The Information Desk appears on page 70

Why Bart Marshall Gets You

(*Continued from page 55*)

quaint. Another of a man signed "Uncle Bogey." One of a man—how well we know him!—signed "Eric Blore." Another with the inscription "N. Carter Slaughter." Others signed "Nigel Playfair," "Frances Wetherall," "Gerald Du Maurier" . . .

And Bart said, suddenly, pointing to the little gallery of framed faces, "They are my past and they made my future. They can tell you my story. They are responsible for whatever I am today . . ."

"My father," said Bart, fumbling with his pipe in the rather embarrassed way all nice men have when they *are* embarrassed, "my father was responsible for my dreading the stage as a career. Because of his life in the theatre I am one actor who never wanted to be an actor—quite terribly the reverse. My father was a grand actor—better than I can ever dream of being, as a matter of fact—but the world never found out how grand he was. He was, I think, lacking in 'drive,' in the ability to sell himself. I only know that he spent his life touring the provinces, that he never got the breaks and that, as a result, there was never quite enough money and always too much worry. My mother always accompanied him on tour. And during vacations I, the only child, went with them.

"And so, I saw the theatre, not as a glamorous world of lovely ladies, champagne in slippers, violets, hansom cabs and late suppers—but as a drab work-a-day world, where discouraged men and tired women tried to make four shillings do the work of eight. I saw the theatre as a place where actors daubed their faces with grease paint which concealed, only too thinly, their humiliations and heartaches. They *were* actors, those poor darlings, though the world never gave them a hand. No, I had no reason to love the theatre. I saw the seams, never the spangles. And



Spanky MacFarland's Scottie had an addition to her family recently and here they are with Spanky looking pretty proud!

"Now I know how Columbus felt—



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"What a thrill...when a tiny fawn burst from the woods, scampered across our road, and went splashing through a Minnesota stream.



"I will never forget that wrinkled old Indian woman who sold me the clever little hand-woven basket, beside rainbow-colored Apache Trail.



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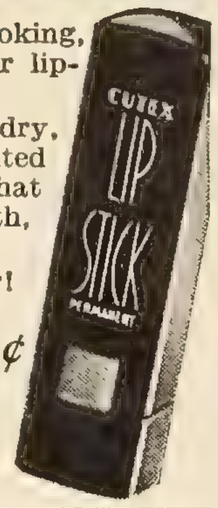


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Evalyn Knapp and Earl Blackwell are enthusiastic fishermen on a between-picture holiday. Evalyn has just completed "Laughing Irish Eyes" and Earl has recently returned from picture-making in the East.

so I never postured before a mirror, at the age of six, aflame with the ambition to play Hamlet. I spent most of my time trying to forget those tired faces which the footlights served only to illumine, mockingly."

And as Bart talked, in his eyes the remembrance of those things past, I understood the kindliness and tolerance mentioned by Bob Montgomery. Of course, he would be kindly and tolerant, remembering so much frustration and pain. I understood now what the prop men meant when they said, "He seems to *care* . . ." Of course, he would care, remembering those hard-working, frightened troupers of his childhood. I understood what Bill Seiter had meant—for, of course, he would work until he dropped dead, uncomplainingly—he had seen too much of failure and defeat to dare to take work casually. His is an heritage of remembering the problems, pains and perplexities of simple, unsuccessful people.

WHILE at school, Bart lived with his mother's sisters, three spinster ladies called, respectively, Aunt Daisy, Aunt Nellie and Aunt Dolly. "It was Aunt Nellie who really brought me up," said Bart, "during the travels of my parents." They were three frail little mid-Victorian ladies, who lived surrounded by canaries, Nottingham lace curtains and the pressed-flower fragrance of Mr. Tennyson. Aunt Nellie used to make poetry, Bart remembered, out of everything she read—advertisements in magazines, slogans on soap wrappers—she would read them aloud as though she were reading verse. They lived in a world where Victoria was still queen and Lord Tennyson still the poet laureate. And the boy Bart lived with them, drinking in that gentle atmosphere with his tea and crumpets. They were gentle, good and unworldly. They loved Bart and worried over "the good of his soul."

The three little aunts, I believe, explain the "beautiful courtesy." They, undoubtedly, conditioned the gentle compassionate manner which is the grown man's greatest charm for women.

"When I was about sixteen," Bart was saying, as I poured tea for him ("sugar-and-a-dash-of-milk-please" was the order), "I had to leave school entirely—not enough money to go on. I took a job in an accountant's office, not because I wanted to be an accountant, but just because I had to have a job. I was unfortunate in that I didn't know what I wanted to be, or to do. My ambitions were not ignited. And I was the office boy, nothing more. Eventually I was fired so I lived again with the little aunts. I was at loose ends, unhappy. Finally came a letter, offering me an assistant managership of a musical comedy company going out on tour. The three aunties, bless them, didn't think it quite nice for me to be going on tour with 'all those young ladies in the chorus, Bart dear'—but I went.

"I took the job for the sake of the few shillings in it. I kept on taking similar jobs for the same uninspired reason. Not yet had Thespis tinged me with his fervor," smiled Bart (he seldom laughs aloud), "not until I met Eric. Yes, Eric Blore. We were playing, when we met, with Robert Courtneidge's company of 'The Arcadians.' I was playing the imposing role of a footman, I believe. Odd that I should have been a footman at just that time—and Eric, so much later, so superior a butler! At any rate, we met. And there began the friendship which has never faltered for a moment from then to now!

"And it was Eric Blore who was the turning point in my adult life. It was Eric who opened doors for me, the existence of which I had never suspected. It wasn't that he did anything concrete for me. Quite simply, by the fact of his being just Eric, he spoke a language I had not been hearing in the nice, lazy unimportant surroundings of a road-show musical. He was unique in those surroundings, and his wit was brilliant. Even those many years ago, he had started to coin phrases that are to me, and to many of his countrymen, near-classics. In short, his already established brilliance (which I had the good fortune to recognize) removed me mentally from the genial, hearty but frightfully limiting language and outlook I was acquiring from the other lads, of more ordinary theatre patterns. He gave me what I can best describe as a 'flavor' to life. And I, who had never had any real ambitions, any soaring hopes for myself, began to reach out, to grope, to stir, as it were, in my sleep. I have Eric to thank for this."

And so, by one of those strange paradoxes, which makes life so fascinating a serial story, we have the magnificently meek Mr. Blore to thank for the sauvity, the subtlety, the "flavor" which is Bart Marshall today.

BART was on his way, then. He began to do some good things. He played better and bigger parts. He began to feel himself not just one of the boys around the place, but an actor with a shapening goal. He did considerable touring. He filled in between tours with some short-run plays for N. Carter Slaughter. And then came the war.

When Bart came back from the war there was that something in his eyes which has never faded out of them—the living memory of pain. For Bart spent ten months in a base hospital, one of thousands of young men with grievous war wounds, who stared at blank hospital walls and saw no writing on those walls for them! He had eleven more months to spend in a wheel chair before he learned to walk again. It was all over, he thought, before it had really begun. The aromatic flower of living, which Eric Blore's personality had planted, was now a trench flower mired in mud and stained with his own spent blood.

Then entered Uncle Bogey, his mother's brother, whose real name was L. Godfrey Turner.

"If it were not for Uncle Bogey." Bart told me, "you would not be sitting here now, trying to write a story about me. No one would have heard again of Herbert Marshall. Uncle Bogey was a journalist, a writer. He was, also, an epicure and something of a dandy. He was sartorially perfect and he seldom had a sou to his name! He had a lavish joy in life, an embattled mind, keen wit, sensitive appreciations and a gallant soul. Many of the things I care about, today, I derive from Uncle Bogey. I love big cities, for instance, as he did. I have no desire to go back to the land. I like sophisticated men and women. I like intelligent talk about good books, plays, the enterprises of others. His rich outlook on life gave me these things. I am really happiest when I am with 'mine own people'—the people of stage and screen. I adore shop-talk. I'm not domestic. I do dislike coping with material problems. The adventures of the mind are so much more satisfying—so Uncle Bogey said. I have no interest in politics. I should like enormously to write.

"These things and many others I 'got' from Uncle Bogey. And something even more vitally important. Uncle Bogey had lost his first-born son in the war. And when I went to stay with him at his villa some twenty-five miles out of London, there within sound of the firing and living under nightly danger of air raids, I came to know him as man to man—both men desolated. He proved to me that a man may face utter desolation without whimpering. By his fine courage and by his gorgeous humor, which not even grief could crucify, he showed me how a man may know irreparable loss and still inherit the earth. When I learned to walk again, I returned to London, healed in spirit if not in body, and all because of Uncle Bogey."

AND so it is to Uncle Bogey that we turn for the explanation of that valiant spirit which has made Herbert Marshall succeed in the very teeth of his irreparable disaster. It is Uncle Bogey who gave him back his hope, his confidence which were literally shot away from under him. It was Uncle Bogey who taught him how to take his first step over the debris—the first lap of the triumphant journey—to Hollywood.

"I want to hand a very special orchid now," Bart said gravely, "to N. Carter Slaughter, who gave me back my job in life with one casual, magnificent gesture. Magnificent just because it was so casual. He took up the work Uncle Bogey had begun and made me whole again.

"I returned to London. I was no longer defeated in spirit but certainly, I thought, I am defeated in my profession. I could no longer see myself as any kind of Romeo, famous and footlighted. One night I was in a pub in London. It was one of those thickly foggy nights when men look like ghosts of their former selves. I felt like a ghost of my former self, a very couragous ghost, but disembodied. I was trying to face the grisly fact that I had been an actor and that, just as I'd begun to love the thing, it was denied me.

"Slaughter came into the pub that night. He strolled over to me, shook hands, said casually, 'Can you go out for me in such and such a company next week?' That was all. And it was the beautiful casualness of the offer, the assumption that there was no reason why I shouldn't go out, no reason why I shouldn't pick up where I had left off that—well, that resurrected me from the trenches, that healed my war wounds. God bless him for that. I want to give him very special honorable mention, for no story concerning me or my life could be authentic without him."

I think it is N. Carter Slaughter who gives us the explanation of why Bart is the man's man he is. For he has known

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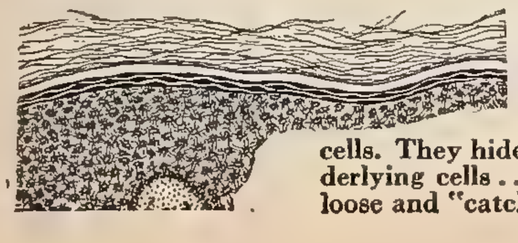


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Try Pond's Vanishing Cream with the coupon below. See how it puts an end to roughness, an end to powder trouble. Starts you toward a young, fine-textured skin! Apply it twice a day . . .

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TRY Phelactine—the "different" hair remover. Takes off superfluous hair quickly and gently. Simple to use. Odorless. Thoroughly reliable.

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friendship of such metal as would make friendship sacred to him. I think, too, that N. Carter Slaughter further explains the kindness which is so integral a part of Bart's personality. He has not forgotten the sensitive, great kindness once shown to him.

"And after that," said Bart, as his man lit the lamps in the twilit room and removed our tea things, "I began to get places quite rapidly. Frances Wetherall, an actress and a friend of mine, introduced me to Nigel Playfair—later Sir Nigel Playfair, now dead—and that meant the Lyric Opera House in Hammersmith, London, and wider attention than I had yet known. Then came the better theatres and bigger parts. And finally Sir Gerald du Maurier came along with the play 'Interference' and the memorable occasion when Sir Gerald literally turned the play over to me, reversed the order of the thing, made my part bigger than his own, made it *the* part in the whole play. It was definitely he, who established me as an actor, with capital letters. Odd, too," said Bart, smiling, "that I should have scored almost all of my stage successes in the roles of 'cads with charm,' whereas, in pictures, I have played, too consistently, the long suffering lover, the gallant martyr. I rather think I should like to play rogues again—'on relief,' that would be!"

Bart rose and together we stood for a moment and looked at the little gallery of framed pictures. "I really do owe whatever I am," he said, "to this little gallery of my friends. Their faces are fading a little, here in the powerful California sunlight, but their influence will never fade so long as I live. They are, really, the 'why' of me . . ."

And as I drove away my curiosity was appeased. I wondered no longer. I felt that the man had stepped from behind the actor and that the complete explanation of Herbert Marshall had been made.

Do Women Spoil Men?

(*Continued from page 53*)

they earn for non-essentials, or for anything that does not cut into the man's sphere of supporting his own family. And if they do have to use their money for essentials, they should do some super pretending—they should say that they want these silly, superfluous things which are not, of course, really necessary—dear me, no!

"But I don't call this sort of thing spoiling. I call it—loving. And there is such a fine art in loving," said Virginia gravely, "it's so easy to love too well. Not so easy to love wisely.

"If a man can take care of his wife and wants to do it, I definitely believe that the woman should 'spoil' him by giving in to him. Most of us would make far better wives and mothers than we make politicians, would-be artists or actresses. The world wouldn't really miss us if we just stepped out of the arena and stayed at home where we belong.

"I definitely believe that the man of the house is the one who should be waited on and catered to. (Ah, there, husbands!)

I BELIEVE that a man should feel free, pleasantly and without nagging, to go off and play golf Sundays, to go to smokers and stag dinners, to clubs and on hunting trips, because," continued Virginia, "and although I expect the Federation-of-Martyred-Wives to slay me for this, I do feel that a woman has a right to share his life but not to own it.

"I believe that most men are fairer than women. They are more apt to give too much, rather than too little. And you have, in extreme cases, that most pitiable exhibit on earth—the hen-pecked husband! I really think," said Virginia, with an amused twinkle in her wide blue eyes, "that I should like to open a home for hen-pecked husbands. I would like to run the home myself with the aid of a dozen pretty girls. And I'd give the poor fellows such a course of flattery and patting on the back as would turn a Mr. Milquetoast into a Mussolini over night!

"But I don't believe that women should spoil men by giving in to them in little personal matters.

"For instance, men I have known have objected violently to my using nail-polish and make-up, and some have objected to certain gowns or hats. More than once, I've gone about without a trace of make-up, with my nails a ghostly white, in order to please a masculine edict. I shouldn't have done that. If women want to use make-up, have manicures, go window-shopping and do other little 'silly' things most women enjoy, they should not spoil men by giving them up for a masculine whim. They certainly do not detract from a man's self-importance. On the contrary, men feel all the bigger and stronger because they can mock at such goings-on.

"Women should spoil men by deferring to them in arguments; by seeming, at any rate, to accept superior male judgment on such matters as politics and finance and things like that.

"I'm glad that I spoiled my husband. I'm glad that I waited on him. If I'd been older and wiser, I might have spoiled him more subtly and so, more successfully. But I'm glad that I tried, anyway.

"And because I am the type, I guess, who just *does* run upstairs and take the lipstick off when I am told, I'll probably always spoil men."

Just then Spencer Tracy came over to our table in the commissary—for the sole purpose, apparently, of telling Virginia how beautiful she is. Clark Gable shouted something lusty and admiring across the room to her—and Bill Powell sauntered by to make her his suavest bow, saying something about "Beautiful lady . . ." And then I departed before it became a case of S. R. O.

And I thought, as I walked across the lot, how seldom it is that such beauty as Virginia's is warmed by so honest and humble a heart; how very few girls of such exquisite, authentic beauty ever feel or even dream of "running errands" for men, or making sacrifices for them or of pampering them.

. . . Do you want the lowdown on a perfect lady? Well, read about Irene Dunne in July Modern Screen



Frances Farmer and Glenn Erickson became Mr. and Mrs. recently, but plans for a long honeymoon were thwarted when both were given picture assignments.

Sylvia Sidney Plays Truth

(*Continued from page 57*)

only a clever designer but a grand person, makes the most wonderful clothes for me and I wear them as if they were old rags. I'm much more comfortable in things like this.

I'M sloppy around my house, too. But I think there's a reason for that. My mother is the neatest person alive. When I was a kid I had to have everything in order. When I took off my clothes at night they must be hung over the back of a chair, neatly folded.

"I always said to myself, 'Just wait until I'm on my own.' Well, I'm on my own now so things fall where they may and my desk is piled so high I can't see the desk itself. I'm terrible about answering letters. I figure that, if you wait two months, the letter automatically becomes answered.

"Then I'm completely non-social. Even as a child I didn't have friends. I just wouldn't be charming when it was necessary. So now I shut myself up in my apartment and grouse about Hollywood. When I come back to Hollywood from a trip to New York, my manager meets me at the plane and starts in on me by saying, 'Well, if ever I see a smile on your face, when you land, I'll think the world is coming to an end.' *That* usually brings a laugh. But when I see the palm trees and all the sunshine I begin to crawl behind the wall I've put up for myself.

"I've lived in the same apartment for three years and I'll bet that not twenty people have been inside it. I have a few friends—people I admire tremendously, people I adore to be with, but I want no casual acquaintances. I'd so much rather

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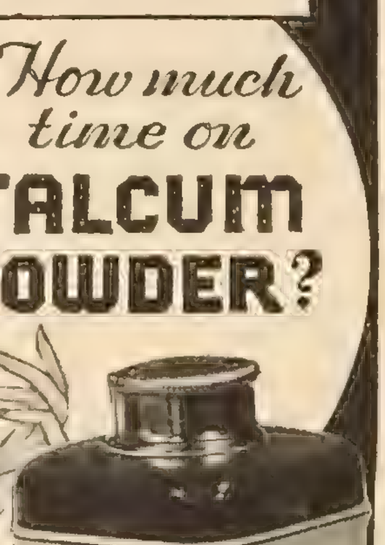
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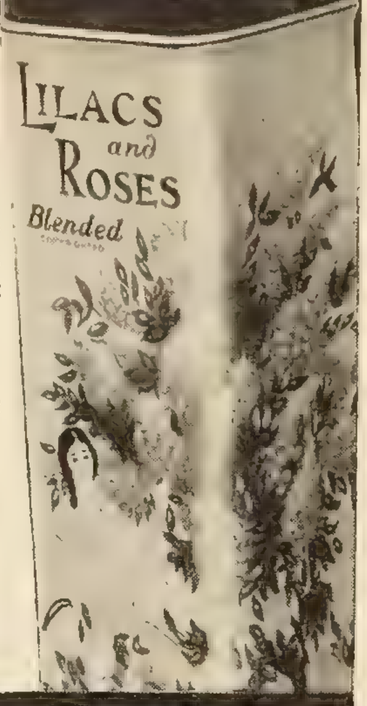
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The "13 Hours by Air" set had a preview as well as a party. Here is Director Mitchell Leisen with three members of the cast, Joan Bennett, Grace Bradley and John Howard.

be by myself. I'd so much rather get up early and ride horseback over these brown hills. I'm a nice person then, really I am. It's when I come in contact with all the intrigues and smallnesses of civilization that I get hard and cold and unhappy.

"You see, I refuse to take responsibility. I had a big house once and I couldn't stand it. When I'd be reading or thinking over a script, or just being alone with myself, there would be the gardener telling me that a rose tree had died, or the cook would suddenly pop up saying that the roof was leaking and I'd better call somebody about it. So I got rid of the house and have a small apartment now and somebody else worries about dying rose trees and leaking roofs!"

Sylvia nestled cosily in the corner of the booth. "I know that the first time I ever saw the man who directed 'The Trail of the Lonesome Pine,' he hated me. I couldn't work up any enthusiasm over the story and I showed it. Once I got into the picture I loved it. I enjoy working. I give a picture everything I have to give.

"But here's a curious thing. There are so many things people *can* say about me. I have so many real faults. Yet one of the things that has been said most persistently isn't true. I'm not troublesome on the set. Only once have I ever walked out on a picture and that was when I was very ill and needed an operation on my throat so badly that, if I had not had it, I might have died. But I've the reputation for walking out in the middle of pictures. On the contrary, I've worked when I was just out of bed with pneumonia and I was almost too weak to hold my head up. I've worked even when I had a sprained ankle.

"Of course, I enjoyed that. It makes a martyr of me and there's nothing so much fun as being a martyr. It makes your breakfast taste so good!

"But, when I'm being terribly martyred, I re-read a letter I got from my father recently. I asked him how the family felt about my divorce. He wrote back and said that my life was my own to live as I thought best, 'but,' he added, 'what people never can understand is how a girl, who made $110,000 last year, can be unhappy.'

"That should make every Hollywood actress sit up and think. We all complain, grouse, mumble and believe ourselves badly off emotionally and professionally—and yet we make all that money."

SHE stopped long enough to smile. Suddenly, she said, "I shouldn't be married. I'm not willing enough to compromise. I've too many faults. Marriage is always a compromise. Both parties have to concede certain things, don't they? It seems to me that it's always difficult when two definite personalities—two people who have lived their own lives, thought their own thoughts and worked out their own problems—get married.

"But I think it's better, when a mistake is made, to try to rectify it immediately and not let it drag on until everyone is made miserable. I've often been criticized for doing that but it's the only way I can do. I believe that, if your emotions get in the way of your intelligence and cause you to do foolish things, the sooner you set those things as right as possible, the sooner you let intelligence guide you once more, the better off you are. But, invariably, in Hollywood, you are misunderstood.

"In fact, perhaps I shouldn't even be in Hollywood—because there's so much compromising to be done here, too.

"The man I admire more than anyone in the world is my Cousin Albert. He lives his life with complete integrity. When he first came over from Russia, my father sponsored him and wanted to give him training to become a dentist. Albert walked out. He disappeared completely for six months. Everyone said he was terribly ungrateful. And then he suddenly reappeared. He had taken a job as a barker at Luna Park to get enough money to study what he wanted to study. He knew he would not stick to dentistry. Now he works in the Rockefeller Foundation and is completely happy. He is married to a lovely girl. They have very little money but their lives are ideal, for he is doing real work and living simply.

"Our lives are too cluttered with nonessentials. In spite of the money, we picture people haven't a chance for real happiness. We are living in too false a world."

And there is Sylvia Sidney—revealed and explained by herself. Do you see now why her marriage was doomed?

Sylvia gives herself no quarter. She has complete honesty. It is impossible, as she has told you, for her to lie to other people. It's just as impossible for her to lie to herself, and that's the rarest and truest form of integrity. Her intelligence is as keen and bright as a Toledo blade. She makes emotional mistakes but that's because her emotions are always at war with her intelligence. And that's apparently what happened when she married Bennett Cerf and was separated from him almost before you could take a deep breath. The emotional pattern of her existence intruded, but she was honest and courageous enough, in a town so eager for gossip as Hollywood, to correct the mistake as soon as possible. She often has stated that she has nothing but the greatest respect and highest regard for Cerf. An equation in her background complicated the problem.

Sometimes her emotions are not to be trusted. Her intelligence never fails her.

I said some of these things to her that day at luncheon. She laughed. "Listen, you're not supposed to be telling me about myself, I'm supposed to be telling you. But, anyhow, I feel better. This talk is like going to a psychoanalyst! Honest confession is good for the soul."

She gathered up her riding crop and gloves and, with her head held high, she threaded her way between the Vendome tables. She says she can't turn the charm on and off. As a matter of fact, she can't turn it *off*, because the charm of honesty and intelligence is something she has to a degree seldom found in Hollywood. For difficult as the feat is, Sylvia Sidney looks herself squarely in the face! And it's a very swell face.

That Beauty Called Smooth

(*Continued from page 21*)

for the lip rouge. Smooth on the lipstick, blot with tissue and look at the grand results in the mirror. The lipstick sets perfectly and lasts much longer.

If you want your make-up to stay smooth and remain fresh looking over a long period in hot weather, don't forget to use either a foundation cream or lotion. And if you like that fresh, outdoorish look that is so charmingly apparent in the picture of Paulette Goddard this month, try this trick. Dampen a piece of cotton with skin tonic and pat it lightly over your face *after* you have applied your make-up. It gives the skin that faintly dewy young look that is fascinating.

And before I wander off on other items, I want to suggest a boon to all of you who find that warmer weather increases perspiration. Liquid powders which have a slightly astringent effect are marvelous for leaving your skin with a smooth, dry and attractive finish.

Hair has a lot to do with this business of "smooth" good looks. And a skillful permanent is one certain way of insuring a trim, well-waved and curled top piece. But before you sally forth for your permanent, give your hair a break by toning it up in advance. Map out a regular routine for each day. Like this—use a good hair tonic and brush or massage your hair carefully. Plan to have a few hot oil shampoos or give them to yourself, using either one of the prepared oils on the market or just a good brand of olive oil. Always heat the oil before using. Any temperature that is comfortable for both your

DO BRUNETTES LOOK OLDER THAN BLONDES



No!

THE ANSWER IS THAT 7 OUT OF 10 BRUNETTES USE THE WRONG SHADE OF FACE POWDER!

BY *Lady Esther*

If there's one thing women fool themselves about, it's face powder shades.

Many women select face powder tints on the wrong basis altogether. They try to get a face powder that simply matches their type instead of one that enhances or *flatters* it.

Any actress will tell you that certain stage lights can make you look older or younger. The same holds true for face powder shades. One shade can make you look ten to twenty years older while another can make you look years younger.

It's a common saying that brunettes look older than blondes. There is no truth in it. The reason for the statement is that many brunettes make a mistake in the shade of the face powder they use. They simply choose a brunette face powder shade or one that merely matches their type instead of one that goes with the *tone* of their skin. A girl may be a brunette and still have an olive or white skin.

One of Five Shades is the Right Shade!

Colorists will tell you that the idea of numberless shades of face powder is all wrong. They will tell you that only five shades are necessary and that one of these shades will flatter your tone of skin.

I have proved this principle. I know that five shades will suffice. Therefore, I make Lady Esther Face Powder in only five shades. One of these five shades, I know, will prove just the right shade for you. It will prove your most becoming and flattering.

I want you to find out if you are using the right shade of face powder for *your* skin. I want you to find out if the shade you are using is making you look *older* or *younger*.

One Way to Tell!

There is only one way to find out and this is to try all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder—and that is what I want you to do at my expense.

One of these shades, you will find, will instantly prove the right shade for you. One will immediately make you look years younger. You won't have to be told that. Your mirror will cry it aloud to you.

Write today for all the five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder that I offer free of charge and obligation. Make the shade test before your mirror. Notice how instantly the right shade tells itself. Mark, too, how soft and smooth my face powder is; also, how long it clings.

Mail Coupon

One test will reveal that Lady Esther Face Powder is a unique face powder, unparalleled by anything in face powders you have ever known.

Mail the coupon or a letter today for the free supply of all five shades that I offer: I will also send you a 7-days' supply of my Four-Purpose Face Cream.

FREE

(*You can paste this on a penny postcard.*) (23)
Lady Esther, 2010 Ridge Ave., Evanston, Ill.

Please send me by return mail a liberal supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder; also a 7-days' supply of your Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream.

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15c CLOPAY WINDOW SHADES

CLEVER ME! I've found that 15c CLOPAYS look every bit as rich and lovely as costly shades. And they're so inexpensive I simply rip them off the rollers when they're soiled and attach fresh new ones in a jiffy with that patented gummed strip." Try it yourself! Millions now use 15c CLOPAYS! They wear amazingly—won't crack, fray or pinhole. Variety of smart patterns and rich, plain colors. Also see the new 15c *CLOPAY LINTONE that *"looks like costly linen."* See them in leading 5 & 10 and neighborhood stores. Write for FREE COLOR SAMPLES to CLOPAY CORP., 1598 York St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

fingers and your scalp is right. The warmth of the oil aids its penetrating the scalp. Using a piece of absorbent cotton dipped in the oil, apply it all over the scalp, parting the hair about every two inches to make sure it doesn't miss a spot.

AFTER the oil has been applied, wrap your head up in a towel which has been wrung out in as hot water as you can bear. Do this five or six times. Then, in the shampoo and the final rinse water, use the strained juice of two lemons. Three or four of these treatments will leave your hair in wonderful condition for the permanent.

For the actual wave and curl, there's a new machine that is the last word in modern design. It has red and green lights like a stop and go traffic system plus a tinkling bell. It's all done up in a streamlined cabinet that looks like a radio when closed, and a huge adding machine when open. It works on the same principle as your electric refrigerator and believe it or not, it waves the hair in a minute and a half.

Here's how this tricky waving affair works. First the operator gives you two test curls. This determines how long the pre-heated clamps should remain on the head for the most satisfactory results. She sets the indicator on the dial to the exact time which the better of the two curls prove your hair should have. The second this time is up, a bell rings and the little clamp which supplied the heat, is lifted from your pate. Each clamp thus permanently waves a strand of hair in practically no time and with so little discomfort you'll hardly believe it's possible. Best of all, you are free to get up and move around as you please during the process. Another nice thing about this method is that every protector and pad used, is made so that it can be used only once. In other words, you get a truly individual permanent wave which, I am told, eliminates all possibilities of burns and it also waves the hair closer to the scalp than has been possible heretofore.

Before leaving the interesting subject of hair, how about a word or two on new coiffure twists? It certainly doesn't matter this spring whether your hair is long, short or medium for there is an infinite variety to the way, you can arrange your hair to bring out your best points. Often the mere changing of the part in your hair gives your face a new individuality. There are so many smart variations around the center part theme that if you do look well with your hair cleft down the middle, try it. And the simple dodge of parting your hair on the opposite side from the way you've been wearing it is another suggestion. Whatever way you do change your hair comb, be sure to go to an expert when you have your hair thinned—nothing spoils the contour of a head more than a botch job of hair thinning.

If you wear curls, wear them discreetly. And a soft swirl to one side at back is very flattering. You can have a swirl even with long hair; just turn the ends under on the side toward which the swirl goes. The whole effect of your head this spring should be sleek but soft—and your waves should look natural, never rigid and set. And for a final "smooth" dash, try spraying perfumed brilliantine lightly over your completed coiffure—it adds such a lovely glossy sheen.

A well-known nail polish manufacturer has your new costume colors in mind when suggesting a triumvirate of polishes to complement all your spring togs. They are rust, ruby and rose. The rose is suggested as a complement to pastels, the ruby for black or white and the rust for any of the costume colors on the yellow cast such as the new browns, yellow, tangerine etc.

Like your hair, your hands will benefit by a hot oil treatment. Smooth the oil in thoroughly and leave it in for fifteen minutes. And don't forget to use a manicure cream, every night, if possible. I found one that's elegant—it keeps the cuticle soft and smooth while it prevents your nails from becoming brittle. The same house which puts out this excellent cream, also has a cream for removing nail polish together with two good liquid polish removers. The latter two are made for difrent types of nails, one with an oily base for you who have dry, brittle nails and one without oil for normal nails.

They may not look very decorative, but a cheap pair of cotton gloves pulled on over your freshly creamed hands at night, will, when pulled off in the morning, reveal those lily white hands you yearn for. Any good lubricating cream, massaged into the hands, will do the trick.

There you are, my pets, with enough beauty cues to carry you through the spring and summer. And if you aren't termed "smooth" after such careful grooming and broad hints as to new ways to go about it, it isn't my fault.

Before I leave you, however, I want to ask you if you have been worried over what to give as graduation gifts? Brides and graduates have a way of turning up this time of year and what to give them is a problem. Turn to the cosmetic counter for ideas, there isn't a girl who doesn't adore perfume, toilet water, bath salts and bath powder as a gift. And there are those grand kits that are not only the last word in smart design, but the ultimate in the all 'round usefulness of their beauty contents. Then there are lipsticks, combination vanities and eye shadows for the more sophisticated of the sweet girl graduates.

And don't forget to turn back to page 20 for the free offer "Reminders from My Notebook."



TUNE IN ON SAM TAYLOR

Yes, girls, the handsome young man on the left is Modern Screen's Hollywood reporter. His tri-weekly radio chats on Hollywood players and pictures are always bright, amusing, and up-to-the-minute. Sam Taylor is heard every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 7:15 p.m., over Station WOR.

Won by an Accent

(*Continued from page 51*)

be an actress. The screeching was Lady Macbeth! Want to hear more of her? . . ."

"Hush," said Mrs. Kies. "No more of that now please. If you're going to be an actress, I suppose that's what you're going to be . . . but please, darling, try to be a little quieter about it!"

On that day when Margaret announced that she was learning to be an actress, it was not just an idle dream that had occurred to her. Oh, no, indeed. Margaret had made a discovery. Deep inside of her a voice had said, "Margaret, you are going to be an actress"—and Margaret believed it. She didn't even stop to ask herself when or why or where or how. She just believed it.

"And that belief was the most important thing that ever happened to me," she told me recently. "Without it I'd have been doomed to Dubuque all my life. Without it I'd have bloomed only as a wall flower, and a perennial one at that! Oh, I *know* so, because except for that one buoyant bit of knowledge, I had very little confidence in myself. I was terribly shy and sensitive. Why, I remember how I used to dread walking past a gang of boys on the corner . . . how I'd walk blocks to avoid them if I could . . . just because I was sure they were talking about me. I know now, of course, that they probably never even saw me. But in those days, I only knew that my knees sagged, my face was hot and my feet dragged along the sidewalk! It was horrible. There was only that one soothing salve, that oft-repeated promise that I made to myself: 'Never mind, Margaret. Wait till you're a movie star. You'll show them then!'

"After a while, as I grew older, it became so fixed in my mind that I forgot about feeling inferior. Not completely, but a little. At a dance, for example, I learned not to worry about whether my partner liked me or not. Instead, I tried to concentrate on what a thrill this would be for him someday! Someday he'd see me on the screen and tell his friends, 'Oh yes, Margaret's an old friend of mine. Why, I remember one evening when we were dancing. . . .'"



Margaret Lindsay in her latest Warner opus, "Law in Her Hands," with Glenda Farrell.

MARGARET threw back her head and laughed at the recollection.

"Isn't that just about the goofiest thing you've ever heard? A poor, silly, self-conscious seventeen-year-old girl selling herself an idea—to make herself feel important. But wait! You haven't heard the half of it! The funny thing is that that attitude suddenly began producing unlooked-for results! Believe it or not, it began producing dates! I don't know *why* unless that precious knowledge that I *would* be a movie actress someday made me sort of radiant—I guess—and well, sort of attractive!

"Anyway, and seriously, while I'm not advising cockiness as a cure for unpopularity, I do say, and believe, that to be popular a girl has to feel that she's going some place, and that big things are about to happen! You know why I believe that? Because I think that anticipation is the greatest thing in the world! Especially as a beauty aid! We're more beautiful when we're young, because we expect more . . . !

"But to go back—who got me off on this charm lecture anyway?—my self-consciousness and my feeling of inferiority were far from cured by a couple of beaux at seventeen. They were still with me (the inferiority feelings I mean), some

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time later when I went to New York to live and to go on the stage. The first year I merely studied. Annie Jean Bouton, a friend of mine from school, shared an apartment with me, and we went to Sargent together. Sargent's one of the best dramatic schools in New York—you have to be 'invited' to go back the second year! Well, Annie Jean and I were both invited, but I was restless and didn't want to go. I felt it was high time I fulfilled my destiny and became an actress. But it seemed I was the only one who thought so! I couldn't find a single casting director to agree with me! Some of them didn't even want to talk to me about it!

"I was getting pretty discouraged when I ran into a friend-of-the-family's who owned a stock company in England. (Maybe you've heard part of this story—but not the details.) He advised me to go to England, pick up an accent, and then return as, 'that accomplished young English actress, Miss Margaret Lindsay—for example.' He said I couldn't blame a producer for not wanting plain Margaret Kies of Iowa. But Margaret Lindsay, of London, well, that was different!

"I thought it was a swell idea, except for one thing. Could I do it? Could I get away with it? Did I have the nerve? Suppose somebody found me out and laughed at me? That, more than anything, was the thing I was afraid of. I decided to sit down and write my mother all about it.

"I'll never forget that letter. It was fifty pages long. I spent half the night writing it. I explained everything in the minutest detail. But I might just as well have saved myself the trouble. Mother never read it. She got as far as the first line: 'What do you think, darling, about my going to England?' And three hours later she was on the train headed for New York.

WELL, we conferred for days. And by this time I had made up my mind that I was going. But at first Mother couldn't see it at all. Oh, she didn't mind my going on the stage—she'd always expected it, I guess. And she didn't mind my contemplated impersonation either. What she did mind very much was my traveling to England *all by myself!*

"You see, until then, I'd always led a pretty sheltered life. I'd always had a chaperone, someone to protect me from life or whatever it was I was supposed to be protected from. But if I went to England alone, well, you can see Mother's point. The problem was in making her see mine!

"Mine was simply this. I was going to England to acquire an English accent, and I knew I'd never be able to do it if I had to have somebody with me to listen to and to laugh at me all the time! I'd be too self-conscious, feel too silly. I'd either have to go alone, or not go at all.

"Well, eventually I went alone—and, thank heavens! Otherwise, I never would have succeeded in turning myself into a Britisher. Even a best friend would have cramped my style. You see, I had to keep constantly on the move, from one town to another, from one group of strangers to another—so people wouldn't wonder at my ever-broadening 'a.' You don't pick up an accent all at once, you know! You do it by degrees. And each time I acquired a new degree I had to find somebody new to try it on—or else be found out, and laughed at!

"It was complicated in other ways, too. For example, what was I to say when people asked me what town I came from? And had I known so-and-so there? And what street had I lived on? You see, I had to prepare myself for that. As soon as I arrived in England, I settled on Harrigate as my home stamping grounds—chiefly because it was quite a distance from London. I ran up there and stayed several weeks, memorizing it . . . its streets, its shops, the names of its best citizens and the names of all their children. Then later, I carried all this information in a little notebook for reference. And, as most girls give themselves a last inventory in the mirror before going out, so I used to take a last look at my 'I am Margaret Lindsay—don't forget it!' book.

LATER—two years later—I wished very much that I *could* forget it. At that time I found myself in Hollywood, under contract to Universal, as my friend had prophesied, as 'that accomplished young English actress, Miss Margaret Lindsay'—and I was hating it. It was perfect torture. Much worse than passing those hometown boys on the corner when I was ten. Now, every time I passed a group of people, I was certain I'd be recognized as plain Peg Kies of Dubuque, Iowa—and then all of Hollywood would be calling me the faker I was. In fact, it almost happened twice. Once at the polo matches, when Doris Warner (yes, of the Warner Brothers), whom I'd known well at National Park Seminary, spied me and chased me for three minutes through the crowd, calling 'Peg! Oh Peg Kies!'—and again, at the Cocoanut Grove. That second incident at the Cocoanut Grove will always stand out in my mind, for, having lived through it, I knew that at last I had my quivering inner self pretty much under control. I had to do the most difficult thing I have ever done. I had to look an old friend right in the eyes, and pretend I didn't know her!

"I'll never forget it. I was with Bill Powell that night. And no sooner had we stepped inside the door than I saw her—another old friend from school. She saw me at the same instant. She smiled and called my name—but I looked right through her and moved on. Then, as soon as we reached our table I took out a long cigarette holder and began smoking, and I pulled the little veil on my hat down over my eyes—hoping to throw her off the scent. Peg Kies didn't smoke—at least not with a holder like that—and Peg Kies wouldn't be seen dead done up in a veil!

"But she was still suspicious, because pretty soon she came over and stood right by our table, and stared right at me—silently accusing me and calling me names. What did I do? There was only one thing I could do! I looked at her. Then I looked behind me—as though to see who in the devil she was looking at! Then I looked back at her. Then I looked at Bill and I shrugged, whispering, loud enough so she could hear me: 'The girl must be crazy!' At that she smiled and relaxed her vigil. 'I'm sorry,' she apologized. 'You *aren't* she, but I could have sworn. . . .'"

Margaret sighed in relief at the remembrance.

"It wasn't until almost a year later that I was able to relax *my* vigil," she went on. "But finally I was able to break down and confess everything. That was just before I signed my present contract, and just after I finished playing the part of the doomed young wife, in 'Cavalcade.' Fortunately—oh so fortunately!—Hollywood figured it was fun to be fooled and forgave me. My career carried on!

"But the most important thing was what that impersonation did for me, per-

sonally. It was a terrific strain, but it taught me poise. It was an experience I wouldn't trade for anything!"

Of course she wouldn't, because poise pays—and how! Today Maggie Lindsay is just about the most popular girl in Hollywood. And the rumor persists that she is secretly married to Pat de Cicco. A rumor Margaret refuses to verify. But, she spoofed Hollywood once before . . . so?

A Lady in Love

(*Continued from page 42*)

decree was granted. I was horrified. 'It should be twenty years,' I declared. 'It's terrible, remarrying after a thing like that happens to you. I never shall.' And I really meant it, too."

Of course, that vow was the bitter reaction of a disillusioned girl. But even people who had not taken those words of Helen's seriously were surprised by her recent marriage. For, if she remarried, they expected Helen to choose a man with money. Fred Perry is certainly not a man of wealth. His only income is what he earns. And his only earnings are gleaned from playing amateur tennis.

HER father was a wealthy man. Her first husband was a millionaire. All her life she had moved in elite circles, surrounded by luxury. Her coterie of friends in New York are wealthy socialites. In Hollywood, naturally, she found her friends among a similar class. All the time Fred Perry was in Hollywood, he and Helen never met. Their paths never crossed.

"If we both hadn't happened to sail on the *Berengaria* for England, probably we never would have met," Helen admits. "Call it chance if you want. I say it was a miracle!"

I saw Helen Vinson and Fred Perry the first time their eyes met. Helen had invited all the newspapermen who had interviewed her down to the *Berengaria* for a little champagne party before the boat sailed. Her stateroom was jammed. Photographers crowded the doorways, and curious on-lookers pushed in from the corridor. Helen had just spent a tedious hour on the windy deck, patiently posing for pictures. Then she had battled through a barrage of autograph hounds and eager spectators to reach her stateroom. Her hat was askew, her hair mussed by the wind. She was tired and a little frantic.

A tall young man sauntered down the corridor toward the stateroom. What was all the excitement about? A movie actress. Oh, well, he had seen lots of movie actresses. He glanced into the room. And through the milling mob, his eyes looked into Helen Vinson's.

Forty minutes later the cry, "All ashore who's goin' ashore," had cleared the ship of the mob; the big boat was moving quietly out into the harbor. And Helen Vinson and Fred Perry were beginning to get acquainted.

It wasn't the kind of first-meeting Helen Vinson would have planned with her future husband. I have heard her say, "If you want to be attractive to a man, don't ever see him unless you are looking your best. See him only under circumstances in which you can be agreeable and pleasant. For every man loves a smiling woman. A woman with laughter is as welcome as the sunshine and a man will always turn to look at her again."

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NO, Helen—wise and knowing—would have set a different stage if she had had a chance. A new gown, perhaps, flowers, a charming room. I suggested this and she laughed. "Well, I never expected to fall in love amid the chaos of a press party on shipboard," she admitted, "and I still believe that the girl who wants to attract a man should see him only when she can be gracious and charming and well-groomed. But as I said before—this is a miracle. Rules don't count. It's different!"

At the end of their five-day voyage, Fred and Helen were secretly engaged.

Even when her American friends heard definite rumors that love was in bloom in England, that when asked if he was going to marry Helen, Perry had answered, "I hope so"—even then, those who knew her here wouldn't believe it.

"Helen isn't the type to do anything that rash and sudden," they said. "She has never acted on an impulse. She is at an important juncture in her screen career. Hollywood wants her, and she can't afford to miss the boat. Helen is too wise, too sensible to leap into such a marriage now!"

However, less than five months later, at midnight on September 12th, 1935, they were married.

I doubt if there has ever been a woman more eager to make a success of her marriage. This whirlwind romance struck deep into the roots of Helen's heart, and it is very precious to her. She knows that in a marriage such as hers there are many pitfalls.

She frankly admits that it has worried her a little because she is two years older than Fred, even though two years is a small difference, and she looks definitely younger than her twenty-six-year-old husband.

She realizes that the kind of a man who battles his way to fame on the tennis courts must be determined, stubborn, a fighter-to-the-finish. She knows that spending years batting around the world from one tournament to another must make a man irresponsible in a way, restless, eager to be on the go.

She realizes all these things, and she is willing and anxious to spend time and energy, wisdom and patience, in adjusting the problems which must inevitably arise.

She knows, too, that the very nature of their careers means that they must be separated a great deal. Furthermore, they are both constantly in the limelight—he in the world of sports, she in the film firmament. Their names are news. And the bright glare of publicity has withered many a romance. For several years, Perry's name has been linked with that of one of the most beautiful stars in Hollywood. They are still good friends, and Helen wants that friendship to continue. Yet, it is certain to creep into columns as nasty gossip, slip, as rumors, into the news.

Can their romance stand the gaff? Helen is determined that it shall!

"One thing to remember," she says, "is that love is not the most important thing in life. Life is. Love is that part of life which makes you enjoy living more, makes you more honest, and braver, and unselfish. I have heard women actually use love as an excuse for pettiness. 'I can't help it,' they'll say, 'I love him.' They'll excuse jealousy, for example, with that phrase. How foolish they are! Jealousy is the most futile emotion in the world. Besides, I've seen many a jealous woman put ideas in her husband's head that never occurred to him. Accuse a husband of being overattentive to the red-head at the next table, and it may sound like a good idea to him. It's a foolish risk for a woman to take

BUT," she added hastily, "I don't believe in a woman's being too noble. A spark of spunk now and then keeps you human. After all, you salt your food and put a touch of vinegar in the salad dressing, don't you? But I believe, too, that the smiling graciousness which helps a woman attract a man will help her to hold him."

Plans for the future? They're vastly different from the plans she had in the spring of 1935, when she was sailing for England to make two pictures for Gaumont-British. She was temporarily deserting Hollywood for English films because Hollywood continued to type her in "other woman" roles. The English studio offered her two sympathetic roles—one in "Transatlantic Tunnel," and stardom as the heroine of "King of the Damned." When these two films were finished, she would return to Hollywood, having proved she could play leads. It was a wise plan.

When those films were finished, Hollywood begged her to come back. But while the Hollywood offers dangled, Helen kept her fingers crossed, hoping for another Gaumont-British contract. Fred would be in England . . .

She was offered the lead, opposite Clive Brook, in "His Majesty's Pajamas." She snapped it up. Hollywood is out of luck, unless Fred returns to the coast.

Neither do her plans for the future include a mansion-house where wealthy friends may be lavishly entertained. She who has known great wealth and success now asks for the simplest things in life—the man she loves and a quiet place where they may spend some time together. She talks dreamily of a small farm in Connecticut, a little old house with deep fireplaces to hold fat logs, a garden, a bit of woodland. The only luxury she asks for is fine tennis courts on the grounds for Fred.

May her dreams come true!



In New York for the first time in years, Ann Sothern came to see the shows and the shops before starting her first picture for RKO. She stayed at Manhattan's very smart St. Moritz Hotel.

Information Desk

(*Continued from page 70*)

ming. He is interested in taxidermy and sketching, besides. Gary is 6 feet 2½ inches tall, weighs 175 pounds and has dark brown hair and blue eyes. Mrs. Cooper is the former Veronica Balfe, who appeared in pictures under the name of Sandra Shaw. His most recent picture is opposite Jean Arthur in "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town." Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Los Angeles, Cal., is his address.

ANNE D. PHILLIPS, Quincy, Mass.—Gordon Jones played the part of Butch in "Strike Me Pink." His latest picture is "Devil's Squadron." "Under Two Flags" with Ronald Colman, Victor McLaglen and Rosalind Russell will be Claudette Colbert's next picture.

JANET GAYNOR—Formerly Laura Gainer, Janet was born in Philadelphia, Pa., October 6, 1906. Six years later the Gainers moved to Chicago where she attended the Graeme Stewart grade school. The next leap was to San Francisco and the Polytechnic High School, after which young Janet worked in a shoe store, then as an usherette in a movie theatre. One of the few film players who have been successful without previous stage training, Janet made her first movie appearance as an extra in 1924. Work being scarce, she took a secretarial course, but the studio lure was too great and she returned to movieland, gradually getting better and better roles. Her first real leading role was in "The Johnstown Flood," and she helped make movie history with Charles Farrell in "Seventh Heaven." Much to everyone's distress, she and Charlie did not marry. Instead, he married Virginia Valli and Janet became Mrs. Lydell Peck. They were divorced, however, and now there doesn't seem to be any particular "Mr. Gaynor" in view. Miss Gaynor is 5 feet tall, weighs 100 pounds and has copper brown hair and brown eyes. She plays the piano and her favorite sports are golf and swimming. She is very fond of Chinese dishes, and yellow and blue are her favorite colors. "Small Town Girl" was her most recent picture, and she is tentatively scheduled to be in "Banjo on My Knee," for 20th Century-Fox Studios, where you may reach her at Box 900, Beverly Hills, Cal.

JO ANN KEMP, Baltimore, Md.—The part of Buzz, the gum-chewing radio operator in "Ceiling Zero," was taken by James Bush—and a nice bit of acting he turned in, too. Write him at Warner Brothers Studios, Burbank, Cal.

JOHN BOLES—Love is his middle name, and no kidding. The rest of it is authentic, too. The son of a banker and cotton broker, John was born in Greenville, Tex., October 27, 1900. Greenville schools and the University of Texas gave him the preparatory courses necessary to entering Johns Hopkins, where he intended to begin the study of medicine. The World War interrupted these plans, however, and Mr. Boles enlisted in the intelligence division of the army. In France he became a great favorite by singing at the A.E.F. entertainments, and on his return home decided to study voice. First, though, it was necessary for him to earn the wherewithal by working in a local bank, then by teaching French in a girls' academy in New York. Later he returned to France, this time to study, and came back to New York after 2 years determined to get a leading role or nothing. Nothing it was, until "Little Jesse James" came along. An instant success in this, John appeared in several other Broadway productions until Gloria Swanson offered him the lead in "The Loves of Sonya." After making several other silents, he began to get leads in such pictures as "Rio Rita" and "The Desert Song" in which he was very successful. John is 6 feet 1 inch tall, weighs 185 pounds and has brown hair and gray eyes. John likes all outdoor sports, especially hiking and tennis. Mrs. Boles is the former Marcellite Dobbs and they have two daughters, Marcellite and Joanna. 20th Century-Fox Studios, Box 900, Beverly Hills, Cal., is his address. "A Message to Garcia" is Mr. Boles' most recent production.

JANE KINGSLEY, New York, N. Y.—Yes, Nino Martini is going to make another picture. It will be the second of the Pickford-Lasky productions and is tentatively titled "The Gay Desperado." No supporting cast has been assigned as yet but you may be assured that he'll do plenty of singing.

GINGER ROGERS—If it hadn't been for the Charleston, we might never have known there was such a person as Virginia Katherine McMath, alias Ginger Rogers. Born in Independence, Mo., on July 6, 1911, she spent her girlhood in Fort Worth, Tex., where she attended school. There at the age of 15 she won the state Charleston championship, which resulted in her being signed to a vaudeville contract. Coming to New York, Ginger joined a stock company and then took part in a musical revue, "Top Speed." Forty-five weeks in the New York company of "Girl Crazy" won her a chance in Hollywood. Her first picture, "The Tip Off," followed this in 1931. Ginger is 5 feet 4 inches tall, weighs 110 pounds, has gold-red hair and blue eyes. Her hobby is dancing, she plays a fair game of tennis and is fond of riding, swimming and golf. Edward Jackson Culpepper was her first husband, when she was very young, and she has been happily married to Lew Ayres since November 14, 1934. She and Fred Astaire will be teamed again in "Never Gonna Dance." Write her at RKO-Radio Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

ROMOLA BILLINGS, Passaic, N. J.—No, Leslie Howard's children have never actually appeared in pictures to date. However, his son, Ronald, will be seen as a page boy in "Romeo and Juliet." Mr. Howard's daughter, Leslie Jr., has appeared over the ether waves with him, and in so doing gave every evidence that she inherits some of her father's versatile ability.

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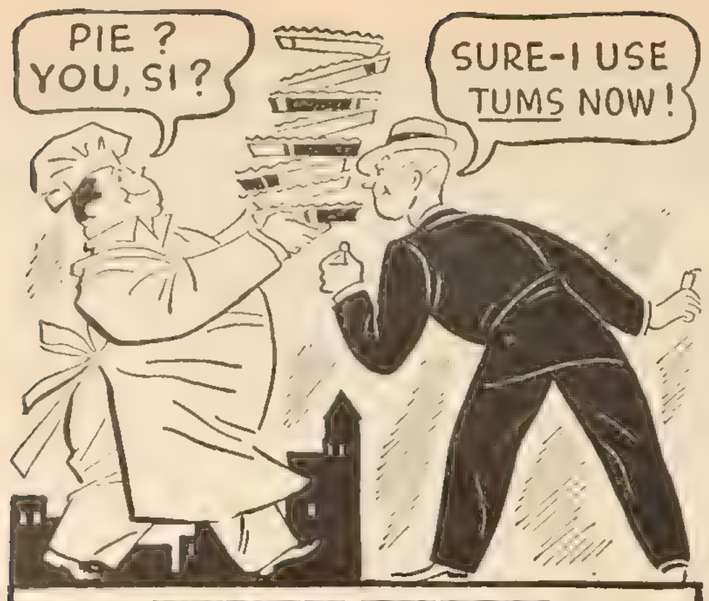
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(*Continued from page 50*)

HERE'S one—remember the old days. This might not be much of a cure if the actor happens to have been born with a silver spoon in his mouth. I wasn't. And I remember days when I didn't have enough to eat. I remember days when I wasn't sure where I'd sleep at night. Days and nights in Putnam, New Jersey, where, after I was expelled from high school for smashing up some school furniture, I got odd jobs to do, and sang in church on Sundays. Days in Camden, when I worked for the Victor Talking Machine Company as shipping clerk for four years and tried to take singing lessons and spent money I should have used for board and lodging on shows in New York. Days when I purchased a service station in Haddenfield, Pa., and tried to operate it while I took more singing lessons. The venture failed, of course, and I hiked to Philadelphia and got a job as a newspaper advertising salesman. Then I got a break with the La Scala Opera Company, making infrequent appearances and singing, even more infrequently, over the radio.

"No one seemed very much aware that I was alive in those days. I haven't forgotten that feeling. I haven't forgotten the pangs of hunger or how it feels to be thinly clad and cold. The man I was then I still am. That fellow is forever with me, plucking at my sleeve, laughing in my ear. He's me, too. You're not in much danger from the enemy when such a starved, unimportant little 'I' is with you.

"A normal childhood is a very good antidote for an 'I' attack. Mine was perfectly normal. I was born in Ocean City, N. J. I went to public school. My folks were in very moderate circumstances. I sold newspapers. I ran errands. I wore some hand-me-downs. I played hooky occasionally. I scrubbed the backs of my ears and put on my 'good suit' and went to Sunday school. There was absolutely nothing to distinguish me from Tom or Joe or Harry. I was just one of the gang.

"A girl I used to know back in those days said to me recently, 'I nearly died when I read about your being an actor. You were a nice looking, decent enough kid, Pres, always very polite when you had to be and always with a broad grin all over your face. You sure were one of the very last boys in town I ever thought would go into the movies.'

"Ocean City is, of course, on the ocean. And the ocean is the greatest antidote I know against the personal puny conceit of man. The sea plays no favorites. President and ploughboy are one and the same to the sea. It wipes out prince or pauper with magnificent impartiality. And I've always spent a lot of time on the water. Now, between pictures, or late Saturday afternoons, any time I can get away, I run down to Balboa where I keep my boat. There are no actors down there on the water front, just a crowd of business men and fellows who like boats. We never talk about pictures or Hollywood. Some of them don't even know that I'm in pictures, so far as I know. If they do, they don't figure it's important enough to talk about. And they certainly don't get it from me. We talk boats and weather and fishing and tides and tackle. We talk politics and swap stories and I forget that my name has ever appeared in electrics. I'm back in Ocean City, N. J., again—one of the gang.

"A happy marriage," said Preston, his very dark blue eyes amused, "is another and a most effective prescription for curing any signs of head-swelling.

"I have," grinned Preston, "a very usual marriage—the boy-marries-girlhood-sweetheart brand. I popped the question a short time after I'd begun singing with the La Scala Opera Company in Philadelphia. I began in the chorus. Then I was given some leading parts, singing with some of the stars whose vocal records I'd packed while I was a shipping clerk with the talking machine company. I began to think I'd better do things about improving my voice, considering that the Metropolitan Opera Company was my modest goal. So I entrained for New York for further vocal instruction.

ON the way I thought it was high time to bring a climax to a childhood romance. She was Gertrude Warren, who lived in Woodbury, N. J. We'd gone together since our high school days, to movies, picnics and on long walks in the woods. She was, always has been, and still is the only girl for me. We were married at The Little Church Around the Corner in New York. We set up housekeeping—very light housekeeping for a time. Singing engagements didn't drop in my lap. I finally got a part in a play, 'The Silent House,' and played a deaf and dumb man whose entire role was in pantomime! That sort of deflated whatever little sprouts my ego might have put out, too. Me, candidate for the Met, deaf and dumb!

"Then luck, the main ingredient in any actor's success, began to leaven the lean loaf. I had a part in 'Two Seconds' in New York. Mervyn LeRoy saw the play. He must have liked me because he recommended me for a picture contract at Warner Brothers and I was on my way to Hollywood.

"I played the lead in the screen version of 'Two Seconds' and for the fourteen months I was on that lot appeared in 'Dr. X,' 'I'm a Fugitive From a Chain Gang,' 'Alibi Ike,' and 'You Said a Mouthful.' I was loaned to Tiffany and made 'The Last Mile' which I hoped would bring me stardom. It didn't. But I did get some recognition from Fox Films and got a break there. Spencer Tracy was to make 'The Man Who Dared.' But he couldn't do it and I got the part. It was the sort of thing I'd been praying for. The picture was swell and it got good reviews but I was still more than the last mile away from stardom. I was turned over to Paramount. I went back to Warners. And then I was shunted into some 'quickies.' I cooled my heels and felt down at the mouth. I arranged for a cancellation of my Warner Brothers contract. M-G-M offered me a contract. I accepted. Cooled my heels some more. I made one picture in five months. I'd about decided to chuck it all and go back to New York and the stage when RKO decided that they wanted me. I told them I wanted work and that unless I could be kept busy I'd go right on with my packing. If I'd known how busy they'd keep me, I might not have been such a fiend for punishment! I signed my contract January, 1935, and since then I've appeared in six major films, with scarcely time off between films to lift anchor on my power cruiser—'Strangers All,' with May Robson, 'The Last Days of Pompeii,' 'The Informer,' 'The Arizonian,' 'Annie Oakley,' 'Muss 'Em Up.' I've hit

top billing and I'm on my way . . .

"But to get back to my marriage: Gertrude takes my job as any wife takes any man's job. She never gets excited about it. She isn't especially curious about it. She never comes to the studio. And she's paid me two compliments on my work since we've been in Hollywood. Once after the preview of 'The Last Mile' she said, 'I really forgot it was you I was watching, Pres, the performance carried me away,' and the other time after seeing 'The Last Days of Pompeii,' she exclaimed, with a catch in her voice, 'You were grand . . .' Otherwise she makes no comment other than to remark that I was good enough in this or that picture to have rated a better part. That's all.

"I'm pretty darned sure," said this big, genial man slowly, "that Hollywood's Public Enemy won't find a chink in my defenses. . . ."

Reviews

(*Continued from page 13*)

He has a mania for fishing all the year 'round. Studios have learned that if they want him in a picture they'd better notify him at least a week ahead of time. It's easier than to track him down at the streams in the wilds.

★★★ Sutter's Gold

(Universal)

Californians will love this pictorial history of its most colorful character, John Sutter, and natives of other states will find the tale engrossing, too. It deals, of course, with the Swiss, Johan Souter, who was forced to flee his country and who came to California with dreams for the future. Forcefully depicted are the struggles which he goes through to attain his ever-increasing ambitions, and his final ironic downfall with the discovery of gold on his land. Edward Arnold gives a masterly characterization of John Sutter, a man with a peculiar make-up of ruthlessness, kind-heartedness, generosity and greed. Lee Tracy, as Pete Perkins who stuck to Sutter through good and bad, is not so happily cast. No amount of snowy whiskers can disguise this wise-cracking youth, while Arnold seems to grow naturally grayer with every reel. Binnie Barnes is seductively lovely as the Russian countess who falls for Sutter, but with method in her madness. The cast as a whole is well selected and adequate in performance. The picture is interesting from an historical standpoint, which has been carefully worked out in every detail, with excellent photography.

Preview Postscript

Several acres in the San Fernando Valley were used for the principle set of this picture—the famed Sutter's fort of 1845 and 1849. An exact replica was made of Sutter's Mill, perhaps the most famous structure in the history of the West. A heavy wall of adobe surrounded the four-acre compound, and the parapet supported several cannons, gathered from museums, which had seen actual service at the fort. Inside the enclosure were stables, blacksmith shops, wells, barbecue pits, etc. Prop men were kept busy building and collecting the rudely fashioned carts, enormous wine casks, huge hand-looms on which the Indians wove rugs, antique furniture and military trappings. The costume department had some research of its own, too, what with garbing the most varied cast ever collected for one picture, including South Sea Islanders, Hawaiians, Maoris, Samoans, Tahitians, Russians, Italians, Span-

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. . . Cash prizes for interesting Between You 'n' Me letters awarded each month. See page 24

ITCH

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Are you tormented with the itching tortures of eczema, rashes, athlete's foot, eruptions, or other skin afflictions? For quick and happy relief, use cooling, antiseptic, liquid **D.D.D. PRESCRIPTION.** Its gentle oils soothe the irritated skin. Clear, greaseless and stainless—dries fast. Stops the most intense itching instantly. A 35c trial bottle, at drug stores, proves it—or money back.

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SMART, modern women no longer submit to the tragedy of "old skin" just because they are 30, 35, 40! A wonderful new creme, applied at night like cold cream, acts a scientific way to free the skin of that veil of semi-visible darkening particles which ordinary creams cannot remove after a certain age. So gentle and quick—often only 5 days is time enough to bring out a glorious rose petal softness and fineness and white, clear look of youth. And, the way it eliminates common surface blemishes—ugly pimples, blackheads, freckles—is a revelation! Ask for this creme—Golden Peacock Bleach Creme at all drug and department stores.



Jan Kiepura and Gladys Swarthout in "Give Us This Night."

iards and Mexicans, to mention a few. "Extras" in the animal line ran to even larger numbers—hundreds of sheep, goats, pigs, besides over a thousand horses and cattle. 76 complete sets were used for this film.

★ Things to Come
(London Films)

You're in for a pretty grim time if you go to see this English opus. It's an adaptation of H. G. Well's prophetic book on what we can expect to have happen to the world beginning (and so son!) in 1940! Little boys, scientifically minded, will get a huge kick out of the truly amazing inventions—and so will you, if you aren't too depressed. The story concerns Raymond Massey, a young aviation engineer in 1940. He manages to survive the wars that last from 1940 until 1966, and, when civilization has been practically wiped out, he, with a band of surviving scientists, start to rebuild the world. What goes on until 2036, when you see Mr. M. again as his great grandson—and still carrying the scientific torch—is most amazing. The cast, all English, does the best it can. You feel Mr. Wells should try to be a little less imaginative.

★★★ Robin Hood of El Dorado (M-G-M)

If you like action in your movies, here is a rousing, old-fashioned western in costume, full of all the shooting and the shouting that go to make up exciting screenfare. Its star is Warner Baxter, in a sombrero and his "Cisco Kid" accent. Background is California in the gold rush days, when Mexican settlers were being pushed off their own property by Americans with a lust for gold. Baxter, as Joaquin Murietta, is a peaceful peasant until his home is ravaged by raiding '49ers. Seeking vengeance, he becomes an outlaw and declares a personal war on all "gringoes." Teaming up with a killer named Three-Fingered Jack (J. Carroll Naish) he terrorizes the countryside until a thrilling gun battle puts an end to it all. The picture is full of scenic beauty and is charged with excitement and fast gun play. Next to Baxter for acting honors is J. Carroll Naish with his excellent portrayal of a murderous renegade. Others in the cast are Bruce Cabot, Margo, Eric Linden and Ann Loring.

Preview Postscript

"A good time was had by all" on this picture. Most of it was taken on location around Lake Tahoe and in the San Fernando valley. Wherever there's gun-play in a film you can be sure the cast had an even better time off-screen than on. Principals, extras, cameramen and prop boys enlisted in the target tournament which sprung up the first day on location. Bruce Cabot was the winner and among the ladies—for of course they had to get in on it—the best shot was Margo . . . Ann Loring came to the screen via M-G-M's "travelling studio." A co-ed from Brooklyn College, New York, she was studying to be a journalist when the travelling studio came to town. Ann took the test purely for the fun of it, hoping that there would be a story in it for the school paper. She won first place over 25,000 applicants, and a try-out contract at the studio. She celebrated this, her first role, by marrying Louis Schor, an attorney. In her spare time, Ann studies theology and numerology . . .

★★ Snowed Under
(Warners)

The problems of a playwright are contemplated here with considerable mirth, due to the presence in the cast of such experienced handlers of comedy as Glenda Farrell, Genevieve Tobin and Frank McHugh. The whole situation revolves about George Brent, who sits in a Connecticut hideout trying to finish a play which a Broadway producer already has in rehearsal. His first wife, Miss Tobin, arrives to lend a helping hand, and things run smoothly until the appearance of Patricia Ellis, a gal from a nearby college who feels that she's in love with George. More additions to the household arrive when a deputy sheriff (Frank McHugh) and a lawyer for Glenda Farrell, Mr. Brent's second wife, drop in to slap Mr. B. in jail for failure to keep neck and neck with his alimony payments. Then, just to make things merrier, Miss Farrell arrives in person. Add to this a gallon of Mr. McHugh's finest applejack, and you have a real situation. In the middle of all the bickering Brent quietly slips out, spends the night with his housekeeper and her husband and finishes his play. The play brings cash, George reweds Genevieve, Glenda collects her alimony and Pat Ellis falls in love with the young attorney.

Preview Postscript

George Brent established a precedent with this film—claims he'll never work again without three leading ladies. He was kept pretty busy what with Glenda Farrell, Pat Ellis, Genevieve Tobin and the problem of moving from his Toluca Lake home to a new one in the Hollywood hills. Mr. Brent is its sole decorator and is carrying out the color scheme principally in a lapis blue—said by those in the know to be Garbo's pet color. It seems also that Mr. Brent is the only one to have received letters from la Swede on her recent visit to the fatherland . . . Genevieve Tobin became so interested in camera work while on this picture that it was practically impossible to get her off the set. . . . The four stars in this picture have all had the same stand-ins for over five years. Carter Gibson is George Brent's secretary, besides doubling for him on the screen. Ann Sparling is la Tobin's stand-in, and off-screen is an amateur artist. Frances Waverley is not only Glenda Farrell's stand-in but her closest friend, while Dale Jensen and Pat Ellis are practically inseparable at the studio or away from it. According to the scenery, overcoats, earmuffs and galoshes were the correct costume, but actually the temperature for that corn-flake snowfall was around 80 degrees. Arthur Todd, cameraman par excellence, undertook to instruct Miss T. in the mysteries of the camera, so she can add photography to her line of accomplishments.

★ Give Us This Night
(Paramount)

Good music is all very well in its place, but in a poorly presented moving picture it is apt to sound canned and insincere. Which is the fate of the excellent singing of Gladys Swarthout and Jan Kiepura in "Give Us This Night." The story is weak enough at best, having to do with an Italian fisherman (Jan Kiepura) who is "discovered" by the star of an opera company (Gladys Swarthout). That Miss Swarthout could make him a singer is believable enough, but that she should fall in love with Jan brands the whole thing as just another movie. Mr. Kiepura's voice is splendid, but he seems to be under a constant strain when in front of the camera, while Miss Swarthout not only suffers from self-consciousness but also from the director's decision to play up the male lead at her expense. Alan Mowbray does the only really competent acting in the picture, as the would-be opera singer. Philip Merivale makes his camera debut in too small a role for accurate judgment, but what he did do was unconvincing. Gladys Swarthout is as pleasing to look at as to hear, but given another picture of this calibre and movie audiences won't care about her at all. The photography is good and the music grand, so you may get your money's worth.

Preview Postscript

"Set builders' paradise" was how they referred to this picture. Seldom has a motion-picture taken up as much space for sets or required as much work as this one. A crew of two hundred carpenters and artisans worked 24 hours a day to keep ahead of Director Alexander Hall's shooting schedule, and the studios of two separate movie companies as well as an outdoor location were used. Eight different sound stages were used at Paramount, while the permanent opera house set at Columbia studios was borrowed for the occasion, too. Approximately 60 sets were used in all. The Italian fishing village church was built under the supervision of Catholic priests and is accurate in every detail . . . Jan Kiepura would be happy in Hollywood if he could get some barszcz, or zrazy z kasza. The former is beet soup in Polish and the latter mystery turns out to be goulash. Ogorki kwaszone is Jan's favorite dish—just pickled cucumbers to you. Kiepura was born in Poland, and graduated as a lawyer from Warsaw University, working his way through school by singing in movie theatres. Instead of hanging out a shingle, he accepted a minor role with the Warsaw Opera Company and at 22 found himself a



Fred Stone and Jean Parker in "The Farmer in the Dell."

She has what it takes *except one thing*



She's pretty

She's lively

She's a snappy dresser

She has plenty of what it takes . . .

And yet the men "side-step" her. The other girls ignore her. For the best reason in the world!

A girl can have everything else it takes to be a favorite, but if perspiration odor makes her unpleasant to be with, she cannot hope for popularity.

It's unpardonable, these days, for any girl to carry the ugly odor of underarm perspiration on her person and her clothing. For it's so easy to prevent!

It takes just half a minute to make your underarms fresh, free from odor *all day long.* With Mum.

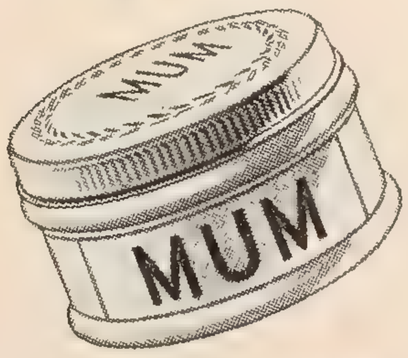
That's the nice thing about Mum. It's so quick and easy to use, and you can use it any time—before dressing or afterwards. For it's harmless to clothing.

And it's soothing to the skin. You can shave your underarms and use Mum at once.

Another thing about Mum — it doesn't prevent natural perspiration. It prevents only the disagreeable part of perspiration —*the odor.*

Don't risk letting this fault shut you out of popularity. Get the daily Mum habit, then you'll always be safe! Bristol-Myers, Inc., 630 Fifth Ave., New York.

MUM



ON SANITARY NAPKINS. This is another way Mum can keep you from offending. Rely on its help for this and you'll never need to worry.

takes the odor out of perspiration

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WANT OLIVE OIL IN OUR BABY POWDER."



THERE'S good reason, Mother, why your baby feels so much happier...cooler and more comfortable . . . with Z.B.T. Baby Powder. More soothing to tender, touchy skin, Z.B.T. contains *olive oil*, which makes it cling longer and *resist moisture better*. Its superior "slip" prevents chafing in the creases. Free from zinc in any form, Z.B.T. is approved by Good Housekeeping *and your baby*. Large 25c and 50c sizes.

Z.B.T.

OLIVE OIL BABY POWDER

Look 10 Years Younger

BRUSH AWAY



GRAY HAIR

Quickly and safely you can tint those streaks of gray to lustrous shades of blonde, brown or black. BROWNATONE and a small brush does it. Used and approved for over twenty-four years. Guaranteed harmless. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Economical and lasting —will not wash out. Simply retouch as new gray appears. Imparts rich, beautiful color with amazing speed. Easy to prove by tinting a lock of your own hair. BROWNATONE is only 50c—at all drug and toilet counters—always on a money-back guarantee.



GET OUT ROOT AND ALL—THIS SAFE WAY

THAT aching, burning, blistering corn... it's like a tack in your toe! Don't just trim the head off. Get it *all* out! Get rid of it for good!

How? With Blue-Jay—the scientific corn plaster that draws out *root and all*. No danger of infection, as there is when you cut or pare a corn. No growing back of the same corn over and over again. When you Blue-Jay a corn you draw it out completely—end it forever!

Blue-Jay has a remarkable *double-action*. It stops pain instantly, the moment it's applied. Then quickly the corn dries, loosens, lifts out—*is gone!* Package of 6 for 25¢ at all drug stores.

TRIAL OFFER: We will be glad to send one Blue-Jay to anyone who has a corn, to prove that it ends pain instantly, removes the corn completely. Just send your name and address with 5c to cover the cost of packing and mailing. Act quickly before this trial offer expires. Address Bauer & Black, Dept. B-7, 2500 South Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.



Spirited ping pong out of doors at Dolores Del Rio's. Here Anita Louise is ready to return a fast one while Dolores cheers.

success. Followed two years singing with the Milan Opera Company and intensive study on the side. This is his first American picture, but there have been a half dozen European ones.

★★ The Farmer in the Dell
(RKO-Radio)

The farmer you see in the title is Fred Stone, and the dell is really no dell at all —it's Hollywood. For this is a story of an Iowa farm family which auctions off its cattle and its chattel and moves to the cinema city. Settling in Hollywood isn't Fred's idea, for he had planned on Long Beach, where all good Iowans go. But mama (Esther Dale) wants to get daughter (Jean Parker) into the movies, so Hollywood becomes their new home. However, when Fred takes daughter Jean to a studio, the movie people pass her up and hire him, much to everyone's surprise. Mama immediately goes Hollywood in fine style, with a swimming pool and a crowd of free-liquor guzzlers and all the trimmings. Everything ends well, though, with mama deciding the simple life is best, and daughter marrying Frank Albertson, an honest young citizen of Des Moines. The picture has its dull spots, but most audiences will like Fred Stone's homely touches, which are sometimes reminiscent of Will Rogers.

Preview Postscript

You'll see the only trained canary on the screen in this picture. $150 a week is the salary pulled down by "Dicky," owned and operated by Curley Twiford. He started training the bird before it had feathers, and it will now take a bath, come when called, go back to its cage and shut the door, and sing on command. The last talent was the hardest one to teach his protegé, so Curley affirms . . . "Fearless Freddy Stone" comes from Kansas. The name comes from his famous acrobatic act, copied from a travelling tight-rope walker who visited his home town, Wellington. The Stone boy was so impressed by the daring feats that he practiced every day for a year on a wire strung across the barn, then borrowed a pair of his mother's silk stockings and applied for a job with a neighboring circus. The act was so successful that he earned six dollars a week for the next year. Then with his brother, Ed, Fred started out to see the U. S. A. This act continued until Ed injured his leg, then followed the days of the famous Dave Montgomery-Fred Stone team, which played command performances before kings, queens and such. After that airplane crack-up a few years ago it looked like Fred was through to everyone but Fred. And now he's starting a brand new career in celluloid . . . Moroni Olsen is six feet three, Norwegian descent. Born in Ogden, Utah and it was naturally supposed that he would be either a prize-fighter or dance-bouncer. But Moroni took to teaching elocution at seventeen, then travelled with Chautauquas, and finally landed on Broadway with the Theatre Guild.

★★ Petticoat Fever
(M-G-M)

You'd hardly expect to find Robert Montgomery keeping a lonely vigil in a cabin up in the frigid wastes of Labrador, but there he is. He, it seems, is a radio operator—that's his station and he's stuck with it. Trust a Montgomery not to be lonely for long, though, for out of the sky comes Myrna Loy, her plane forced down, fortunately, in the immediate vicinity of his cabin. There is a slight complication in that she is accompanied by Reginald Owen, who happens to be her fiancé. What follows is typical Montgomery drawing-room comedy. The rustic setting is novel, and some of the situations are amusing, but one knows from the beginning that poor Reginald hasn't a chance against the nonchalance and charm of the dashing radio man. Reginald thinks Bob is merely suffering from "petticoat fever" due to his long hermitage, but Bob and Myrna and you and I all know that it's love. All in all, it's a pleasant little comedy competently played by the three principals and by an Eskimo gentleman named Otto Yamaoka.

Preview Postscript

Two extra firemen were on duty on the set every minute this picture was being filmed. They were there to see that the snow didn't catch fire. Hollywood snow is made of uncooked cornflakes and ground goose-feathers —a very combustible combination. Mike O'Hara is the man whose vocation is putting foot-prints in snow. This is done by means of a plaster cast of a foot, which is ground down into the corn-flakes and goose-feathers making a perfectly good foot-print in the snow. Though there were no fires on

the set, there were plenty of colds. Dust from the "snow" is hard on the nose and throat. . . Visitors to the set annoyed the stars by spending most of their time lost in admiration for an extra. Pete is the name, and Pete is the polar bear who hails from the California Zoological Gardens. He's a contract player, being signed on the dotted line to the studio at twenty-five dollars a week, work or play. If other studios want him in a picture, they must pay Metro a good fat sum for the privilege . . . Otto Yamaoka is an old-timer in the fillums, having been one of the principal players in "Eskimo." But his sister Iris made her camera debut in this one. They're both from coldest Alaska and in no hurry to get back . . . Robert Montgomery, Jr., celebrated his first month's birthday by having his first picture taken —and a moving one at that. Papa won't let the studio get a look at it. Says one Montgomery in the movies is bad enough. The Montgomery menage now consists of Elizabeth, aged four, a half-dozen scottie terriers, seven cats—all black—and Mr. and Mrs. M., besides Jr.

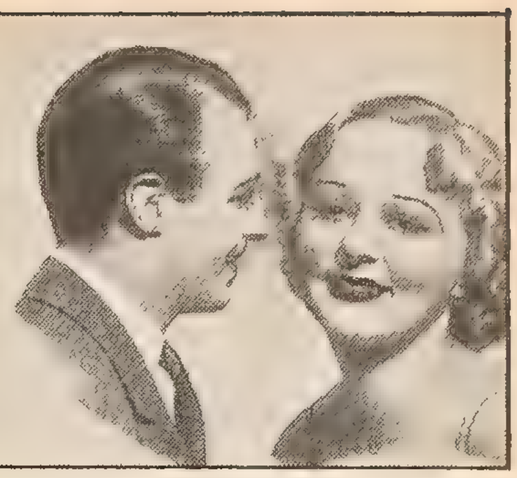
★ Silly Billies (RKO-Radio)

The less said about this latest Wheeler-Woolsey epic the better. But one thing that should be said is that it is far, far worse than any of the preceding ones. This time we have the Messrs. W. and W. out in the wild and wooly West, in the era when the Indians and buffaloes ran wild. Our two heroes set out for the West, too. They are painless dentists and convinced that even though the settlers may not have long to live, they should die with their teeth filled. En route they meet Miss Dorothy Lee, of course, who is a schoolmarm going West to teach the natives a thing or two. Unreeled from then on is a series of harrowing events—Indian raids, tooth-pullings, death-defying escapades, etc. Mr. Woolsey takes his cigar out of his mouth long enough to make some perfectly turrible wisecracks, while Mr. Wheeler hasn't much to say, either. You will like Bert's exposition of horsemanship, though, when he flees across the plains in pursuit of aid for the pioneers. But even if you're a Wheeler-Woolsey addict this will be hard to take in any man's town.

Preview Postscript

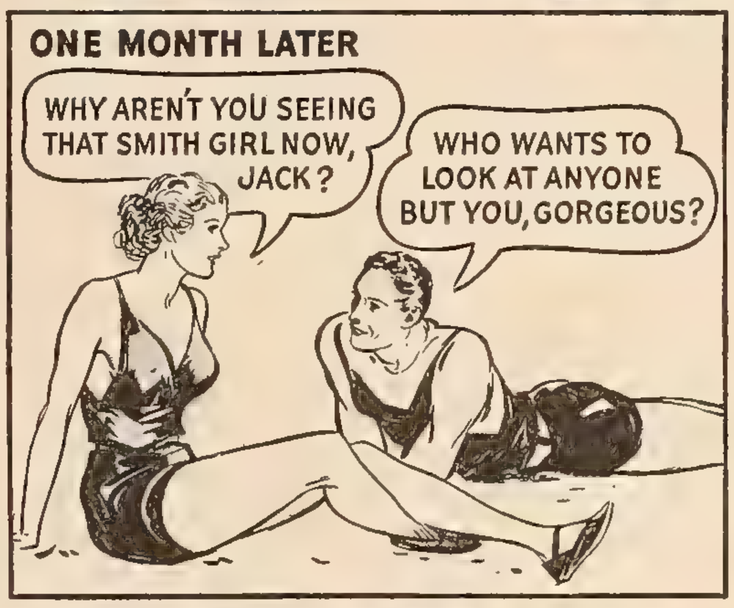
According to box-offices, than which there's nothing more infallible, the Wheeler-Woolsey combine is tops in movie comic teams. The Marx Bros. have threatened plenty, but to date haven't outdone them . . . It takes five to six hundred cigars to get Woolsey through a picture. He estimates that's about 75 pounds of tobacco per pic. Off-screen, Bob wouldn't touch one of them . . . Born in Ohio of poor parents, Bob drifted down into Kentucky looking for a job. Landed one finally as a jockey and was going good when a broken leg stopped any ambitions in that direction. Drifted into cheap vaudeville and played every tank town in the States before he finally landed a job on Broadway. "Rio Rita" and the first teaming with Bert Wheeler brought him to sudden fame and Hollywood . . . Wheeler also started earning his living at a tender age. Newsboy, bootblack, street singer and fruit-swiper were among his earlier leanings. Now he's Hollywood's amateur golf champ and has every mantel in his hillside home laden with trophies . . . Dorothy Lee, 23-year-old native Californian and daughter of a Los Angeles attorney, has just married for the fourth time. It's a verra wealthy Chicago broker this time. She's been in all but one of the Wheeler - Woolsey fillums — making eighteen in all.

HOW "SKINNY" ALICE CHANGED HER LUCK









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IT'S really a shame for so many to be skinny and without friends when this new, easy treatment has given thousands solid, normally attractive flesh — *in just a few weeks!*

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"Charlie Chan at the Circus," with Warner Oland and Olive and George Brasno.

★★★ Little Miss Nobody
(20th Century-Fox)

Little Miss Withers can chalk up another score for her portrayal of Miss Nobody, orphan of the storms. The opportunity to display all her histrionic gifts is provided Jane in this story, which has an orphanage locale. She starts right out by battling the marketman in the first reel. He's really an awful meanie but that doesn't keep our heroine out of children's court. Then through another good intention gone wrong Jane finds herself en route to the reform school. She runs away from it all and finds refuge with an ex-convict, but Jane can't stay clear of the law. She doesn't waste much time before getting mixed up in a crime that's a humdinger. There never was a child who could get into so many difficulties with such amazing dexterity. But the irresistibility and warm-heartedness of a Jane Withers can be convincing enough to overshadow the weak spots of any story. All the children in the picture give good performances, particularly Betty Jane Hainey and Jackie Morrow. The adults take a back seat, but Jane Darwell and Sara Haden, as the orphanage matrons and Ralph Morgan, who plays the role of Jane's long-lost father, give competent performances. It's a Jane Withers picture from first laugh to last.

Preview Postscript

Directing one child is a task which most directors alibi themselves out of, but Director John Blystone took on 25 of them. Not without a qualm, however. He laid his plans carefully, first becoming "Uncle Jack" to all the youngsters and letting them know that they could play and enjoy themselves every minute that the camera wasn't in action. Then he arranged a shooting schedule which would permit filming of scenes in sequence, with which he credits the authentic performance of the children. For technical reasons, most pictures are begun with the finishing scene and on the last day of shooting the introductory scenes are completed. His only error was in moving up the turkey dinner scene to one morning. He figured the children had just finished breakfast and wouldn't consume the turkey in the first "take" of the scene. He underestimated their talents. The dinner disappeared in a flash. For the next "take" the astute Mr. Blystone stationed a studio doctor in a prominent position on the set with a large bottle plainly labelled 'Castor Oil.' . . . Donald Haines, 15-year-old film bad boy, is a vet of over a hundred and fifty pictures. He made his debut at the receiving end of a series of mud pies, in a silent picture starring Jack Dempsey. Since then he's become known as "Hollywood's Human Target" and for the next few years appeared in "Our Gang" comedies liberally messed up with everything from pies to pork chops. Donald really enjoyed having Jane Withers empty that bucket of water on him, since he generally has to do that for himself at the end of every scene in order to remove the last vestiges of ice-cream cones, etc., which have been splattered over him.

★★ Everybody's Old Man
(20th Century-Fox)

Writer Cobb's histrionic career should be a cinch after this picture. Actor Cobb may never startle his audience, but he's sure to satisfy. He has all those solid, genial qualities that we like to think typical of "Everybody's Old Man." In this tale, Mr. C. portrays a retired meat packer. He has nothing against the world except that it harbors a rival packing plant. Then he meets the inheritors of the rival business, Rochelle Hudson and Johnny Downs, and learns that the present operator of the concern is taking them for a short and snappy ride to the poorhouse. Alan Dinehart is the gent and you know what a meanie he can be. The astute Cobb comes to the rescue and incidentally shows his nephew, Norman Foster, a thing or two about the business, Norman has an eye for business—and Rochelle Hudson—from that time on.

Preview Postscript

Irvin S. Cobb was bitten by the cinema bug a few years ago when he consented, against his better judgment, to appear in a series of shorts. He made more money from stories extolling his experiences in gay Hollywood than he made from the studios, however. Then his pal, Will Rogers, convinced Cobb that he should hang around the "Steamboat Round the Bend" set and help pass the time by swapping yarns. Before he knew it, Cobb was playing the rival steamboat captain in the picture as well. Always an ardent movie fan, he's developed now into Hollywood's most ardent movie actor. Though he claims he's no hot shot at emoting, Mr. C. doesn't miss a chance to improve his technique by looking in on as many sets as can possibly be squeezed into a day. A native of Kentucky, Cobb went into newspaper work at an early age. He covered the World War for New York papers and the Saturday Evening Post . . . Johnny Downs has just returned to a screen career after appearing on Broadway and various tanktowns throughout these United States. But that doesn't make him so old, except in experience, for Johnny was the first hero of "Our Gang" comedies back in the 1920's. He hankers now to do deep, dark and dramatic roles.

★ Moonlight Murder (M-G-M)

One thing this murder mystery can never be accused of is simplicity. There's not a clue in a carload. No matter what your sleuthings, you're guaranteed to be wrong. For the killing is a brand new type of thing—a mercy slaying. What might be unsatisfactory as a trick story, is made believable by an excellent cast. Chester Morris and Madge Evans supply the love interest, with Chester handing in a good performance as an astute detective besides. Leo Carrillo is the singer struck mysteriously dead in front of the mike while warbling to thousands in Hollywood Bowl. The plot thickens with a bang right there for never was there an opera

singer whom so many would like to see done wrong. Among the suspects are J. Carroll Naish, a composer whom Carrillo has snubbed, Katherine Alexander and Benita Hume, warblers who have it in for Carrillo, Duncan Renaldo and Leonard Ceeley, rival tenors, and several others including an evil-eyed Hindu swami who has predicted Mr. Carrillo's demise. Frank McHugh and Grant Mitchell come in for their share of suspicion.

Preview Postscript

A close friend of Leo Carrillo was Will Rogers. He lives on a ranch adjoining the Rogers' estate in Santa Monica, and the pair often met for a morning ride together. For Carrillo's convenience, Will always kept a key to the gate of his ranch on a certain fence post. The other day, Leo decided to take a ride through the trail which they used to enjoy so much. Letting himself through the gate, he rode a short distance before hearing the thud of horse's hoofs behind him. It was Will's horse, "Soap Suds" come to welcome them as he always did and escort them up the trail . . . One of the loveliest sets ever built on a studio lot, for scenic beauty, was the one of the Hollywood Bowl. The huge amphitheatre was faithfully reproduced on the largest outdoor set which the studio could provide. Trees, plants, flowers and grass were transplanted, and the orchestra played from behind a screen of trees just as they do in the famous Bowl. H. B. Warner spent many a harrowing hour learning to conduct an orchestra for the occasion. He hates figures but said he'd rather study public accounting than music any day . . . This is Duncan Renaldo's first appearance on the screen in years. In the meantime he's been busy appearing in the press and the Federal Prison. Duncan was sent to the latter spot by U. S. sleuths who claimed he was in this country illegally and was really a Roumanian citizen. The Roumanian government said Renaldo was no such thing. While Renaldo claimed that his father, who should know, had told him he was born on good old U. S. terra firma. A presidential pardon was finally obtained, and Roumanian or American, Metro has a good actor back in the fold.

★ Times Square Playboy
(Warners)

Based on the George M. Cohan play "Home Towners," this was originally titled "The Gentleman From Big Bend" for the films. Certainly either title would have been more accurate than the present one, for the real hero is the small-towner, Gene Lockhart, and not the Broadway



Jane Withers and Betty Jean Hainey in "Little Miss Nobody."







IT'S no secret out in Hollywood that more than one famous star has lost her job because of constipation.

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DO YOU HAVE "REFRESHMENT PROBLEMS"? THE MODERN HOSTESS HAS SOME GRAND SUGGESTIONS. SEE PAGE 16 OF THIS ISSUE.

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BLONDES, bring back to faded, brownish hair the radiant, golden beauty to which you have every right. Use Blondex. This unique combination shampoo and rinse all in one, washes the dullest, drabbest hair 2 to 4 shades lighter *in just one shampoo!* And *safely*, too, for Blondex is an absolutely harmless rinse—not a harsh chemical or dye. Don't wait to bring back soft, silky, golden allure to your hair. Shampoo-rinse your hair today with Blondex. You'll be amazed at the change. Get it at any good drug or department store.

BLONDEX THE BLONDE HAIR SHAMPOO-RINSE

playboy, Warren William. Mr. William doesn't have a chance to do much besides run around in shorts waving a cane. Gene Lockhart again proves himself a capable comedian, with Mrs. Lockhart a perfect team-mate. Their marital battlings ring with a sincerity that is almost uncomfortable at times. June Travis is engaging as the night-club singer over whom the controversy rages, since Mr. Lockhart refuses to be best man at her wedding to Warren William, having decided that she is nothing but a gold-digger. Furthermore, he is convinced that June's mama, papa and brother are nothing but four-flushers. The fact that they all have hearts of gold, really, weakens the story considerably. And the long-drawn-out discussions before action finally takes place is wearying in spots. However, there are plenty of good laughs, and if you haven't met the Lockharts you'll welcome this opportunity.

Preview Postscript

Barton MacLane has a Suppressed Desire. It's to get the chance just once to speak the King's English on the screen. Tired of being a grammar butcher, Barton would like nothing better than to wrap every dese and dose in mothballs for the next fifty winters. A graduate of Wesleyan University, Barton majored in speech, of all things. But one consoling thought is that he doesn't intend to stay in the flickers all his life anyhow. He's just bought a 750-acre ranch near Mauna Loa in the Hawaiian islands and will eventually hibernate to those coral shores, raise pineapples, strum a uke and sing nothing but the King's English . . . Gene and Kathleen Lockhart have just celebrated their eleventh wedding anniversary. They have two prides and joys—their combined professional success and their ten-year-old daughter, Jane. Gene was born in London, Ontario, Canada, and Kathleen Arthur Lockhart first saw the light of day in Portsmouth, England. Famous for their stage and radio impersonations, "The Lockharts at Home and Abroad," which Mr. L. writes himself, they are now starting a new road to flicker fame.

★★★ The Unguarded Hour
(M-G-M)

Everyone has an hour, sometime in his life, when it would be impossible to account for every move made should he be placed under suspicion. If you don't believe this, just see what happens to Franchot Tone in this exciting story and you'll be convinced! Franchot, a brilliant English lawyer, hopes to become the Attorney General, but unwittingly he becomes in-



Rochelle Hudson and Norman Foster in "Everybody's Old Man."

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. . . Who are Hollywood's old maids? See the July issue of MODERN SCREEN for the answer

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Hydrosal

volved in a mysterious scandal which threatens to ruin him. Loretta Young is his loyal wife and Roland Young is his closest friend. It's an absorbing picture, well acted, even to the smaller roles contributed by Lewis Stone, Aileen Pringle, Dudley Digges and E. E. Clive.

★★ O'Malley of the Mounted
(20th Century-Fox)

As O'Malley of the Mounted, George O'Brien has his best role to date. The William S. Hart westerner gives Mr. O'B. plenty of opportunity to display both brain and brawn to good advantage. This time George doesn't confine himself to wrestling with one or two toughies, but takes on a whole band of desperadoes. Needless to say he licks them within an inch of their worthless lives, thereby winning the undying devotion of Irene Ware, whose brother is mixed up with their dirty doings. Irene Ware adds considerably to the scenery of the wide open cinema spaces, while James Bush is convincing as the young brother for whose safety she risks her life. You'll get some genuine guffaws from Victor Potel's characterization of the camp cook and a few honest-to-goodness chills when Stanley Fields goes into his sneers and leers.

★ Murder by an Aristocrat
(Warners)

The only mystery about this would-be chiller is why it was released. Even the competent cast doesn't prove alibi enough. Their gallant screaming and sleuthing are to no avail with such a feeble tale on which to work. The most blood-curdling aspects of three murders only brought gales of giggles from the audience. A weird storm, with all the lightning and thunder props at Warner's studio going full blast added another note of hilarity. Marguerite Churchill, as a female Holmes, makes the most of a bad assignment. She is the nurse employed in the family of the aristocratic Thatchers, a happy family group of hypochondriacs and dope addicts. Claire Dodd is the wife of one of the Thatcher boys, Gordon Elliot, who prowls around loaded with ammunition and morphine, finally taking an overdose of both. William Davidson and Joseph Crehan enact the supposedly subtle crooks and Lyle Talbot is the medico who's kept busy inspecting the corpses.

★ Charlie Chan at the Circus
(20th Century-Fox)

Mr. Oland generally gets around a bit with jumps to Paris, Shanghai and points every which way. But he's staying at home with the family this time. And you won't want to miss the family—they all have the Chan charm. We counted eleven of them before giving up, from the eldest son, Keye Luke, to the youngest Tai Wo Kung. Charlie takes them all for a pleasant evening under the Big Top, but unpleasant events soon begin popping up as they always do around Mr. Chan. This time it's the gruesome murder of the circus manager. There are plenty of suspects this time, too, for it develops that said unfortunate was cordially loathed by almost everyone in the circus, including the hairy apes and elephants. It's all so baffling that you'll suspect everyone in the crowd, including Tai Wo Kung. Warner Oland, as always, gives a flawless performance, and is ably supported by Keye Luke and the circus folks, notably George and Olive Brasno, the midgets.



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Read the complete story of the new Twentieth Century-Fox hit, "Under Two Flags," in the June issue.

Also fifteen other stories and features, including a $2.00 book-length novel, complete in this issue . . . And full details of the Grace Moore Contest, offering as prizes the actual jewelry worn by Miss Moore in her new picture, "The King Steps Out" . . .

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The Love Story Magazine of the Screen

Seven generous prizes for your letters.
See page 38

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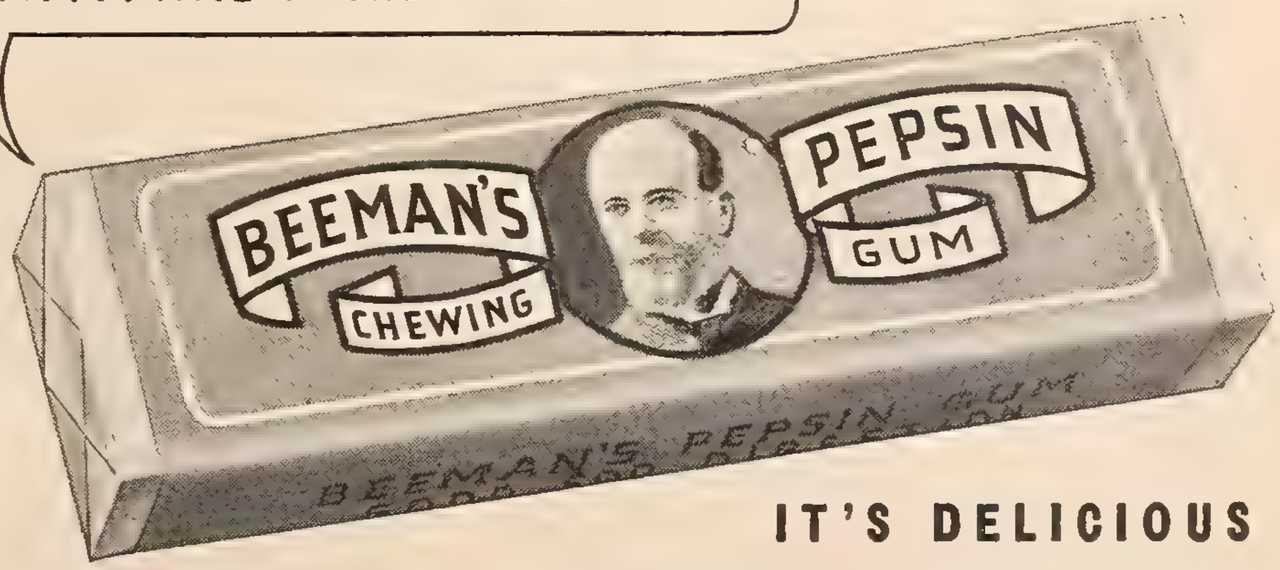
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They Love to Save

(*Continued from page* 15)

mind, so that she might know the whereabouts of her dearest treasure.

Finally, at two o'clock in the morning, Voight, hearing of the search for him, 'phoned Miss Shearer at her hotel. He had carried her precious keepsake, $10,000 worth of diamonds and platinum, all evening in his side pocket, without being conscious of it. The actress was so relieved to recover her prize that she placed it in her safety deposit box immediately she returned to California, and there it has remained.

Binnie Barnes, too, cherishes most highly a set of amethysts her husband gave her and which, because of the sentimental value attached to them, she keeps in her vault.

When Binnie first came to America some years ago, she developed so acute a case of homesickness for her husband that she turned right around in New York and sailed on the next boat for England. Her mate, hearing of this, scoured London several days for an appropriate gift with which to greet her—and found the amethysts in a little shop. Do you blame Binnie for being so proud of them?

Walter Connolly regards the original manuscript of the first three-act play ever presented in America as his lucky talisman. Whenever he starts a picture or opens in a play, he withdraws the script from his vault, invariably returning it the following day so there will be no danger of its being lost.

FOR old times sake, W. C. Fields has the tramp juggler outfit he wore in his vaudeville days . . . baggy pants, ragged coat and vest, battered top hat and broken-down shoes. Keeping it amounts almost to a fetish with him. Fire nearly destroyed the "ensemble" several years ago, so now he keeps it in the safest place he knows . . . his safety deposit box.

As a memento and a warning, Charles Butterworth retains the deed to a lot in a certain Illinois town. The lot is under ten feet of water—and always has been!

"My father gave it to me," declares the comedian, "and said, 'Charlie, keep this and pass it on to your children. Let it be a reminder never to buy real estate that you don't see with your own eyes.'"

The "call sheet" for the first day of "Riders of the Purple Sage" is cherished by George O'Brien. A call sheet, in case you are unfamiliar with the term, is a sheet of paper tacked up in the studio on which appear the names of those players called for the following day's scenes.

This particular sheet bears the name of pretty Marguerite Churchill, who played O'Brien's leading lady in the picture. George had never met the young actress, although he had glimpsed her from a distance on the lot, but as he read her name on the eve of the film's starting date a sudden thrill suffused him.

"I had a certain premonition that I would marry her, the moment I saw her name," the athletic star explains. "Just for luck I took the call sheet—and a few months later Marguerite changed her last name to O'Brien."

The other O'Brien of the movies, Pat, has had his baby's first shoes bronzed—now a popular custom—and they rest in solitary glory in a separate vault, especially preserved for little Mavourneen's keepsakes.

Both Helen Hayes and Virginia Bruce treasure highly concrete memories of their children. Her daughter's first tooth will always remain dear to Miss Hayes, while Miss Bruce keeps all baby Susan Ann's pictures.

A number of celebrities cherish above all else chattels of their childhood. Grace Moore looks upon her red baby shoes as a good luck omen, and will never go through an opening night of the opera season without these at hand. When she goes to California for a picture, she transfers them from a New York to a Hollywood safety deposit box, taking the tiny slippers with her on the first day's shooting.

Jean Harlow has kept her baby ring, together with that of her mother; and one of Ginger Rogers' most prized possessions is a rag doll she called "Tuttles" as a little girl; and two broken dolls she loved in her childhood, lie in Sylvia Sidney's safety vault.

Cesar Romero treasures a picture with a bullet hole through the middle of it, showing his mother holding him on his baptismal day. Cesar's godfather, Jose Marti, was killed during a Cuban revolution and after his death a wallet found in his breast pocket was sent to Mrs. Romero. The bullet that had pierced his heart went straight through the wallet . . . and in it was the picture!

BUCK JONES and his wife were married in a circus ring. Just before the ceremony, Mrs. Jones-to-be picked up a horse-shoe and jokingly asked Buck always to keep it. To this very day, he has the rusty shoe in his bank box.

A lace fan originally carried at a famous Colonial ball and of tremendous monetary value was given to Irene Dunne by Laura Hope Crews. It was in Miss Crews' family for more than 150 years, but her friendship for Irene led her to make the presentation.

Harold Lloyd still retains the horn-rimmed spectacles he wore sixteen years ago and keeps them in a special humidor to prevent the shell from drying out. Mae West cares for a picture of her mother, when the latter was a strikingly-handsome young woman, with an affection approximating a phobia. And Josephine Hutchinson owns and cherishes a locket once worn by the immortal Duse.

An article that he seldom removes but treasures as he does his life is the passport John Boles used in France during the World War. Although only an identification card, it entitled him to go everywhere in France and Belgium without question.

Carefully wrapped and deposited in William Gargan's vault is the christening robe he wore as a baby, a long handmade dress, trimmed with rare old lace. Both his own two children were christened in it, as well.

The friendship involved in the offering of a jade heart by a Chinese actor a number of years ago makes this trinket one of Warren William's most highly valued keepsakes.

Actors may be persons apart from the mob, they may be elevated to the highest pedestal in popular opinion, but when it comes to saving—well, they're just like other folks. They love it!

Guarantee of Satisfaction

The publishers of MODERN SCREEN guarantee that you will be satisfied with your purchase of every packaged product advertised in this magazine. If for any reason you are dissatisfied, MODERN SCREEN will replace the product or, if you prefer, refund your purchase price. In either case all you have to do is to send us the unused portion, accompanied by a letter outlining your complaint. This guarantee also applies if the product, in your opinion does not justify the claims made in its advertising in MODERN SCREEN

Careful examination before publication and rigid censorship, plus our guarantee, enable you to buy with complete confidence the products you see advertised in this issue of MODERN SCREEN.

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Although we make every effort to insure the accuracy of this index, we take no responsibility for an occasional omission or inadvertent error

"How I ended constipation"

This advertisement is based on an actual experience reported in an unsolicited letter. Subscribed and sworn to before me.

BERNICE G. RUTTINGH NOTARY PUBLIC COOK COUNTY, ILL.

Bernice G. Ruttingh
NOTARY PUBLIC



WHY LET constipation keep you run-down, listless, nervous and tired when permanent relief may be yours so easily? Take comfort from the above true story of another sufferer. For this is not just advertising promises, but the actual experience of one of the thousands who write to tell how Yeast Foam Tablets have ended their suffering and restored them to vigorous health.

There's no more need to make yourself the victim of habit-forming cathartics. Yeast Foam Tablets help restore natural digestive and eliminative functions without irritation. Rich in needed tonic elements, this pleasant, pasteurized yeast has banished constipation, headaches and other symptoms for thousands—bringing back the normal healthy glow of the skin—the natural pep—and the surging energy of buoyant health!



Ask your druggist for Yeast Foam Tablets today. Do not accept a substitute. Send for Free Sample.

NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO.,
1750 N. Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send free introductory package of Yeast Foam Tablets. MM-6-36

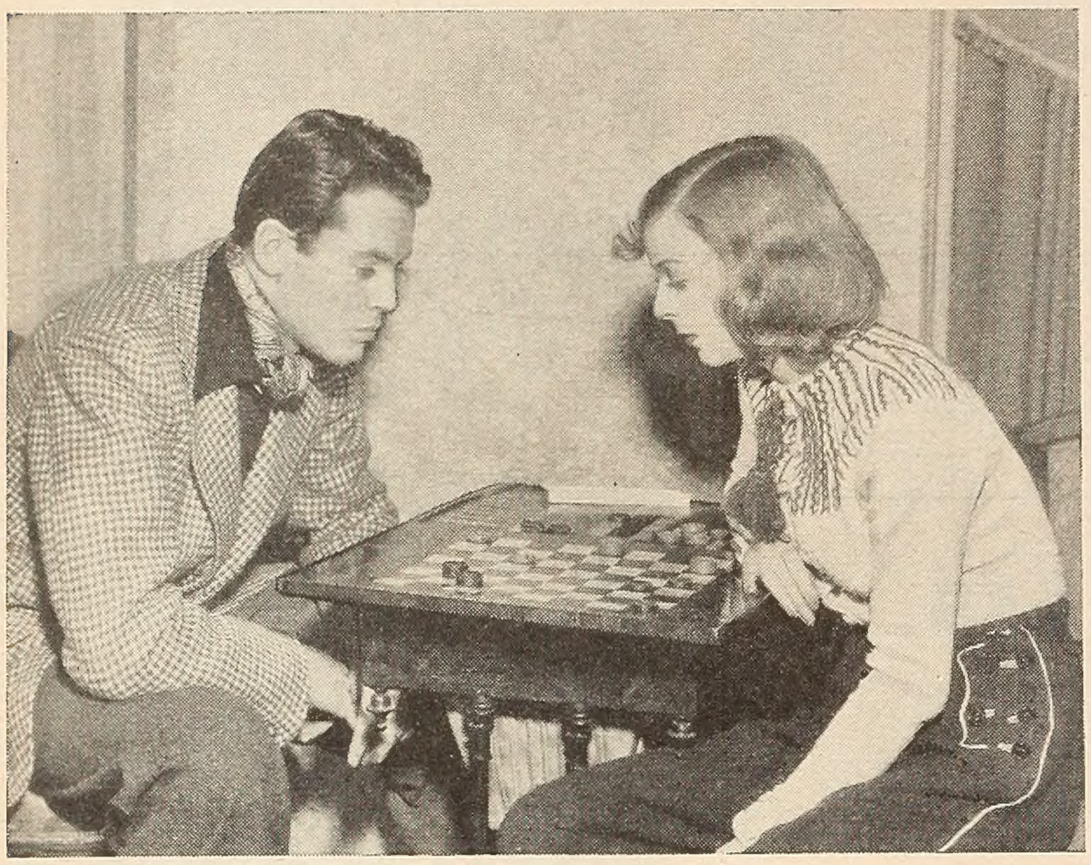
Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____









(Top) Al Jolson, Jr., one-year-old adopted son of Ruby Keeler and Al Jolson, faces the camera for the first time. (Above) Henry Fonda and Margaret Sullavan amuse themselves on the "Moon's Our Home" set. Rumor has it that they may remarry.

more GOOD NEWS

(*Continued from page 77*)

(Top) Mr. and Mrs. Jack Oakie (she was Venita Varden) right after the ceremony at Yuma, Arizona. (Above) And here are two more newlyweds, in this month of wedding bells —Onslow Stevens and Anne Buchanan, who eloped to Las Vegas.

director and producer of La Goddard's celluloid flyer. Or is it La Chaplin's?

■ ■ ■

Interesting Facts About Interesting Folks: Donald Duck is on the sick list—laryngitis. Larry Benton, who fakes Donald's dulcet tones, is suffering from the affliction, too . . . Anita Louise drinks a pint of steak juice before going to bed every night . . . Lupe Velez never pays more than $12 for an evening dress, and never appears in less than $30,000 worth of jewels . . . Shirley Temple's on the Democratic ticket from now on, having just received an autographed picture from President Roosevelt, appointing her "Envoy Extraordinary and Messenger Plenipotentiary" . . . Erroll Flynn, of "Captain Blood" fame, has bought a 28-acre estate at Lake Sherwood and is raising pigs . . . Robert Montgomery is raising a moustache for his next picture.

■ ■ ■

Luise Rainer's dog, Johnnie, has followed his mistress all over Europe and all over Hollywood. Thinking Johnnie ought to have a companion Luise added a cocker spaniel to her household. Johnnie looked at the newcomer darkly, refused to speak to him and proceeded to go on a hunger strike. Luise finally had to sell the spaniel, and Johnnie is contented and eating again, without a rival in sight.

■ ■ ■

Director William Keighley, at Warner Brothers, was giving last-minute instructions to his cast before calling for the cameras. He shot a final order at Glenda Farrell, then asked, "Now, is that clear in your mind?" "Oh, yes," answered Glenda dutifully, "everything is clear except my mind."

Questions Without Answers: Who is the young leading man who has taken to the demon rum on account of a very blonde and very beautiful young star? Seems the young lady's mother doesn't approve of the young man, for various reasons, so he's drowning his sorrows, or at least submerging them for awhile.

■ ■ ■

Watched Kay Francis do a scene for "Angel of Mercy" on one of the dirtiest sets we've ever seen. Straw mattresses were strewn around the floor, and dust and filth was everywhere. It was supposed to be like that, for signs around the stage said, "Do not clean this set." Director William Dieterle always wears white gloves. When angered he throws them on the floor and stamps on them. When he doesn't like the way an actress has done a scene he approaches her and with a low bow says, "Darling, that was lousy."

Printed in the U. S. A. by Art Color Printing Company, Dunellen, N. J.

Beautiful Eyes







with

Maybelline

EYE BEAUTY AIDS

MAYBELLINE MASCARA is obtainable in both the NEW perfected CREAM form and the ever-popular SOLID form.





INTRODUCTORY SIZES 10c . . AT ALL LEADING TEN CENT STORES


LUCKY STRIKE
"IT'S TOASTED"
CIGARETTES
LUCKY STRIKE
Luckies are less acid!
Recent chemical tests show* that other popular brands have an excess of acidity over Lucky Strike of from 53% to 100%
Copyright, 1936, The American Tobacco Company
Luckies – a light smoke
OF RICH, RIPE-BODIED TOBACCO — "IT'S TOASTED"
*RESULTS VERIFIED BY INDEPENDENT CHEMICAL LABORATORIES AND RESEARCH GROUPS